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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
NME

NME'S TRIPLE CASSETTE OFFER

Country life

BIG COUNTRY
GOING FOR THE YANKEE DOLLAR!
ADRIAN THRILLS REPORTS FROM NEW YORK

MONYAKA • THE SMITHS • ANTHONY PERKINS
THE GYMSLIPS • KID CREOLE • THE PRISONER

Stuart Adamson on a hot tin roof. Photo by Peter Anderson.

THE BOW WOW BITES ITS HEAD OFF ● JoBOXER UK TOUR ● PRINCE FAR I GUNNED DOWN ●

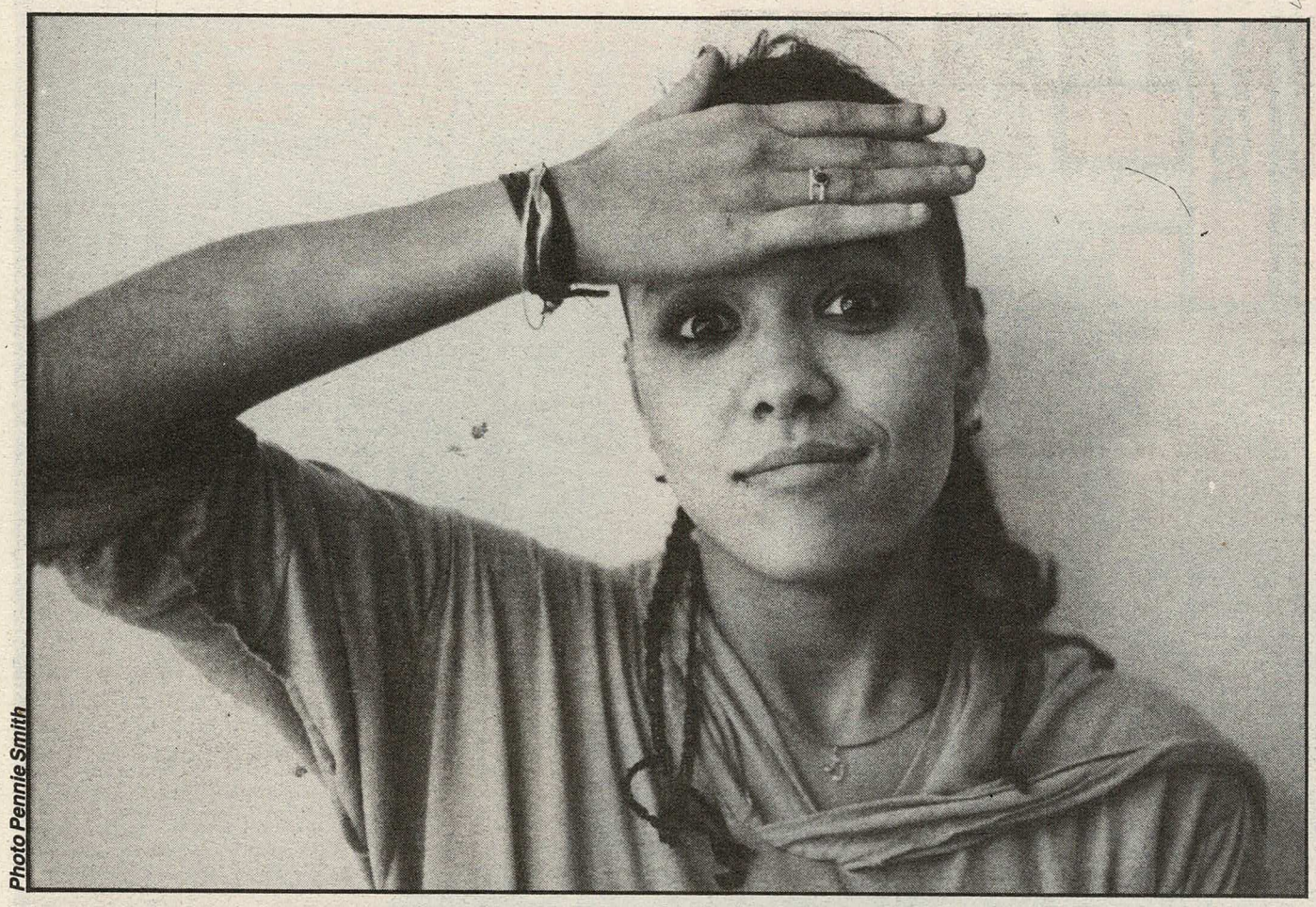


Photo Pennie Smith

ANNABELLA BOWED OUT

BOW WOW WOW have "done a Clash" by kicking out one of their founder members, lead singer Annabella Lwin – or, in the more decorous wording of the official statement, "they asked her to leave and she decided to do so".

Recently returned from an extended stay in America, the group took a break in order to reappraise their career. The three male members – Dave Barbarossa, Matthew Ashman and Lee Gorman evidently felt that it was time to move on creatively, and so decided to dispense with Annabella.

According to an RCA spokesperson, it was something of a foregone conclusion, and not even she was greatly surprised.

The remaining trio are currently rehearsing new material and auditioning for possible new members. No decision has yet been taken on whether to engage another girl singer, but it would not be a necessity as all three are competent vocalists, and all have sung on the band's albums.

Originally launched by Malcolm McLaren after the demise of The Sex Pistols, their management was subsequently taken over by his then partner Rory Johnston, who is now based in the States – but the band say they now intend to base themselves in the UK, and not spend so much time in America.

Annabella plans to pursue a solo career and will probably be putting together a backing group of her own. As *NME* closed for press, RCA officials were meeting to decide whether to retain her on the label.

JoBOXERS have now confirmed the itinerary of their early autumn tour, which ties in with the release of their debut RCA album 'Like Gangbusters', reviews in last week's *NME*. On this outing, they are deliberately avoiding London, and are concentrating instead on the college circuit and smaller "roots" venues. The five-piece are in action at:

Sheffield Leadmill (tonight, Thursday). Middlesbrough Town Hall (Friday), Manchester Polytechnic (Saturday), Bolton Dance Factory (Sunday), Chesterfield Shoulder Of Mutton (26 September), Glasgow University (28), Arbroath Smokies (29), Glasgow Night Moves (30), Warrington Spectrum Arena (1 October), Bangor University (3), Leicester University (4), Hull University (5), Bradford University (6), Sunderland Polytechnic (7), Liverpool University (8), Nottingham Rock City (10), Leeds Warehouse (11), Aberystwyth University (12), Birmingham Powerhouse (13), Portsmouth Guildhall (14), Cardiff University (15), Exeter University (17), Bristol University (18), Keele University (19), Coventry General Wolfe (20), Canterbury Kent University (21) and Norwich East Anglia University (22).

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, known to one and all as Prince Far I, was slain when gunmen burst into his home in Kingston last Thursday, 15 September. His wife was also wounded in the attack.

Recording in the early '70s for Bunny Lee, Enos McLeod and Coxsone Dodd, Far I was also known on the sound system circuit as King Cry Cry. That gruffer than gruff chanting style of his was unmistakable, and it was during the Jamaican elections of 1976 that Prince Far I rose to notoriety by employing the PNP slogan of 'Heavy Manners' on a single for Joe Gibbs.

Hits like 'Deck Of Cards' and 'Tribute To Michael Holding' followed. He signed with Virgin Records and became a regular figure on the UK reggae scene, working on stage with other DJs like Prince Hammer.

While releasing material through Trojan he continued to work on his own Cry Tough label, but the longest and most creative working relationship he had in the UK was with producer Adrian Sherwood. The 'Cry Tough Dub Encounter' LPs were regarded by many as classics and only recently Far I was included on Sherwood's latest compilation 'Staggering Heights'.

Information surrounding the murder is still scarce and no motive has so far been ascertained, but Far I's death – which comes so soon after the barbaric murder of Mikey Smith, another celebrity who fell victim to Jamaica's fratricidal tribal war fare – is a further sad loss, and brings to mind his 'Heavy Manners' hit: "Man is true unto a dog/ Discipline is what the world needs today, baby/Heavy, heavy discipline, Nah true?"

True enough, Far I.

PAUL BRADSHAW

VILLAGE

The '60s cult TV show, The Prisoner gets reappraised by RICHARD COOK as it returns to the small screen again to baffle and bemuse a new generation of viewers.

IT WAS inevitable that C4's exhumation of '60s television would eventually lead to *The Prisoner*.

No other genre series has ever been so analysed, argued over and generally subjected to the phenomenon of the cult as this one. Patrick McGoohan turned the premise of Cold War espionage inside out: his brainchild was a malicious and cunning morality tale for an audience spoon fed on the merely incredible.

***The Prisoner* was chillingly fantastic.**

It made *The Saint, Man In A Suitcase* and *Department S* look like the biscuit-cutter melodramas they basically were. This series had a *concept*, for Chrissakes, and it stretched it mischievously out over 17 episodes that started out weird and finished up scarcely fathomable.

It dates from 1967-8, an unfashionable time for such a fatalistic tale, and its notoriety has attracted so much attention since that even first-time viewers will probably already know how it goes.

If you don't: McGoohan plays a taciturn, lone wolf intelligence agent (much like his earlier *Danger Man* role) who quits his position only to be abducted and imprisoned as 'No 6' in the mysterious community of The Village. The episodes follow two conflicting enquiries: No 6's attempts to escape and finding out the identity of No 1, and 'their' attempt at discovering exactly why he resigned. That's all.

But into this framework McGoohan (who exerted a No 1-style grip on the overall direction of the series) pumped every civilised outrage he could muster. Sets of art deco extravagance fashioned from the 'real' setting of Portmeirion, North Wales, castlists overflowing with eccentric portraits, scripts that teased with ideas and misgivings about authoritarianism and surveillance, and the lonely obsession with individual freedom: the confines of a 50-minute segment never seemed to choke up with ideas.

Filter all that through a devastatingly witty view of '60s idealism as a surreal playground for the intellect ... and you start to get some idea why *The Prisoner* provoked enough concern among network bosses for them to cut the series from its original proposed length of some 21 episodes and insist, around the time part 15 was being made, that McGoohan wrap it up *at once*.

So as extraordinary as that final 17th episode is, it's unsatisfactory. It's an abrupt solution to a puzzle for which there will always be pieces missing – a factor which is, perhaps, an integral part of the series' fascination. That and McGoohan's wryly intense performance as the blazered No 6, duelling with the ever-changing No 2 (a different actor played the character in each episode), undergoing any number of hallucinogenic tortures and still emerging ... triumphant?

It's left to you to decide. The central ideas of *The Prisoner* have become commonplace – if hardly outmoded – in an era when every flicker of human activity is monitored, scrutinised and prejudged. But seldom if ever has the issue been treated with such pace, visual imagination and urbane humour.

As serious-minded as it is, a streak of comedy always leavens the darkest moments. Absurdist and deeply considered, it makes brilliant television.

And the most resonant trademark of the series rings as loudly now as it ever has done: *I am not a number. I am a free man.*

NME INSIDE INFORMATION

4 *HIT PARADES*

6 *THE SMITHS*
Is this man a child molester? Well, that's what The Sun have blatantly implied with dire and unjustified consequences for The Smiths. David Dorrell reports.

8 *A PHOTOGRAPHER'S DAY IN LONDON*

11 *ULLMAN PORTRAIN*

12 *BIG COUNTRY*

14 *GYMSLIPS RADIO CAROLINE*

15 *MONYAKA*

16 *STALIN STORY*

17 *PRINT*
Not quite a Print special but certainly a rare occurrence . . . to have a MUSIC book reviewed. And not only that but the so-called "definitive" biography of The Jam written by their "fourth" member Paolo Hewitt (and edited by Tony Stewart). Plus, it's impartially assessed by another NME man, Tony Parsons. And if you think that's incestuous, wait until you get to page 40 . . .

19 *SINGLES*

20 *SILVER SCREEN*

25 *TONY PERKINS*

29 *LPs*

34 *RECORD NEWS*

35 *TOUR NEWS*

37 *GIG GUIDE*

40 *KID CREOLE*
. . . Where we bring you an exclusive extract from Vivien Goldman's steamy Kid Creole biography, Indiscreet. Can it be true that our Dashing Darnell is a womaniser, liar, cheat, rogue and general all round wonderful human being? Probably not, but read A Mistress' Tale today . . .

42 *LIVE!*

49 *CROSSWORD*

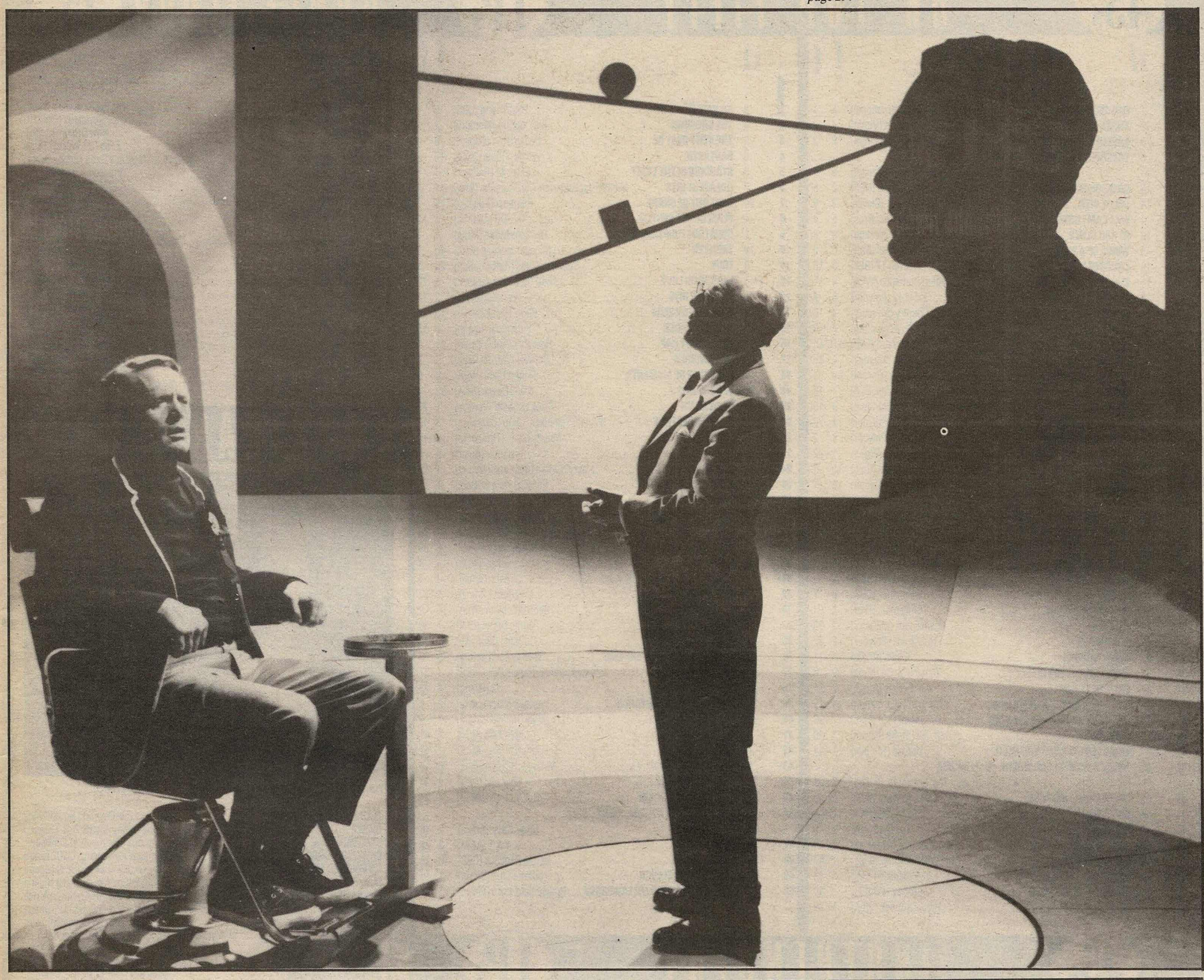
50 *GASBAG*

51 *T-ZERS*

THE PRISONER GETS '80s RELEASE ● MICHAEL SMITH FUNERAL REPORT ●

OF THE DAMNED

Prisoner Patrick McGoohan gets interrogated by Editor Neil Spencer. "I mean, Number 6; can you decipher Ian Penman's Tom Waits review on page 29?"



"WHAT KIND of society are we that we stone our poets to death?" asked Rastafarian Dr Freddie Hickling at the funeral of dub poet Michael Smith.

Held at St Judes Church in Stony Hill, not far from where Smith had been attacked and killed, the large congregation of mourners included fellow poet Oku Onuora, Judy Mowatt and Mrs Michael Manley. A petition signed by prominent artists and musicians was read by journalist John Maxwell – who Smith was on his way to visit before being murdered – which called for justice and a thorough police investigation.

Following the service a silent protest was held outside the church and placards declared "Who dead you dead! Investigation now!"; "Who killed Mikey Smith?" and "Murder in Stony Hill. Residents silent".

On the following Friday a concert was held at the Little Theatre in Kingston to celebrate the poet's life and to raise money for his family. The powerful line up included Third World, Mutabaruka and the Hi Times Band, Oku Onuora, up and coming woman dub poet Jean Breeze, Cedric Brooks and United Africa, and readings by the Poets In Unity group.

A similar tribute is being organised here for November by Creation For Liberation who plan to bring both Oku Onuora and Mutabaruka from Jamaica to perform.

It is felt both here and in Jamaica that the wave of international protest and media coverage of Smith's death has forced the Jamaica press, all sympathetic to the JLP, to give more coverage of the tragedy.

But if his killers are to be caught then the pressure must be maintained. To date only one of the men identified by witnesses has been arrested, and it has been suggested that the murderers are being hidden in Boon Hall, in Stony Hill and in Tivoli Gardens in Western Kingston – the constituency of JLP Prime Minister Seaga.

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**RED RED WINE**	UB40 (DEP International)	5	1
2	2	**MAMA**	Genesis (Virgin)	4	2
3	20	**KARMA CHAMELEON**	Culture Club (Virgin)	2	3
4	5	**TONIGHT I CELEBRATE MY LOVE**	Roberta Flack & Peabo Bryson (Capitol)	5	4
5	15	**COME BACK AND STAY**	Paul Young (CBS)	2	5
6	14	**DOLCE VITA**	Ryan Paris (Clever)	3	6
7	4	**WHAT AM I GONNA DO**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	5	4
8	18	**OL RAG BLUES**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	8
9	3	**WINGS OF A DOVE**	Madness (Stiff)	6	2
10	19	**CRUSHED BY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY**	Heaven 17 (BEF)	3	10
11	11	**WALKING IN THE RAIN**	Modern Romance (WEA)	4	11
12	8	**THE SUN GOES DOWN**	Level 42 (Polydor)	6	8
13	13	**CHANCE**	Big Country (Mercury)	4	13
14	6	**CONFUSION**	New Order (Factory)	4	6
15	24	**NEVER SAY DIE**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	15
16	(—)	**MODERN LOVE**	David Bowie (EMI-America)	1	16
17	12	**I'M STILL STANDING**	Elton John (Rocket)	9	4
18	(—)	**BIG APPLE**	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	1	18
19	10	**WARRIORS**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	4	10
20	27	**GO DEH YAKA (GO TO THE TOP)**	Monyaka (Polydor)	2	20
21	17	**LONG HOT SUMMER**	Style Council (Polydor)	7	2
22	(—)	**THIS IS NOT A LOVE SONG**	PiL (Virgin)	1	22
23	9	**GIVE IT UP**	KC and The Sunshine Band (Epic)	10	1
24	7	**GOLD**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	7	1
25	16	**BAD DAY**	Carmel (London)	7	12
26	25	**WATCHING YOU WATCHING ME**	David Grant (Chrysalis)	6	10
27	36	**RIDERS ON THE STORM**	Annabel Lamb (A&M)	3	27
28	31	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	22	8
29	21	**CLUB TROPICANA**	Wham! (Innervision)	8	2
30	37	**JOHNNY FRIENDLY**	JoBoxers (RCA)	2	30
31	23	**ROCKIT**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	8	7
32	26	**DISAPPEARING ACT**	Shalamar (Solar)	6	21
33	48	**TAHITI**	David Essex (Mercury)	2	33
34	32	**BODY WORK**	Hot Streak (Polydor)	2	32
35	22	**COME DANCING**	Kinks (Arista)	7	11
36	30	**EVERYTHING COUNTS**	Depche Mode (Mute)	10	6
37	34	**SHE'S SEXY & 17**	Stray Cats (Arista)	2	34
38	33	**A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION**	The Truth (Formation)	4	19
39	46	**MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST & FOUND**	Meat Loaf (Epic)	2	39
40	(—)	**SOUL INSIDE**	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	1	40
41	(—)	**WHAT I GOT IS WHAT YOU NEED**	Unique (Prelude)	1	41
42	41	**THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG IN PARADISE**	Kid Creole and The Coconuts (Island)	3	41
43	45	**DR. HECKYLL, MR. JIVE**	Men At Work (Epic)	2	43
44	44	**SUPERMAN**	Black Lace (Flair)	2	44
45	(—)	**REBEL RUN**	Toyah (Safari)	1	45
46	49	**JUST IN TIME**	Raw Silk (West End)	2	46
47	(—)	**SAFETY DANCE**	Men Without Hats (Statik)	1	47
48	(—)	**TEARS ON THE TELEPHONE**	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	1	48
49	35	**ONE MIND TWO HEARTS**	Paradise (Priority)	3	46
50	(—)	**NEW SONG**	Howard Jones (WEA)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	2	**NO PARLEZ**	Paul Young (CBS)	9	1
2	5	**THE CROSSING**	Big Country (Mercury)	8	2
3	3	**THE VERY BEST OF**	Beach Boys (Capitol)	8	2
4	6	**FANTASTIC**	Wham! (Innervision)	12	1
5	8	**STANDING IN THE LIGHT**	Level 42 (Polydor)	4	5
6	7	**GREATEST HITS**	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	11	2
7	24	**BENT OUT OF SHAPE**	Rainbow (Polydor)	2	7
8	4	**FLICK OF THE SWITCH**	AC/DC (Atlantic)	4	1
9	1	**CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN**	Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	1
10	10	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	40	1
11	9	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	28	1
12	(—)	**LABOUR OF LOVE**	UB40 (Dep International)	1	12
13	34	**HEADLINE HITS**	Various (K-Tel)	2	13
14	11	**TOO LOW FOR ZERO**	Elton John (Rocket)	16	4
15	38	**DOPPELGANGER**	Kid Creole (Island)	2	15
16	17	**THE LUXURY GAP**	Heaven 17 (BEF/Virgin)	21	1
17	12	**BODY WISHES**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	15	2
18	14	**PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS**	Robert Plant (WEA)	10	5
19	20	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (RCA)	33	1
20	(—)	**BORN AGAIN**	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	1	20
21	15	**BUILT TO DESTROY**	Michael Schenker Group (Chrysalis)	3	15
22	13	**THE PRESENT**	Moody Blues (Threshold)	3	13
23	16	**THE LOOK**	Shalamar (Solar)	9	6
24	(—)	**WARRIORS**	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	24
25	21	**PUNCH THE CLOCK**	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	7	1
26	18	**YOU AND ME BOTH**	Yazoo (Mute)	11	2
27	25	**SUNNY AFTERNOON**	Various (Impression)	3	25
28	(—)	**BORN TO LOVE**	Peabo Bryson & Roberta Flack (Capitol)	1	28
29	42	**BLUE SUNSHINE**	The Glove (Polydor)	2	29
30	22	**SNCHRONICITY**	Police (A&M)	14	1
31	19	**ALPHA**	Asia (Geffen)	6	4
32	(—)	**THE HIT SQUAD**	Various (Ronco)	1	32
33	31	**IN YOUR EYES**	George Benson (WEA)	15	2
34	45	**RIO**	Duran Duran (EMI)	7	30
35	(—)	**EIGHT**	J. J. Cale (Mercury)	1	35
36	35	**POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	19	5
37	(—)	**UNFORGETTABLE**	Johnny Mathis & Natalie Colie (CBS)	1	37
38	37	**WAR**	U2 (Island)	12	23
39	36	**FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK**	Various (Casablanca)	12	9
40	33	**CRISES**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	17	5
41	(—)	**LIKE GANGSTERS**	Jo Boxers (RCA)	1	41
42	(—)	**CANTERBURY**	Diamond Head (MCA)	1	42
43	27	**STREETSOUNDS VOL. V**	Various (Streetsounds)	6	15
44	30	**AN INNOCENT MAN**	Billy Joel (CBS)	2	30
45	40	**EVERYBODY'S ROCKIN'**	Neil Young (Geffen)	4	24
46	48	**RANT'N'RAVE WITH THE STRAY CATS**	Stray Cats (Arista)	2	46
47	25	**MEAN STREAK**	Y & T (A&M)	3	25
48	23	**FUTURE SHOCK**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	10	18
49	RE	**KISSING TO BE CLEVER**	Culture Club (Virgin)	1	49
50	29	**MERRY CHRISTMAS MR LAWRENCE**	Ryuchi Sakamoto (Virgin)	3	29

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	**SHANGO MESSAGE**	Shango (US Celluloid)
2	**GETTIN' MONEY**	Dr. Jeckyll And Mr. Hyde (US Profile)
3	**BODY WORK**	Hot Streak (US Easy Street)
4	**DOG TALK**	K-9 Corp (US Capitol)
5	**I'M THE PACKMAN**	The Packman (US Enjoy)
6	**JAM ON REVENGE (WICKI WICKI)**	Newcleus (Beckett)
7	**CONFUSION**	New Order (Factory)
8	**I CAN MAKE YOU DANCE**	Zapp (US Warner Bros)
9	**BROTHER BROTHER**	The Kane Gang (Kitchenware)
10	**THE WILDSTYLE**	Time Zone (US Celluloid)
11	**SNOOPY DUB**	AD 2000 (Excalibur)
12	**JINGO (REMIX)**	Candido (US Salsoul)
13	**YASHAR (ROBIE REMIX)**	Cabaret Voltaire (Factory)
14	**HIGH NOON**	Two Sisters (IRS)
15	**DR. JAM (IN THE SLAM)**	Men At Play (Design Communications)
16	**CHEAP THRILLS**	Planet Patrol (Tommy Boy US)
17	**HIP HOP BE BOP (REMIX)**	Man Parrish (Dutch Rams Horn)
18	**RAY GUN OMICS**	Project Future (Capitol)
19	**TEDDY BEAR**	Booker Newberry III (Cassette Promo)
20	**ADVENTURES IN SUCCESS**	Big Brother (Island)
21	**VALLEY STYLE**	T-Ski Valley (US Capo)
22	**THE REMIXES**	Shriekback (Y)
23	**THAT'S LIFE**	Cut Master D.C. (US Airport)
24	**STREET JUSTICE**	The Rake (Streetwave)
25	**ROCK THE WORLD!**	Crown Heights Affair (De Lite)

Chart by Julian Palmer at Studio 21, 21 Oxford Street, London W1.

AFRICAN LPs

The Obey city roller at Number Five. Pic Adrian Boot.

1	**ZULU JIVE CASSETTE**	Various (Earthworks) South Africa
2	**BOBBY**	King Sunny Ade (S.A.R.) Nigeria
3	**VIVA ZIMBABWE**	Various (Earthworks) Zimbabwe
4	**CHOC CHOC CHOC**	Franco & Rochereau (CHOC) Zaire
5	**SINGING FOR THE PEOPLE**	Chief Commander Ebenezer Obey (OBEY) Nigeria
6	**MAA JO**	King Sunny Ade (S.A.R.) Nigeria
7	**LIBERATION**	South African Protest (SAFCO) South Africa
8	**LOVE 12"**	Orchestre Jazira (Earthworks) UK/Ghana
9	**REVIENT EN FORCE**	Pablo Porthos (Cocosico) Zaire
10	**SESABA IZULU**	Philemon Zulu (C.T.V. International) South Africa
11	**ELISA DANGWA**	Syran (Africamania) Zaire
12	**DJESSY**	Kanda Bongo Man (Afrorhythmes) Zaire
13	**O SITAPA LAMBO LAM**	Moni Bile (Toure Jim's) Cameroun
14	**CANONS DU ZAIRE**	(Africamania) Zaire
15	**DJALENGA**	Les Wanyika & Others (Swahili) Kenya

Courtesy Earthworks, 162 Oxford Gardens, London W10

REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	**MOI EMMA OOH**	Winston Reedy (Inner Light)
2	**WATER PUMPING**	Johnny Osbourne (Starlight)
3	**TIME IS GETTING HOT**	Junior Brown (Oak)
4	**ONE FOR MY BABY**	Victor Romero Evans (Special Request)
5	**KNIFE CUT**	Tippa Ranking (Redman)
6	**REGGAE PARTY**	Black Uhuru (Island)
7	**TO BE A WEAK MAN**	Dennis Brown (Yvonnes Special)
8	**LIVING IN A WORLD OF MAGIC**	Investigators (Investigators)
9	**FIGURES CAN'T CALCULATE**	Rikki Barnett (Hawkeye)
10	**HONEY**	Bob Andy (Anka)
11	**ZUNNGUZUNGGUGUZUNGGUZENG**	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
12	**IF A HAD KNOWN**	Ken Boothe (Greensleeves)
13	**WATER PUMPEE**	Wailing Souls (Greensleeves)
14	**BED TIME STORY**	Johnny Osbourne (WLN)
15	**GIVE ME THE RIGHT**	Heptones (Success)

SOCA LPs

1	**THE GREATEST**	Sparrow (Dynamic)
2	**WE LIKE IT**	Nelson (B/S)
3	**WHAT'S SWEET IN GOAT MOUTH**	Penguin (B/S)
4	**HOT HOT HOT**	Arrow (Air)
5	**LEROY**	Short Shirt (Sunburn)

Courtesy Black Beat International

INDEPENDENT 45s

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**CONFUSION**	New Order (Factory)		
2	2	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)		
3	3	**EVERYTHING COUNTS**	Depeche Mode (Mute)		
4	5	**LEAN ON ME!**	Redskins (CNT)		
5	6	**TREES AND FLOWERS**	Strawberry Switchblade (92 Happy Customers)		
6	4	**TO A NATION OF ANIMAL LOVERS**	Conflict (Crass)		
7	7	**THE CRUSHER**	Bananamen (Big Beat)		
8	10	**GOOD TECHNOLOGY**	Red Guitars (Self Drive)		
9	9	**IGNORE THE MACHINE**	Alien Sex Fiend (Anagram)		
10	8	**MONDAY/MUNSTER THEME**	Escalators (Big Beat)		
11	(—)	**INCUBBUS SUCCUBUS**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)		
12	(—)	**SONG TO THE SIREN**	This Mortal Coil (4AD)		
13	24	**ANOTHER TYPICAL CITY**	UK Subs (Jungle)		
14	(—)	**4AD 12" EP**	Bauhaus (4AD)		
15	15	**BRUISES/PUNCH DRUNK AND BRANDO**	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)		
16	13	**CHEERIO TOODLEPIP**	Toy Dolls (Volume)		
17	17	**ONE DAY**	APB (Oily)		
18	14	**DEATH CULT EP**	Death Cult (Situation 2)		
19	16	**LINED UP (REMIX)**	Shriekback (Y)		
20	21	**NIGHT CREATURES EP**	Screaming Dead (No Future)		
21	11	**WHO DUNN IT**	Crass (Crass)		
22	(—)	**REPTILE HOUSE**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)		
23	12	**NIGHT AND DAY**	Everything But The Girl (Cherry Red)		
24	(—)	**SOMEONE'S CALLING**	Modern English (4AD)		
25	(—)	**HIP HIP**	Hurrah (Kitchenware)		
26	18	**CLOCK**	Danse Society (Society)		
27	22	**THE STRENGTH OF YOUR CRY EP**	Luddites (Xcentrics Noise)		
28	19	**LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**	Joy Division (Factory)		
29	27	**DISCOVER LOVE**	Fad Gadget (Mute)		
30	(—)	**REBEL RUN**	Toyah (Safari)		

INDEPENDENT LPs

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**CONSTRUCTION TIME AGAIN**	Depeche Mode (Mute)		
2	2	**POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)		
3	3	**YOU AND ME BOTH**	Yazoo (Mute)		
4	4	**OFF THE BONE**	Cramps (Illegal)		
5	6	**FETISCH**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)		
6	8	**FROM THE GARDENS WHERE WE FEEL SECURE**	Virginia Astley (Rough Trade)		
7	15	**CHURCH OF THE DEATH**	Rudimentary Peni (Corpus Christi)		
8	7	**HIGH LAND HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)		
9	11	**PILLOWS AND PRAYERS**	Various (Cherry Red)		
10	(—)	**REVOLUTION STARTS AT CLOSING TIME**	Serious Drinking (Upright)		
11	(—)	**PATIENCE**	Peter Hammill (Naive)		
12	5	**LIVE AT RONNIE SCOTT'S**	Weekend (Rough Trade)		
13	13	**DEMOLITION BLUES**	Various (Insane)		
14	9	**ANOTHER SETTING**	Durutti Column (Factory)		
15	25	**THE FIRST FLOWER**	Play Dead (Jungle)		
16	16	**SEDUCTION**	Danse Society (Society)		
17	20	**JAZZATEERS**	Jazzateers (Rough Trade)		
18	22	**VIOLENT FEMMES**	Violent Femmes (Rough Trade)		
19	10	**BOLLOX TO THE GONADS**	Various (Pax)		
20	17	**FUCK POLITICS**	Chaotic Disord (Riot City)		
21	18	**1981–82 MINI ALBUM**	New Order (Factory)		
22	12	**YES SIR I WILL**	Crass (Crass)		
23	14	**THE DAY THE COUNTRY DIED**	Subhumans (Spiderleg)		
24	(—)	**HAND OF KINDNESS**	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)		
25	19	**MOVING STAIRCASES**	Escalators (Ace)		
26	(—)	**PRIVILEGE**	Ivor Cutler (Rough Trade)		
27	30	**UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S**	Yazoo (Mute)		
28	28	**UNKNOWN PLEASURES**	Joy Division (Factory)		
29	(—)	**BLOOD BROTHERS**	Barbara Dixon (Legacy)		
30	21	**ARMAGEDDON IN ACTION**	Destructors (Radical Change)		

US JAZ LPs

Think of one, think of Wynton. Pic Jak Kilby

1	**IN YOUR EYES**	George Benson (Warner Bros)
2	**JARREAU**	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
3	**CITY KIDS**	Spyro Gyra (MCA)
4	**TRAVELS**	Pat Metheny Group (ECM)
5	**LOW RIDE**	Earl Knight (Capitol)
6	**MR NICE GUY**	Ronnie Laws (Capitol)
7	**INDIVIDUAL CHOICE**	Jean-Luc Ponty (Atlantic)
8	**THINK OF ONE**	Wynton Marsalis (Columbia)
9	**PASSION FIRE AND GRACE**	John McLaughlin, Al Dimeola, Paco DeLucia (Columbia)
10	**LES FLEURS**	Ramsey Lewis (Columbia)
11	**FRIENDS**	Larry Carlton (Warner Bros)
12	**AUTUMN**	George Winston (Windham Hill)
13	**THIRD GENERATION**	Hiroshima (Epic)
14	**DECEMBER**	George Winston (Windham Hill)
15	**MENAGE A TROIS**	The Yellowjackets (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Billboard

US 45s

1	**MANIAC**	Michael Sembello (Casablanca)
2	**TELL HER ABOUT IT**	Billy Joel (Columbia)
3	**THE SAFETY DANCE**	Men Without Hats (Backstreet)
4	**TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART**	Bonnie Tyler (Columbia)
5	**SWEET DREAMS**	Eurythmics (RCA)
6	**EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE**	The Police (A&M)
7	**HUMAN NATURE**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
8	**PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ**	Taco (RCA)
9	**MAKING LOVE OUT OF NOTHING AT ALL**	Air Supply (Arista)
10	**DON'T CRY**	Asia (Geffen)
11	**SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY**	Donna Summer (Mercury)
12	**SHE'S SEXY & 17**	Stray Cats (EMI–America)
13	**LAWYERS IN LOVE**	Jackson Browne (Asylum)
14	**FAR FROM OVER**	Frank Stallone (RSO)
15	**PROMISES, PROMISES**	Naked Eyes (EMI–America)

US LPs

1	**SYNCHRONICITY**	The Police (A&M)
2	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	**FLASHDANCE**	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
4	**PYROMANIA**	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	**AN INNOCENT MAN**	Billy Joel (Columbia)
6	**ALPHA**	Asia (Geffen)
7	**STAYING ALIVE**	Soundtrack (RSO)
8	**LAWYERS IN LOVE**	Jackson Browne (Asylum)
9	**THE WILD HEART**	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
10	**REACH THE BEACH**	The Fixx (MCA)
11	**THE PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS**	Robert Plant (Es Paranza)
12	**KEEP IT UP**	Loverboy (Columbia)
13	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI-America)
14	**RHYTHM OF YOUTH**	Men Without Hats (Backstreet)
15	**METAL HEALTH**	Quiet Riot (Pasha)

Courtesy Billboard

W GERMANY 45s

1	**SUNSHINE REGGAE**	Laid Back (Metronome)
2	**SAFETY DANCE**	Men Without Hats (Virgin)
3	**COCO**	Doef (WEA)
4	**LIVING ON VIDEO**	Trans-X (Polydor/DGG)
5	**VAMOS A LA PLAYA**	Righeira (Teldec)
6	**MOONLIGHT SHADOW**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
7	**FLASHDANCE**	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
8	**DOLCE VITA**	Ryan Paris (Carrere/DGG)
9	**I.O.U.**	Freeez (Virgin)
10	**BABY JANE**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Der Musikmarkt/Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

1	**DREADLOCK HOLIDAY**	10cc (Mercury)
2	**RIVERS OF BABYLON/ BROWN GIRL**	Boney M (Atlantic)
3	**THREE TIMES A LADY**	Commodores (Motown)
4	**KISS YOU ALL OVER**	Exile (Rak)
5	**JILTED JOHN**	Jilted John (EMI Int)
6	**OH WHAT A CIRCUS**	David Essex (Mercury)
7	**IT'S RAINING**	Darts (Magnet)
8	**HONG KONG GARDEN**	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Polydor)
9	**AGAIN AND AGAIN**	Status Quo (Vertigo)
10	**BRITISH HUSTLE**	Hi Tension (Island)

10 YEARS AGO

1	**ROCK ON**	David Essex (CBS)
2	**ANGIE**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
3	**ANGEL FINGERS**	Wizzard (Harvest)
4	**OH NO, NOT MY BABY**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
5	**YOUNG LOVE**	Donny Osmond (MGM)
6	**DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT**	Barry Blue (Bell)
7	**PICK UP THE PIECES**	Hudson Ford (A & M)
8	**SPANISH EYES**	Al Martino (Capitol)
9	**MONSTER MASH**	Bobby 'Boris' Pickett And The Crypt Kickers (London)
10	**LIKE SISTER AND BROTHER**	Drifters (Bell)

15 YEARS AGO

1	**HEY JUDE**	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**THOSE WERE THE DAYS**	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
3	**I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU**	Bee Gees (Polydor)
4	**DO IT AGAIN**	Beach Boys (Capitol)
5	**I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER**	Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
6	**HOLD ME TIGHT**	Johnny Nash (Regal-Zonophone)
7	**JESAMINE**	Casuals (Decca)
8	**HIGH IN THE SKY**	Amen Corner (Deram)
9	**THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU**	Herb Alpert (A&M)
10	**ON THE ROAD AGAIN**	Canned Heat (Liberty)

20 YEARS AGO

1	**SHE LOVES YOU**	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	**IT'S ALL IN THE GAME**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	**I WANT TO STAY HERE**	Steve Lawrence/Eydie Gorme (CBS)
4	**BAD TO ME**	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
5	**I'LL NEVER GET OVER YOU**	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
6	**I'M TELLING YOU NOW**	Freddie And The Dreamers (Columbia)
7	**DO YOU LOVE ME**	Brian Poole And The Tremeloes (Decca)
8	**YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BABY TO CRY**	Caravelles (Decca)
9	**JUST LIKE EDDIE**	Heinz (Decca)
9	**APPLEJACK**	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)

BOOKS 10

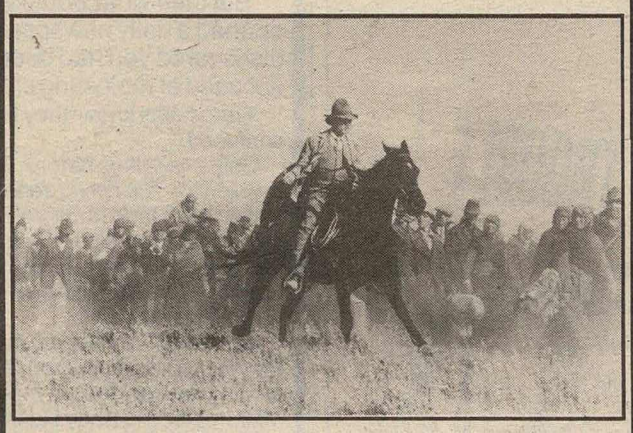
1	**GLEN BAXTER – HIS LIFE**	(Thames and Hudson) £6.50
2	**WHITE GOLD WIELDER**	Stephen Donaldson (Fontana) £2.50
3	**INSIDE THE INNER CITY**	Paul Harrison (Pelican) £3.95
4	**CATCH A FIRE – THE LIFE OF BOB MARLEY**	Timothy White (Elm Tree) £6.95
5	**SEX AND LOVE**	Cartledge and Ryan (Women's Press) £4.95
6	**BRING ME YOUR LOVE**	Charles Bukowski (Black Sparrow) £2.50
7	**TWISTED KICKS**	Tom Carson (Arena) £2.95
8	**THE TURNING POINT**	Fritjof Capra (Flamingo) £3.50
9	**BODILY HARM**	Margaret Attwood (Virago) £2.50
10	**COMMITTING PHOTOCRAPHY**	Su Braden (Pluto) £4.95

Chart by Compendium, 234 Camden High Street, London N.W.1.

VIDEOS 20

1	**FIRST BLOOD**	EMI
2	**HEAVEN'S GATE**	Warners
3	**PLOUGHMAN'S LUNCH**	Virgin
4	**THE THING**	CIC
5	**PIXOTE**	Palace
6	**SOPHIE'S CHOICE**	PRT
7	**POLTERGEIST**	MGM
8	**ANDROID**	AFC
9	**CAT PEOPLE**	CIC
10	**SUPER VIXENS**	Video Space
11	**HAMMETT**	3M
12	**APOCALYPSE NOW**	CIC
13	**EVIL DEAD**	Palace
14	**MAD MAX I**	Warners
15	**AMERICAN GIGOLO**	CIC
16	**10 TO MIDNIGHT**	Guild
17	**FANNY HILL**	Brent Walker
18	**QUERELLE**	Palace
19	**STAR TREK II – THE WRATH OF KHAN**	CIC
20	**AI NO CORRIDA**	Virgin

Rented videos chart courtesy Video Palace, 100 Oxford Street, London W1.



Horse's gait, Heaven's Gate.

FRED FACT

W is wunderbar right now. Check the singles charts for confirmation – 'Wings Of A Dove', 'What Am I Gonna Do?', 'Walking In The Rain', 'Watching You, Watching Me', 'Warriors' – all are W winners. 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' gave Paul Young a Number One with his very first solo single and 'War Baby' recently provided Tom Robinson with his first Top Ten hit in six years, while others that have relied on W power in past weeks include 'Wrapped Around Your Finger', 'Watching', Who's That Girl?', 'Wait Until Tonight', 'Wake Up', 'Waiting For A Train', 'We Came To Dance', 'When We Were Young' and 'We Are Detective' – an impressive haul you'll agree. And in the past the alphabet's 23rd letter has done right by Kate Bush, who logged a Number One with her first single, 'Wuthering Heights', plus folk ranging from Lee Marvin ('Wand'rin Star') through to Johnny Logan ('What's Another Year?') all of whom proved true one hit wonders, gaining Number Ones but thereafter failing to move even another slither of vinyl. But today really is the day of the big W. If only Herbie Hancock had called his single 'Wock It' or if The Creatures had titled theirs 'Write Now', they'd have done far better. Me, I'm so impresed with current power of the mighty W that I'm thinking of changing the first letter of my surname and calling myself Wellar. But then, who'd ever get anywhere with a name remotely like that?

Fred Dellar

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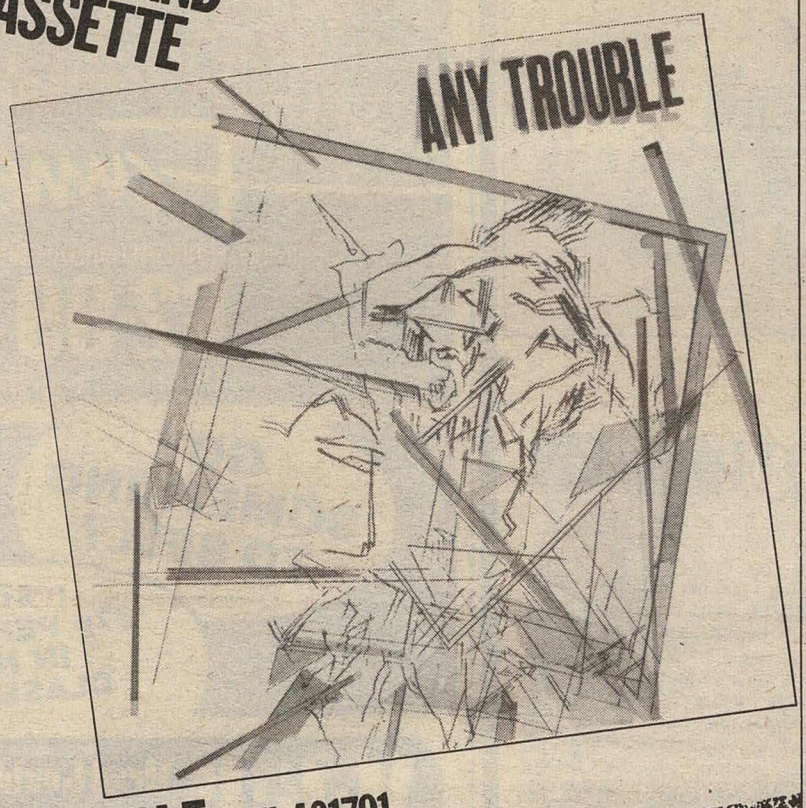

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Judie Tzuke

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Friday 23 HANLEY, Victoria Hall
Saturday 24 POOLE Arts Centre
Sunday 25 BRISTOL, Colston Hall
Monday 26 CARDIFF, St Davids Hall
Wednesday 28 NOTTINGHAM, Royal Concert Hall
Thursday 29 SHEFFIELD, City Hall

October
Saturday 1 MANCHESTER Apollo
Sunday 2 LIVERPOOL, Empire
Monday 3 EDINBURGH, Usher Hall
Tuesday 4 NEWCASTLE, City Hall
Thursday 6 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
Friday 7 LOUGHBOROUGH University
Saturday 8 NORWICH, University of E. Anglia
Monday 10 BRIGHTON, Dome
Tuesday 11 HAMMERSMITH Odeon
Wednesday 12 HAMMERSMITH Odeon

EXTRA DATES WITHOUT JUDY TZUKE
Tuesday 27 BRISTOL, Polytechnic
Friday 30 STOKE Poly
Wednesday 5 HITCHIN Regal
Tuesday 18 THE VENUE
Thursday 20 WESTFIELD Polytechnic

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Sun

IT'S NO exaggeration to say that it came as a shock, a numbing body-slam to the nervous system.

But then what would you feel if you opened a daily newspaper and discovered you had been all but directly accused of molesting children?

The Smiths know: they feel reviled . . . and confused.

Only a few days before, they had finished a session for *The David Jensen Show*. Their first single 'Hand In Glove' had achieved positive press criticism, and they'd hoped that their follow-up, 'Reel Around The Fountain', would build on that success. Everything was great.

Morrissey was singing in excelsis, Johnny Marr's guitars and harmonica were precisely etching the very face of the session, and Mike Joyce and Andy Rourke had lifted the rhythm of their drums and bass until it hammered at the ceiling and crashed to the floor. On a temporal stage The Smiths know it's Heaven when they're up *there*.

And they smile with devilish intent.

And as for notoriety . . . well one is thrashing a bouquet of golden daffodils onstage anything more than poetic license? Or is the sensitive profile of a naked man on a single sleeve aspiring to subversion?

BUT TWO weeks ago *The Sun* ran a news story by their showbiz correspondent, Nick Ferari, which alleged that BBC Radio chiefs were to hold an emergency meeting to decide whether a "song about child molesting" should be broadcast on *The David Jensen Show*.

According to the garbled and inaccurate article the track in question was entitled 'Handsome Devil' – and it contained "clear references to picking up kids for sexual kicks". When questioned by *The Sun* about his "controversial lyrics" Morrissey is reported as saying "I don't feel immoral singing about molesting children."

What man would sign his own death warrant thus? That 'Handsome Devil' had not been recorded for the session did not affect the paper's verdict on the band; nor did any of the other flagrant fabrications (including the interview). What did matter was the crash of breaking glass as a thousand lonely housewives dropped their milk-bottles . . .

Following the spot-the-pervert accusations in *The Sun*, *Sounds* ran a damning indictment of *the band* in their gossip column *Jaws* – penned by none other than Garry Bushell, a fervent enemy of the Mancunian quartet.

Bushell has been blamed by The Smiths' record company, Rough Trade, for giving *The Sun* its derogatory and misleading information in the first place. Bushell, when asked, denied such claims and in turn accused his arch rival Dave McCullough – who is an ardent fan of The Smiths – of mis-interpreting the band's lyrics in a feature that he wrote: thus instigating the whole story.

As Morrissey says: "It's really their affair and we're just bait."

Since then Rough Trade's solicitor has dispatched letters to both *The Sun* and *Sounds* asking for a retraction. If no such retraction and apology appears legal action is likely to be taken.

SO THERE, condensed and shrink-wrapped, you have the none too pleasant tale of how The Smiths, a wan and wonderful phenomena from Manchester, crossed the great divide between Independent fame and National infamy. How do they feel?

"Well, we're still in a wild state of shock," an ashen Morrissey replies. "We were completely aghast at *The Sun* allegations, and even more so by *Sounds*. We really can't emphasize how much it upset us because obviously it was completely fabricated," he claims. "I did an interview with a person called Nick Ferari – and what developed in print was just a total travesty of the *actual* interview. It couldn't possibly be more diverse in opinion.

"To me it's about somebody else, they're writing about another group . . . it's so strange. It's tragically depressing.

"Quite obviously we don't condone child molesting or anything that vaguely resembles it. What more can be said?"

What more indeed? Since the deplorable rape of a six year old Brighton boy, *The Sun* has picked up a new word for its meagre vocabulary: "paedophilia". And now that word has been used as a wedge to open the door for an onslaught on anything that doesn't fit into its own Moral Bible.

Paranoia or persecution? If this strikes as a symptom of the former, then take heed: it's as likely to be a concrete encroachment from the latter. Nothing, not even Bingo, can boost a reactionary tabloid's sales like a jingoistic war cry or a MacArthurian witch hunt. Are we so pathetic as to believe that Fleet Street's crusaders march out with unsoiled hands?

As guitarist Johnny Marr states: "It seems on the surface of it as the obvious hatchet job against a new, rising band who are getting a certain amount of publicity. But on every level the whole thing's got completely out of hand . . . and it's affecting us personally now.

"I've got a younger brother who is 11, who on the day it was in the *The Sun* went to school and was hassled by kids, hassled by teachers."

Morrissey continues: "It's really difficult to conceive such . . . savage critique. Because it's not just 'bad' it's about as bad as you could possibly, humanly get it. And there was so much hatred from *Sounds* . . ."

Wasn't it possible that the *Sounds* piece was a joke?

"Well, they might be 'jokes' but they're really not funny," Morrisey soberly replies.

"I'm sure," says Johnny, "that if the mother of the young lad in Brighton was to read the statement concerning us, or anybody who has strong feelings about the case, then they're not going to see it as a joke.

"I think if there is that ambiguity there, then it was there with that purpose: for whoever wants to believe it. I think there are more people that are gonna take it seriously than do regard it as a joke. It's more than ambiguous."

And *The Sun's* piece?

Morrissey: "It's quite laughable coming from a newspaper like *The Sun* – which is so obviously obsessed with every aspect of sex. So it's all really a total travesty of human nature that it's thrown at us, such sensitive and relatively restrained people. I live a life that befits a priest virtually and to be splashed about as a child molestor . . . it's just unutterable."

HOWEVER FATUOUS and fantastic *The Sun* article was, it did suceed in its dirtying The Smiths name (for reasons unknown). It also ensured that the session, which *wasn't* being "investigated", was censored and that a six minute version of 'Reel Around The Fountain' was removed. According to Mike Hawkes, the producer for David Jensen's show, the specially commissioned track was removed purely as a precautionary measure. As for the article itself, all the BBC press office could offer was that veritable cliche, "*The Sun* got it wrong again".

Unfortunately Morrissey was saddened to hear that Aunty had decided to drop the track because "The record itself is protection because of its innocence.

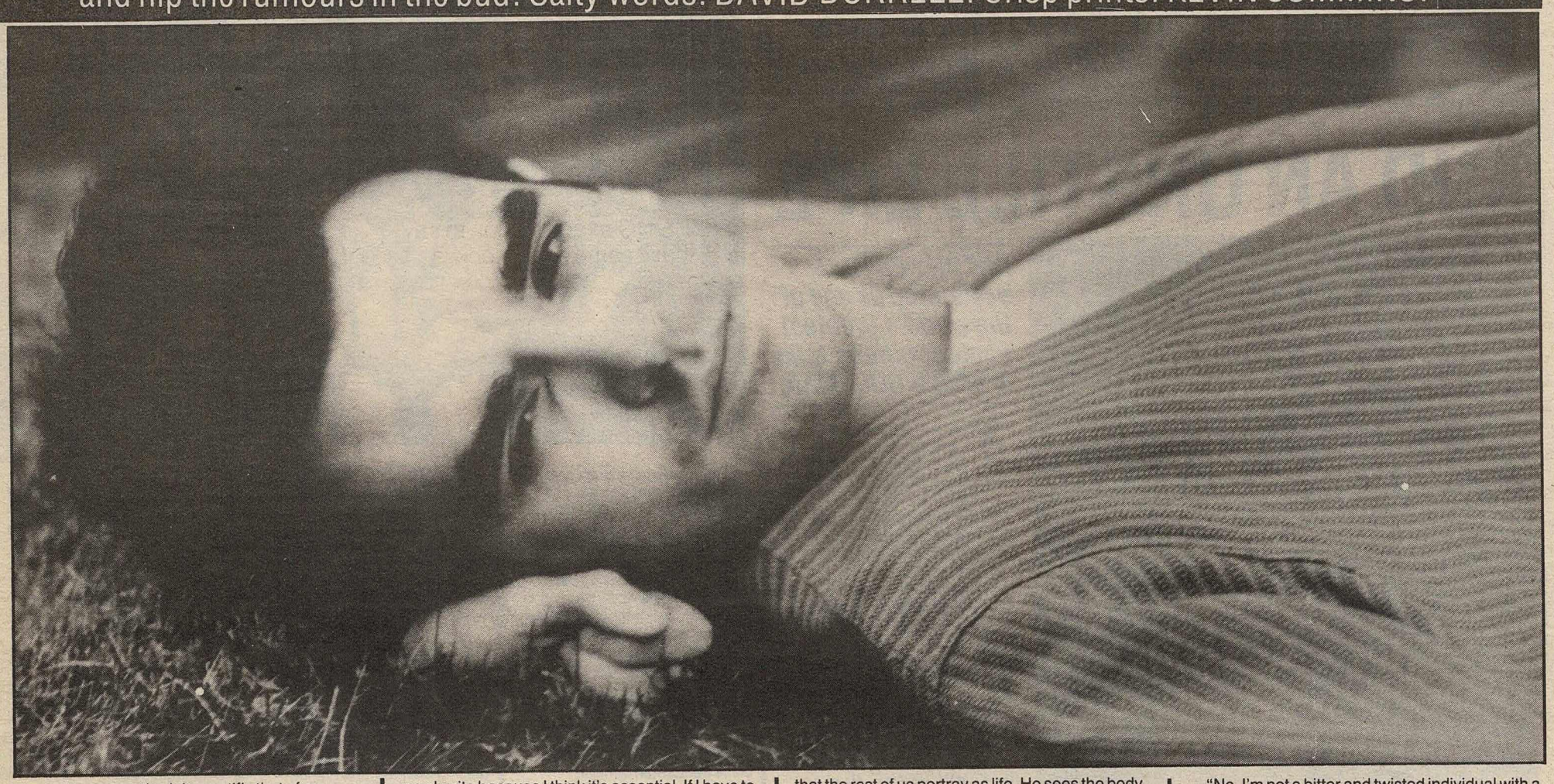
"Curiously though, at the end of he day, the BBC did pledge their allegiance to us. So I think that's more important than anything else."

And for The Smiths that's probably true. The BBC have not banned their material and plan to play the single when it is released. In fact, their sad treatment at the hands of the Bingo Barons and other writers of prurient pap may well be the foundations for their success.

What obviously attracted the flies to the meat was Morrissey's blunt but beautiful lyrical style. For

Smith Hunt!

Handsome Devils or Fallen Angels? Mancunian flower arrangers, The Smiths, stalk down the truth and nip the rumours in the bud. Salty words: DAVID DORRELL. Crisp prints: KEVIN CUMMINS.



many of the songs the *leit–motif* is that of an ageless, genderless love; and an unrequited love at that. Unfortunately the nebulosity of each song's protagonist does inject a certain sense of ambiguity into the storyline. And that was a red flag to *The Sun* . . .

Morrissey:" It's completely taken out of context – but it depends on where the individual's mind lies. If you want to read something in particular lyrics you will – whether it's there or not."

What – "*A boy in the bush is worth two in the hand, I think I can help you get thru your exams*"?

Morrissey: "Yes. If you read the rest of the lyrics then it completely complies. And the message of the song is to forget the cultivation of the brain and to concentrate on the cultivation of the body. *A boy in the bush* . . . is addressed to a scholar. *There's more* to life than books you know, but not much more – that is the essence of the song . . .

"So you can just take it and stick it in an article about child-molesting and it will make absolutely perfect sense. But you can do that with anybody. You can do it with Abba . . ."

TO MEET Morrissey is to meet sombody of unsettling calm. Broad, square and white, he is imbued with the same sense of enormity that marks the great men of religion. He is – in varying measures – bashful, sarcastic and serene. Thankfully his often caustic wit and his elastic ego are countered by his zealotry and passion. At times he is both Missionary and heathen. And at times he writes the best love songs since The Buzzcocks.

His partner in contempt of crime is Johnny Marr, a nervous, effusive creature who hides behind dark glasses and plays great scores.

"I live a saintly life," Morrissey laughs. "He lives a devilish life. And the combination is wonderful. Perfect."

"*Hand in glove/The sun shines out of our behinds*"
– 'Hand In Glove'.

OF COURSE to hear is to believe. And with their debut Troy Tate-produced LP set for imminent release, more will hear and more will believe.

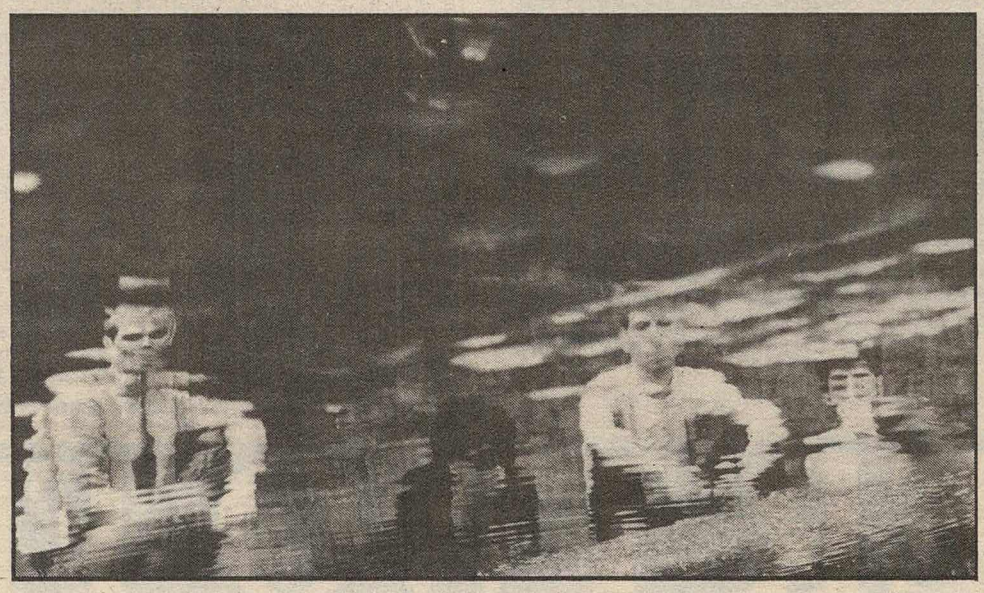
An American distribution arrangment has been agreed with WEA and their hopeful conquest of the Atlantic shores will come as no surprise. Though, no doubt, the question of their lyrical content will surely be mooted by that country's more puritan forces.

Not that it matters.

Morrissey: "I'm certainly not going to change the way I write because I think it's essential. If I have to be accused of anything, it's because I write strongly and I write very openly from the heart . . . which is something people aren't really used to. They're used to a very strict, regimented style – and if you dare get too personal, and I don't mean *offensively* personal but just *too* close then it's what a 'strange' person, let's get him on the guillotine."

Will that hinder your commercial success?

"No," he continues vigorously." At the end of the day the truth comes through and we shall find the highest success.



"Our egos are not so fragile that we are shattered by anything some mini-steamroller at *Sounds* could write. We're not that fey – good grief. Neither were we really affected that much by *The Sun*. It's just the rest of the world you have to worry about – you have to take their feelings into consideration – which is a great burden.

"It really proves that you don't have as much control over your destiny in this business as you think you do. There are people who like you and there are people who hate you. So why should you give the people that hate you precedence? Really we should stamp on it. It's history already."

Throughout, Morrisey speaks of himself and his band in elevated tones almost as if he holds a certain disdain for the soiled and grubby cameo that the rest of us portray as life. He sees the body as the Taoist temple of the mind: he doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke and he doesn't swear. Above all he is celibate and has been for a long time. He sees himself as more than a rival to Cliff Richard.

Yet undeniably his penmanship constantly returns to the throes of Love: in all its tempered glory. And though it comes the weakness and forced purity that underlies the solidity of his work. When he sings his voice is that of an angel in purgatory. And his stigma is the anguish of the damned.

"*You can pin and mount me like a butterfly / But take me to the heaven of your bed / Was something that you never said*"
– 'Reel Around The Fountain'.

ARE YOUR removed from love?

Morrissey: "I'm physically removed, but there are so many aspects of it. Much of what I write about is unrequited.

"I feel that I do have a unique view of it because obviously it dominates every individual's life – which I've observed for quite a time. I feel I have a particular insight, which sounds terribly pompous and terribly ostentatious. It's funny though, that most people that get enchained to the idea of 'absolute love' are usually totally irresponsible and self-deprecating individuals."

Isn't that a sterile view of love?

"No. I'm not a bitter and twisted individual with a whip crashing down on lovers in the park!"

All in all it smacks of an almost religious devotion to an ideal; an ideal that is clouded somewhat by its own grandeur but is basically akin to the awe-inspiring moments that make the Bunnymen so crystalline in their magnificence.

Yet Ian Mac is firmly rooted in his own background and belief, and therefore bows to the world and possesses humility. Morrissey, on the other hand, is quite content to let his lofty aspirations get the better of him and as such fails to win on a human level. His songs are all from a birds-eye view and until he admits to his own weaknesses the best part of The Smiths' creed will remain frozen and other-worldly.

Is this man, you ask, an egotist?

Morrissey: "It's not really ego. If you have something and you know that you're good why be shy and hide behind the curtains? There's no point . . . "

What does all of this mean to you?

"It's more essential to me than breathing – it's more natural to me than breathing. I don't know why I'm here, it's like being hurled on an escalator and you go up and you don't have any say in the matter. That's all really . . .

"The whole thing really, is a matter of life and death. And that's how serious we are . . ."

Aren't you worried that people might not take you seriously?

"Some people won't, some people will and the fact that some people will and do already, means that it's been valuable, it's been worthwhile . . ."

Do you feel that you have to be a threat to be successful?

"No, not in the least. If the whole threat thing means you have a brain and you use it, then we're a threat. But if it means anything other than that, well, I don't really see how we're dangerous in any way. I don't think we'll disturb anybody – and I don't think it's coy to say that."

IN LESS than a year The Smiths have forged a resilient beauty. Their candour, their confidence has blossomed into the most melodic of spiritual sounds. There is a rawness in their music that belies their musical age; a fresh, ethereal ability that captures more than just the routine of 'making' good songs. In a great Smiths song there is an overview that simply towers above the congregating mortals in the popforum. And for that I'll say a little prayer.

"The good people laugh/Yes, we may be hidden by rags/But we have something that they'll never have."
– 'Hand In Glove'.

LONDON GOES CLICKETY CLICK ● FROM MAN RAY TO 'HOUSE & GARDEN' ●

SNAP HAPPY

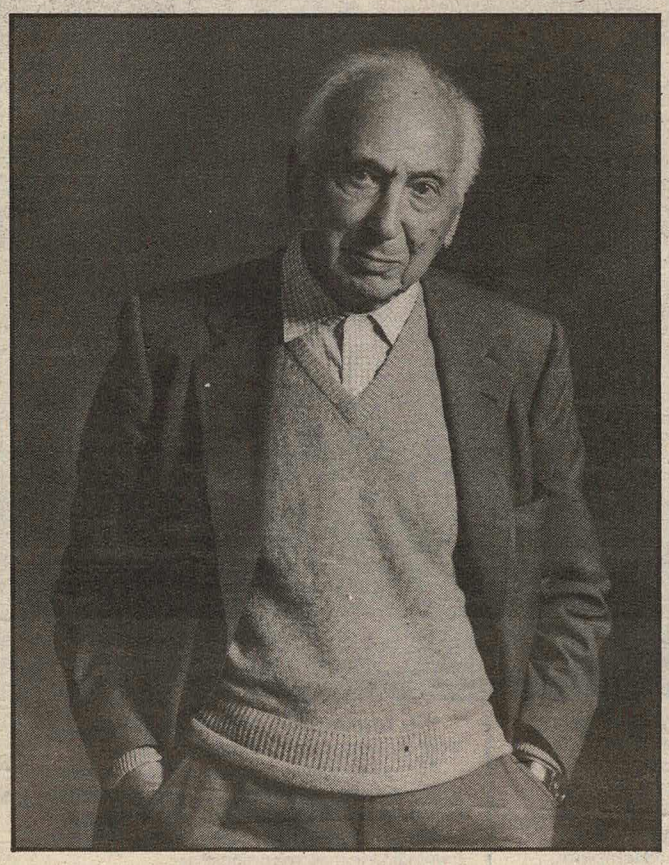
LAST WEDNESDAY one hundred of the world's most renowned (and a few unheard of) photographers, converged on London to record their own impressions and views of our teeming metropolis, their photographs destined for an ambitious book to be published in the spring of next year entitled *A Day In The Life Of London*.

Organised by Red Saunders (photographer of no small reputation and co-founder of Rock Against Racism) and Syd Shelton, the book will feature photographers from all over the world and hopefully cover every aspect of life in London, from a Bengali Women's Community Centre to workers at Fords in Dagenham, from The Monday Club to Gary Crowley's Tuesday Club at Bogarts (see pic right) in Harrow.

Among the photographers taking part are *NME*'s own Pennie Smith and Anton Corbijn, as well as viewfinding champs like Don McCullin, Brian Duffy, Neil Slarin and Sally Soemes.

Pic: Red Saunders

AND AN UNSTILL LIFE



Anton Kertesz: "Accidentermine life. . ." *Pic: Toby Glanville*

ANTON KERTESZ, acclaimed as one of the world's greatest photographers, talks to VIVIEN GOLDMAN.

THE RECENT 'Day In The Life Of London' photographers extravaganza organised by ex-Rock Against Racism and *Sunday Times* photographer Red Saunders succeeded in seducing one of the century's greatest greats to London – Anton Kertesz.

Kertesz is going on for 90 now, but his legendary Hungarian charm is as potent as ever. The master of the intimate everyday shot, who helped instil in his friend and disciple Henri Cartier-Bresson the idea of the plain, everyday moment as a diamond to be treasured, has devoted the 20th century to freezing intimacy onto the page. A photographer in the First World War – "I never killed no-one" – his behind-the-lines shots capture the daily texture of that slow massacre in the scowling or faraway meditative expressions of the soldiers lined up on a latrine beneath a flowering tree, or the roguish grin of a soldier copping a feel of a peasant woman's generous skirts in a field behind the front.

In his charming mixture of English spiced with a soupcon of French, with a little German sentence construction thrown in, Kertesz explained: "I was one of the beginner of everyday happening. With this you can't make a living. Even now, I do it for my pleasure."

Inspired by engravings he saw when he was six to enter the visual field, Kertesz was too proud to beg a camera from his middle-class tradesman family. Stubbornly, he stuck to his own way, evolving his own methods of lighting and composition. A model would have to stay motionless for six or seven minutes before a shot could be completed.

Recognition in papers like *Interesting*, Hungary's own photo magazine founded in 1912 (before an equivalent existed in London, Paris or New York), persuaded his mother to let him leave his white collar job in 1925.

"She says, 'My boy, if you want to go to Paris, you go.' I had some little economy, holding out one year. Shortly people discovered what I am doing was *personal*, slowly I became a leader . . ."

In Paris, Kertesz swiftly joined what was at the time one of the world's most exciting artistic communities. Apart from his 'everyday' Paris shots, he made brilliant portraits of his friends, like the great writer, Colette. They covered a vineyard story together as journalists. "She was not a drinker. After one or two glass, was too much! Voila . . ." pointing to pages in a pamphlet of his work, "Voila Chagall . . . this is his daughter. Ah! Voila Mondrian!" The famous photo of Mondrian's hallway, taken in '26, the clean curves of the stairs balancing the line of the flower on the hall table, was pivotal in his career.

Kertesz left Paris to take a year's special invitation sabbatical in New York. He left the bulk of his photos in the care of a friend – but the war intervened. Kertesz was stuck in the States, the friend vanished forever, and almost all the shots were lost . . . the chain of events is one of Kertesz's greatest tragedies.

In the '60s, American recognition began to come his way, and a museum begged the use of the Mondrian hallway shot. "But this is what I did 40 years ago! A gallery wants to make an exhibition after 50 years! This is typical! *Sonofabeetch*! Voila, this is America. And I *live* in America! I going over from Paris in '36, I don't can't returning. My life turned away. God the sonofabeetch made this. I left Hungary in '25 and I have no-one there now. My last family member died. I lost my wife. Nobody else. Nobody. All my friends died, you know? Accidentermine life." Kertesz, reclining on the bed in his hotel room, chuckles at life's tragi-comedy.

The Bauhaus didn't approve of him, said he was "too complicated". America's *LIFE* magazine didn't approve, said his pictures "talked too much". But Kertesz kept his perspective. "I don't like this artistic manipulation, made with head, not with heart. No *profondeur*. I was the realist. I tried to do the thing humanely, with heart. Big difference. It's a very artificial style in America, nothing to do with the deep human thing. Perfect sharpness, perfect technique. If you make a nude, you see every pore. Not the nude."

Eventually, *LIFE* commissioned a Kertesz study of the Tugboat industry on the Hudson. He did the work "in an intelligent, intellectual way, and artistic, too," he comments with a craftsman's pride. Everyone was happy. Then, America entered the war that same week – goodbye photo spread. Kertesz accepted work from Conde Nast publications, and spent 13 years as photo editor of *House And Garden* magazine. "I changed their style, more sensitive, more humane," he says, but finally left to go freelance, as he felt the job was killing him creatively.

A series of books, like his recently re-issued 12-year old classic on reading, followed, and established his pre-eminence among photographers.

Now he's going to Paris in November, where the city he loves is presenting him with the Legion of Honour and an apartment for life. Would our quintessentially philistine government ever thus honour an artist? Kertesz appreciates their gesture. "When you reach my age," he sighs, "It's not easy. But still have my enthusiasm. I want to *do*. Yes."

It now seems likely that just about every California Girl will get the opportunity to marry a Beach Boy!

The eccentric Brian Wilson, who recently shed both 100 pounds from his bulk ("I felt like a fat slob") *and* his wife of 17 years, has again returned to the group line-up. So too has absentee brother Carl, who having also divorced his wife, now lives with Dean Martin's daughter, Gina. A third Wilson brother, brooding Dennis, discovered marrying and divorcing actress Karen Lamm *twice* to be unrewarding and after a much-publicised meaningful relationship with Fleetwood Mac's Christine McVie, fathered a beach boy child by his latest flame.

Not to be left out, the small but perfectly formed Al Jardine is now splitsville with his first wife whilst frontman Mike 'I Get Around' Love is in the process of disposing of wife number four.

Meanwhile the round-the-clock medical regime which allegedly keeps Brian Wilson on the straight and narrow is a $150-an-hour technique administered by Dr Eugene Landy and minders. Seeing as The Beach Boys still remain one of America's biggest box office attractions, there shouldn't be too many problems footing Bri's medical bills.

ROY CARR

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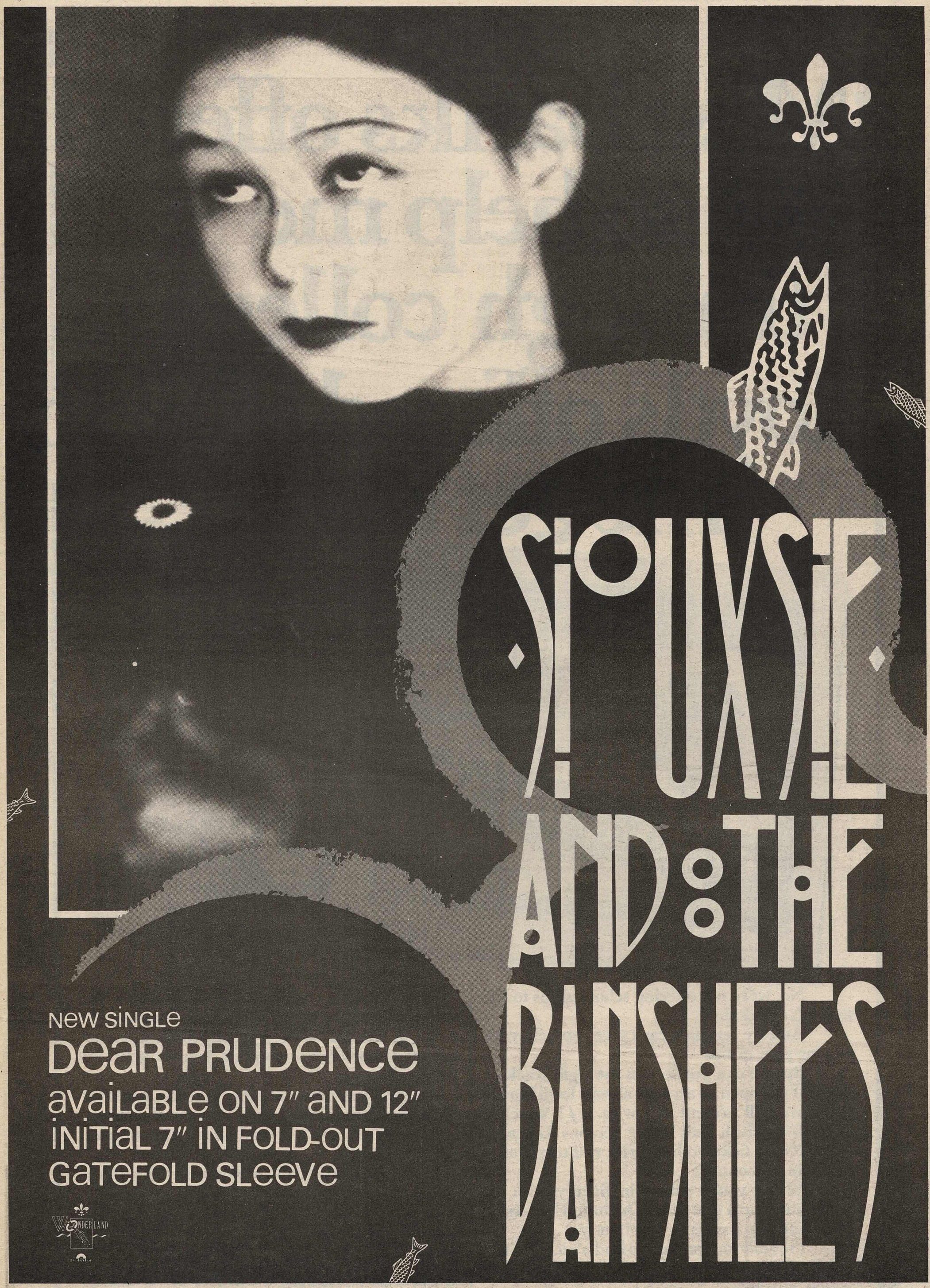
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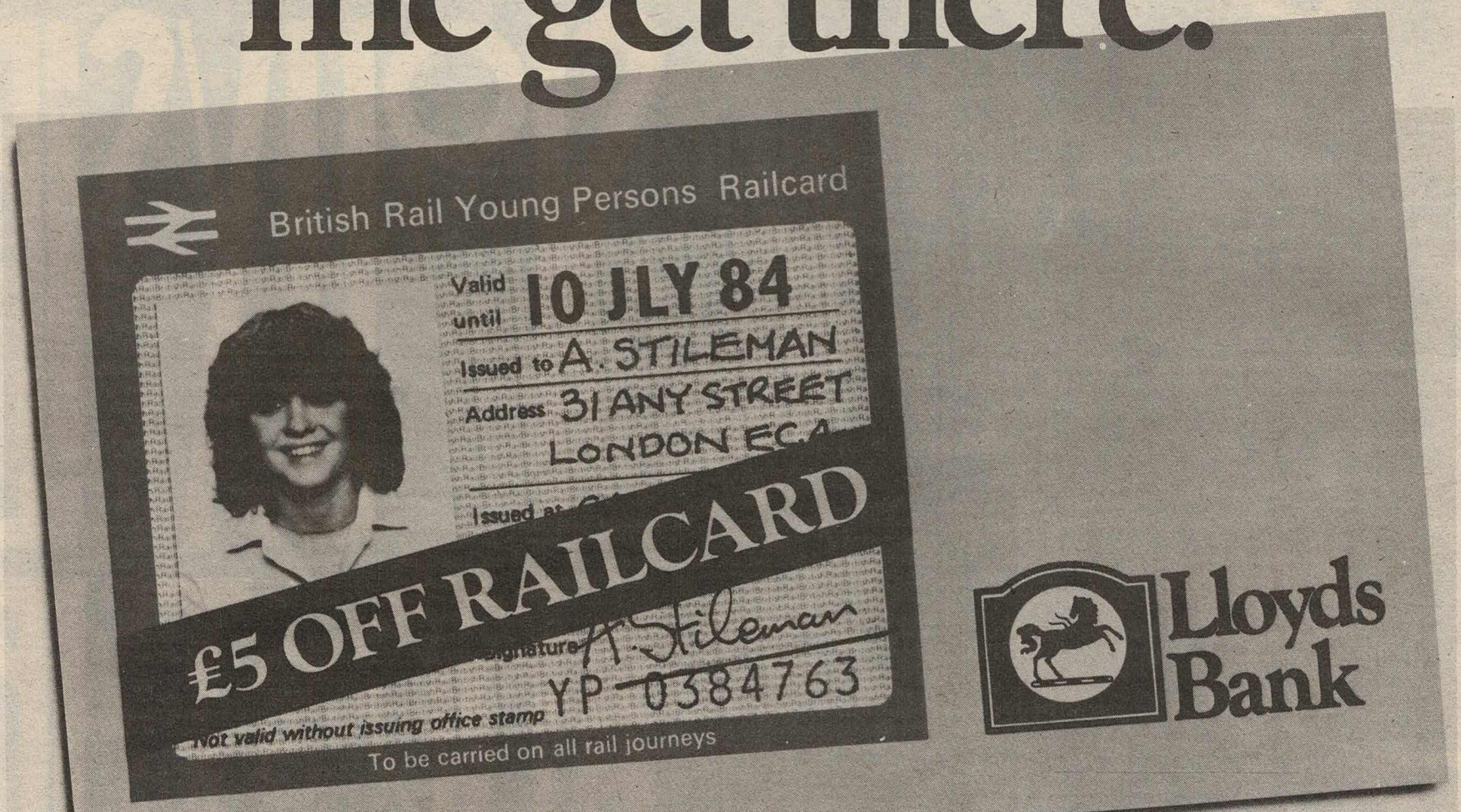
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PORTRAIT OF THE

ARTIST

AS A CONSUMER

TRACEY ULLMAN

MUSIC
Steely Dan
The Tubes '79
The Who
The Beatles
Dire Straits

TV
321 (love it when they win the bin)
Brookside (love to freeze frame on Barry Grant)
Coronation St
Any dreadful quiz shows and dramas where you can spot the wig line

FILMS
Cabaret
Tommy
The Marriage Of Eva Braun

READING
Bunty— a habit
George Orwell
Iris Murdoch
picture Mills & Boon

ACTRESSES
Patricia Hayes
Sandy Dennis

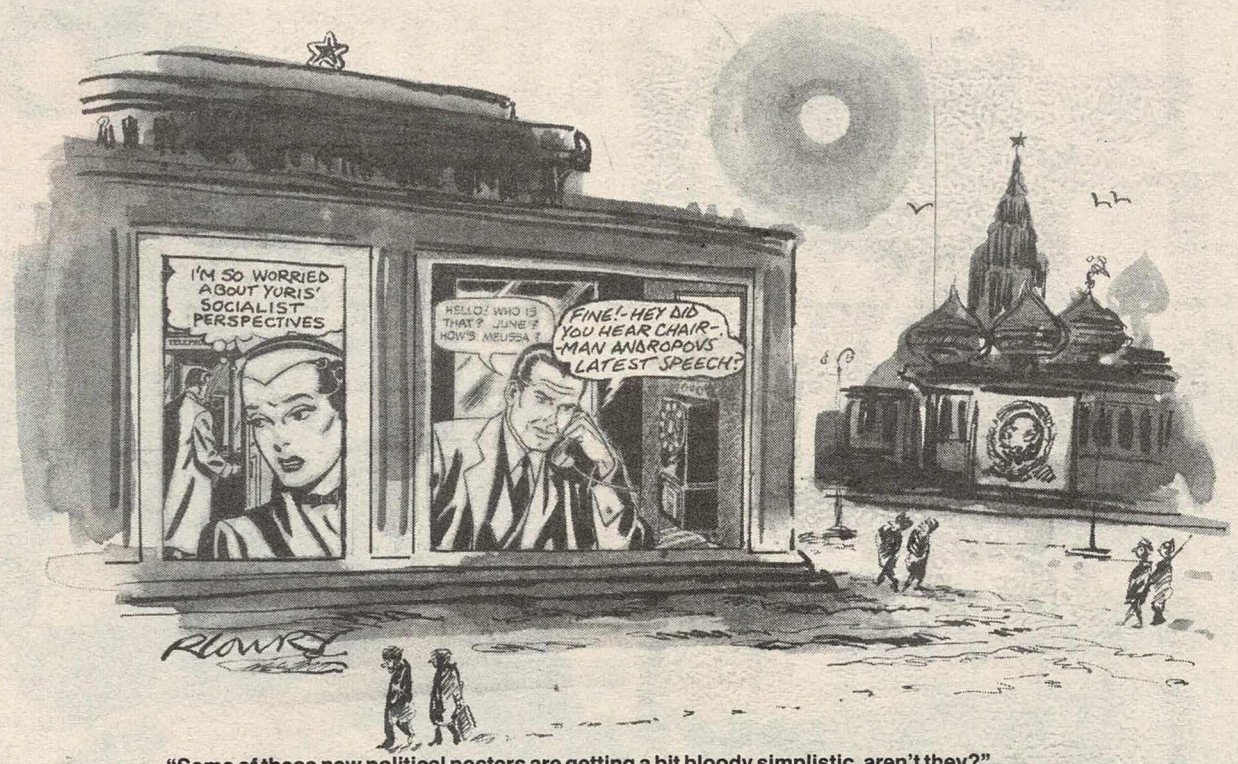
AMBITION
To have two kids, a spaniel kennel, a fascinating career and a bloody good pension scheme.

DRINKS
Ribena

COMEDIANS
Tommy Cooper
French & Saunders

FOOD
lobster
watercress and twiglets

lowry


I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT YURIS' SOCIALIST PERSPECTIVES
HELLO! WHO IS THAT? JUNE? HOW'S MELISSA?
FINE!-HEY DID YOU HEAR CHAIRMAN ANDROPOVS LATEST SPEECH?
LOWRY

"Some of these new political posters are getting a bit bloody simplistic, aren't they?"

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Returns 5th Oct.
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STORY: ADRIAN THRILLS
PHOTOGRAPHY: PETER ANDERSON

IN SEARCH THE PASSION

TOWERING ABOVE sticky tarmac streets and steaming manhole covers, the Lincoln Center For The Performing Arts is an imposing building. One of New York's major cultural complexes, its arched facade is the most striking landmark on a west side skyline glistening in the bright September sun.

Beneath the monolithic monument of concrete and glass, the city's Sunday morning strollers seem almost insignificant. But, as is always the case in this madhouse of a town, they are far from dull or inactive.

A mumbling Broadway bum rustles through a garbage can before aiming a wild kick at a passing cyclist for no apparent reason, the driver of a chequered cab unloads his cargo of Japanese tourists onto the sidewalk completely oblivious to the impatient honking of a dozen car horns in the jam behind him ... and two former punk rockers from the other side of the Atlantic sit barefoot beside an ornamental fountain debating whether or not to take a cooling dip.

It is only eight in the morning but the Manhattan mercury gauge is already rocketing into the lower 90s. By the middle of the afternoon, the temperature will have reached a stifling 107 degrees fahrenheit, the highest autumn reading for 50 years. This is what one might call a heatwave.

Stuart Adamson curses the two watchful armed cops preventing he and I from plunging into the ornamental pool and contents himself with cradling a chilled can of Budweiser in a brown paper bag, it being a punishable offence to openly consume alcohol in the street.

"You wouldn't get Simon Le Bon doing anything like this," the Big Country singer and guitarist jibes, his sharp jawline cracking into a wide grin.

That much is undoubtedly true. Then again, there are not too many similarities between Adamson and any of the members of Duran Duran, as becomes more and more apparent on hearing the craggy Scot in the sleeveless tartan shirt talking about music with fervent passion and an effusive, infectious warmth.

"I don't have any great plan about music. If music is important, it has to come down to emotion. It should be a human thing. Maybe that has something to do with coming from Scotland, where music has always been really close to the heart of the community. I certainly don't see it as something escapist. It can have a deep emotional effect.

"I've never seen it as a great quest for the world with Big Country either. It's still something small and innocent. It doesn't matter to me if I'm playing to one person or a thousand people. It is still just a matter of sharing some songs. Music should be a simple, emotive human language.

"I don't really see what all the fuss is about half the time. For me it is just about making a record to show people what your feelings are. If those feelings connect, then the record sells. It's not about creating a fashion, it's just about ... aaaah, Adrian, I don't really know, sometimes the whole thing just leaves me totally confused."

The quivering brogue breaks off for a moment. It is a struggle to fully articulate something that is essentially a case of instinct and inspiration. Adamson pauses and tries again.

"It's hard for me to theorise about it. It should be a natural thing, not something that you can take apart like a set of building blocks. The idea for a song will come to me in a momentary flash. I could never just sit down and deliberately set out to write some songs.

"It's not that I'm flippant about it. Far from it. But I sometimes think that sitting down and analysing it all can be slightly demeaning. I always feel that I'm making a real fanny of myself when I try and explain it in interviews – the big rock 'n' roll star telling the kids where his head is at!

"At the same time, interviews can help to break down the myth that there is something special about people in bands. There is nothing special about musicians and songwriters. They might sometimes make some magical music, but that doesn't make them better people.

"I still get embarrassed about the role of the musician as celebrity. There is far too much glamorisation of people in the music industry. A lot of modern music is really fascist in a way, with an aura of mystery created around certain bands so they can be put up on a pedestal. A lot of them certainly don't seem to inhabit the same world that I live in. Having a degree of success doesn't make you a different person.

"But I think it's great that a lot of kids in their early teens are buying records like ours as well as buying the Duran Duran and Kajagoogoo stuff, because there is nothing lightweight about our songs. If there is any future for music, it has got to come through young people being shown that you can express yourself honestly through music."

Words like 'soul', 'honesty' and 'passion' have been so debased through over-use by the young saps and old lags of the pop world that they now mean next to nothing. Adamson, though, is one of the few performers who can still make them ring true. His sheer enthusiasm is usually enough to bring even the most tired phrase to life.

"I can only write songs the way that I feel them. If the words that describe those feelings have become cliches, I can't help that. I can't help the way that I feel. I certainly don't think that I should have to apologise for it, because I've never made any great claims about our music.

"There are no great ideologies in our songs. If there is one overall thing worth emphasising, it is just the importance of people. That's about it ... and that water in the fountain looks so bloody cool!"

The courtyard outside the Lincoln Center is rapidly becoming too hot and humid to handle and – with the two cops still eyeing us from a distance – the lure of an air-conditioned hotel on nearby Central Park West is too much to resist.

As we head back across Broadway towards welcome relief from the heat, Adamson permits himself one last glance at the five impressive arches of the building behind us.

"I just don't ken some of these Americans. They put up this great fucking centre for the arts, but they've never produced a thing worth calling art themselves! They've had to borrow everything from Europe ... even punk rock, they even took that!"

THE PREVIOUS evening Big Country had played the second and final night of their brief New York residency, working for the Yankee dollar in the faded grandeur of The Ritz. As live rock music goes, it had been something truly special, one of those rare occasions where everything clicks miraculously into place and a band are able to cut through the suffocating barriers between the stage and the floor like a Stanley knife through soft putty. Almost alone in the rock arena, Big Country can still send a shiver down the spine.

Their performance had begun badly, chronic sound problems driving them temporarily off the stage after only four songs. But, while a lesser band might have wilted, Big Country turn adversity to their advantage. They simple crouch by the footlights and chat to the crowd while things are rectified before returning in their full turbulent glory to resume their set right at the beginning.

In responding with guts to a situation that could so easily have spoilt their prestige date in downtown Manhattan,Big Country grew almost visibly in stature during their hour-long set. Adamson is the volatile vortex of the group, standing stage centre in a white vest and rolled up jeans, a Fender slanted obliquely across his torso. He leads the group

OF PATROL

WORKING FOR THE YANKEE DOLLAR . . . BIG COUNTRY TAKE OLD FATHER ROCK BACK TO AMERICA WHERE THEIR MUSIC HAS NEVER GONE OUT OF FASHION

by example and, when things threatened to turn sour, his three cohorts – guitarist Bruce Watson, bassist Tony Butler and drummer Mark Brzezicki – seemed to draw inspiration from his powerful presence at the helm.

But Big Country are no one man band and one of the more satisfying aspects of their performance was the spectre of all four members of the passion patrol pulling *together* to keep the undivided attention of their audience for the entire duration of an effervescent, impetuous show.

Putting the Big in the Country club is down largely to the heroic six-string dynamism of twin guitarists Adamson and Watson. A rousing barrage of inventive guitar work has become one of the band's hallmarks and on stage they strike a perfect balance between booming cacophony and stinging melodic grace. A similar combination of powerful combustion and more delicate, subtle polyrhythmic interplay extends to the rhythm section, while Adamson is also improving as a singer, compensating for his lack of range and tonal perfection by the force and character of his vocal delivery.

Old Father Rock, of course, has become *tres* unfashionable over the past couple of years. The emergence of a band like Big Country, however, emphasises how dumb it is to make rules about music. To regard all guitar-based rock as a reactionary evil would be sheer stupidity. The fact that most of it is indeed rotten to the core is irrelevant: inspiring and original rock bands do still exist in 1983, and, in that particular field of fire and skill, Big Country are already threatening to leave almost all the other contenders floundering in their feedback.

But there is a lot more to Big Country than just the sound of blazing guitars. The real heart of the band is in the songs of Stuart Adamson and the spirit with which the group play them. Drawing both on the healthier aspects of recent British rock history from The Jam to Joy Division *and* on his own Scottish highland heritage, Adamson has forged a highly original musical framework on which to hang his songs of justice, freedom and pain.

Big Country are sometimes criticised for being a progressive rock band dressed up in modern trimmings. In fact, they rarely veer anywhere near the overwrought musical delivery of the mid '70s, making a virtue instead of precision and economy: apart from their two mini-epics 'Porrohman' and 'The Storm', all the songs in their set have the same crisp immediacy and cohesion of their quartet of singles 'Harvest Home', 'Fields Of Fire', 'In A Big Country' and 'Chance'.

The songs themselves are musical parables, taking tales from Celtic folklore, highland history and *Boys Own* adventure to explore deeper themes of love, fear and pride. A strong sense of continuity runs through their work, bolstered by the recurrence of certain elemental images – one can hardly scan a line of the lyric sheet that comes with their debut album 'The Crossing' without being struck by sun, sea, wind, rain or fire!

But for the receptive crowd downstairs at The Ritz, it was the music rather than the words that are the main concern and Big Country did not disappoint. They were in inspired form, the first rock band since The Clash that actually made me want to dance through a 13-songs set that showcased every track on the LP plus single flipsides 'Angle Park', 'Balcony', and their cover of Smokey Robinson's 'Tracks Of My Tears'.

THE SUBSEQUENT backstage scene provides few new insights into the workings of the American music business. The group are in high spirits – primarily whiskey – and are keen to open their dressing room to genuine fans as they would after a show in Britain.

But this is New York and there are moguls to meet and hands to shake, a tedious task which the band approach with canny good humour. Pete Townshend, who has long-standing links with Mark and Tony, pops back to say hello and is made welcome. But the band refuse to take some of the other, phonier well-wishers at all seriously. Some of the accolades – "great gig boys" – might have been well meant, but the group are suspicious having heard exactly the same thing the night before when the show had been merely routine.

One character, some kind of media man draped in white silk scarves, causes some amusement by suggesting that the band ring a national radio deejay on their return to the UK, not so he might play their records, but because "he's a great cook!" The band listen with straight faces to the odd advice before bursting out in laughter the moment the dude in the threads leaves the room.

And so it goes on, the band spending most of the time meeting the music business rather than their true fans before returning to their hotel. There they unwind with a few drinks, though not before a homesick Adamson had spent upwards of one hour and 150 dollars on a transatlantic telephone call to wife Sandra and young son Callum in Dunfermline.

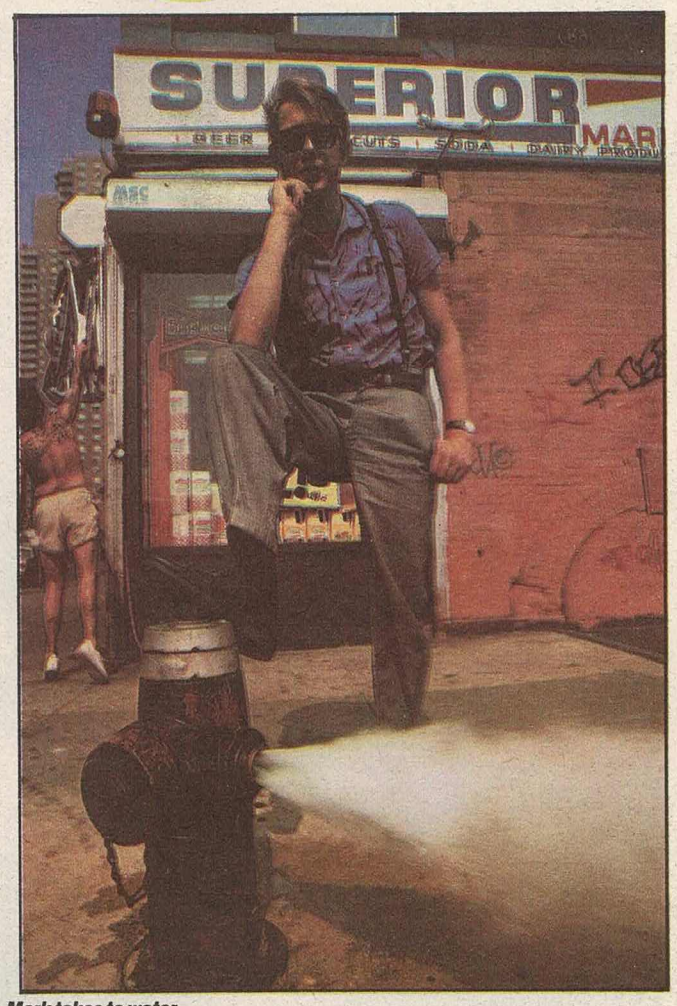
In October and November, the group return to the United States for a full six week coast-to-coast tour. Their prospects of success appear to be good: 'The Crossing' has only been on American release for a week and is already selling at a remarkable rate while the Polygram representatives at The Ritz wasted little time in informing the band that the signs for the tour were all encouraging.

"It won't matter if the travelling gets routine," one had been advising Stuart. "At least your heart will be in it onstage."

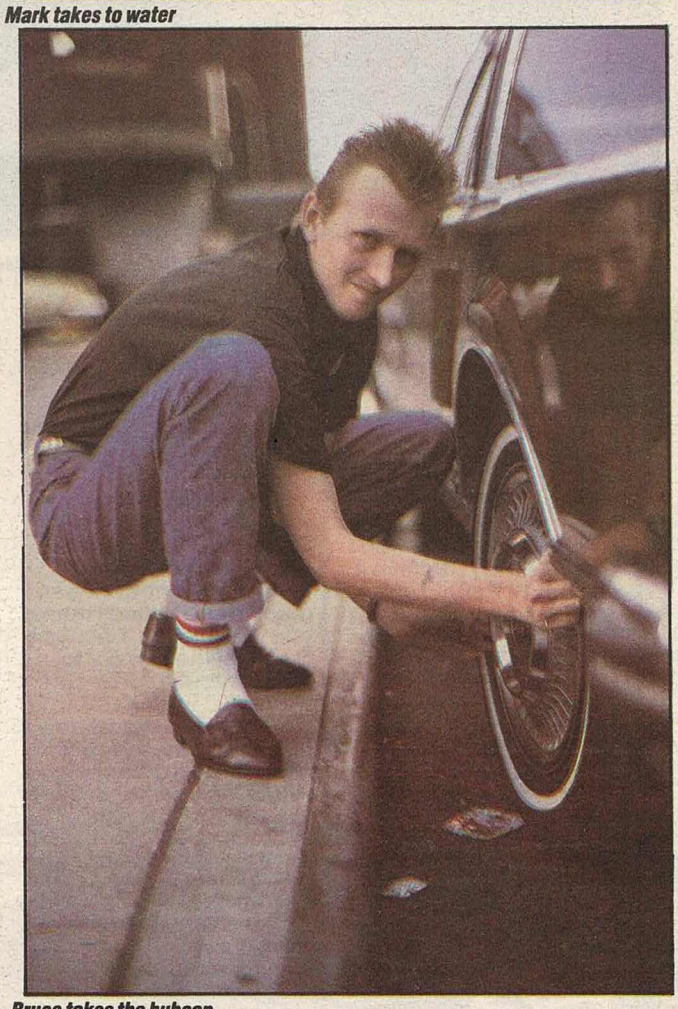
"Don't get me wrong," came Adamson's reply. "When I'm onstage I give it everything I've got ... but as for my heart, that is always somewhere else altogether."

IT IS nearly five years since I first met Stuart Adamson at a rag week ball in a Bristol college. He was then a Skids guitarist while I was on one of my first *NME* assignments. For all the upheavals, both personal and professional, that he has endured since then, Stuart has changed very little. Indeed, recalling some of the things he was saying back then — "playing in a band makes me feel almost guilty because I know that I'm no more special than the next man" – there is a strange sense of *deja vu* about our New York interview.

Though born in Manchester, Adamson was raised in the small village of Crossgates near Dunfermline, Fife; hence the undeniable Scottish edge to the Big Country beat. Over to you, Stu.



Mark takes to water



Bruce takes the hubcap

"When I was growing up, my mum would always have a lot of old Irish and Scottish folk records lying around, so it's something that I've been brought up with. There would always be folks around on Friday and Saturday night after the pubs and dancehalls shut and everyone would have to get up and sing or play a song. There would be guys up there playing guitars, bagpipes, accordions and fiddles, so I suppose some of the things that I write go right back to that.

"It's not as if I've decided to sit down and write something *really ethnic*. I think it's a bit dilettantish to *adopt* style like that. I would be dishonest of me to play electrofunk or disco. Not that I've got anything against it, but just because it's not something that I've grown up with."

By the time he entered his teens, Adamson was obsessed with rock music. Inspired initially by the glory that was glam, then by Alex Harvey and Bill Nelson and finally by punk, he taught himself how to play electric guitar. His infatuation, though, had some painful repercussions.

"I was a pretty shy, introverted kid, but I still had a lot of great mates. When I first got into music, though, I began to lose a lot of them. Music was considered a really hippy thing and one guy even nutted me for it! Only a couple of my friends felt the same way about it as me, all the others got really uptight about it. It was considered poofy to be into music and not into violence. It was only with punk that a lot of the other kids started to get into it.

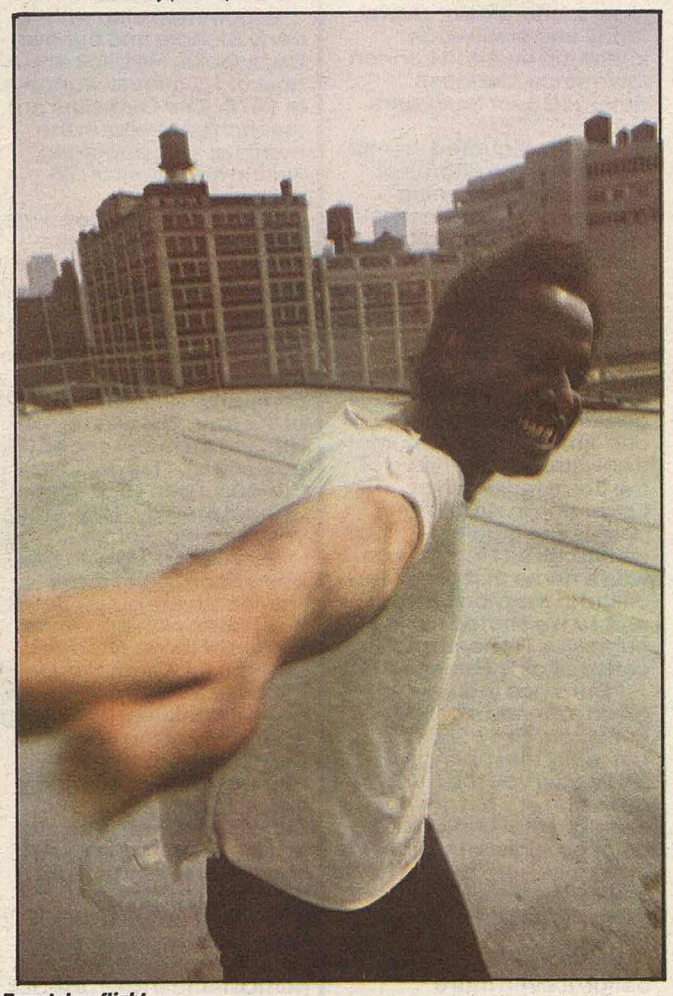
"Punk, for me, was just the greatest thing ever. A lot of the groups were crap, but that didn't matter. It was the feeling that was important. It was young people having the chance to say what they wanted regardless of the dictates of fashion.

"It's pathetic what people call punk now. It's become nothing more than a caricature. Punk today is like what Showaddywaddy are to the original rock'n' roll, but it was so important when it first happened."

The impact of punk pricked Adamson into seriously putting together a band of his own up in Dunfermline. After assembling bassist Tom Kellichan, drummer Willie Simpson and young vocalist Richard Jobson, he launched The Skids in 1977 and — though the rhythm section subsequently underwent a series of changes — he and Jobson remained together until 1981.

The Skids were an intriguing group. The creative tension between Adamson's passionate, almost earnest drive and Jobson's cultural hooliganism produced three albums, all on Virgin, in as many years. Their debut, 'Scared To Dance', was rich in spikey promise but neither the futuristic 'Days In Europa' nor the more rounded pop of 'The Absolute Game' lived up to its potential, leaving a string of stirring singles as the most enduring testimony to their talents.

Though they never received either the credit or the commercial success that they perhaps deserved, The Skids were a firm



Tony takes flight

foundation for what Adamson and Jobson are now doing in Big Country and The Armoury Show respectively.

But a split was somehow inevitable and when it came — Adamson resigning on the day that Spurs beat Manchester City in the '81 Cup Final — it was a relatively amicable parting.

"Richard and I never really argued," he says. "That is one of the great myths about The Skids. We were obviously quite different from one another, but I think we both appreciated one another's importance and there is certainly no awkwardness when we see each other now.

"The main reason I left was because I felt I was starting to repeat myself. To me, music has always got to be really crucial or it isn't worth doing. There's no point in doing something for money or even just for the sake of it. Things grow and then fall apart naturally and it's important for Big Country to realise that too. Once something has peaked, that should be it.

"But I don't regret anything that we did with The Skids. I'm still proud of a lot of the songs that we wrote, although there was also a lot of dodgy stuff!"

AFTER HIS departure from The Skids, Adamson quietly went back underground in Dunfermline. His wife gave birth to their first child and he began writing songs with guitarist Bruce Watson, a flame-haired young firebrand whose two previous bands, The Delinquents and Eurosect, had often supported The Skids on Scottish dates.

The pair worked for months in a portable studio beneath a community pool hall, perfecting the blueprint that was to become Big Country. By the end of the year, they were ready to test the prototype and extended their line-up to embrace a rhythm section and keyboards. But their debut appearances — one in their home town and two down in England supporting Alice Cooper — were walking

continues page 28

SMELLY SOCKS AND BELCHES ●

GIRLS! FEEL FEEBLE? LISTLESS?

FIGHT ANOREXIA THE RENEES' WAY!

"We're the Renees, here we come,
One two three and up your bum . . ."

CAN THERE have been any more bold, concise and yet utterly mysterious self-introduction since Messrs Jones, Tork, Nesmith and Dolenz first uttered that immortal couplet *"Hey hey we're The Monkees / People say we monkey around"* back in '66?

For Karen Yarnell, Suzanne Scott, Paula Richards and Kathy Barnes are not *The* Renees, though they describe themselves as typical of the breed. They are The Gymslips, purveyors of some of the most authentically catchy, funny and boisterous knees-up music in London town since Madness emerged over four years ago.

The aforequoted stanza comprises the chorus of 'Renees', the opening number of The Gymslips' live set and first track on their excellent debut LP 'Rocking With The Renees'. What, then, is a Renee?

"It started off just a nickname from these blokes we knew," explains guitarist / singer Paula, one-time VDU operator for a solicitor, and denizen of the dormitory town of Orpington in Kent ("I'm posh," she giggles). "They would call us Renees cos it was a name that girls were called in the Mod times, and so *we* started calling ourselves Renees and called *all* girls Renees.

"But since then we've given a Renee a proper definition. Er . . . *NME*'s not really that posh, is it? So I'll give you the true definition: it's a working-class girl that drinks a lot, smokes a lot, farts, picks their nose, wears smelly socks, belches – anyone like us! *That's* what a Renee is . . ."

The album sleeve-notes define it even more precisely:– "Appearance – slightly rotund, double chin, in most cases short hair. Diet – excessive alcohol, pie and mash. Clothing – jeans, monkey boots, denim jacket, (leather in winter), T-shirt. Habits – most disgusting things. The male counterparts are known as Ronees."

Substitute anorexia, refried beans and thorazine for rotundity, excessive alcohol and pie and mash (*"42 pence is all you got to pay"* at George's of Camden Town, recommends the band on 'Pie 'N' Mash'), and you have The Ramones. And a collective persona of hilarious cartoon deadbeat sleaze is not the only thing The Gymslips share with New York's Finest.

In common also with early Blondie and our own Buzzcocks, Rezillos and a host of 15-minute wonders in 1978, The Gymslips are staunch believers in the merits of '60s pop-song writing and class of '76 rude energy.

"People when they write about us say we're '60s-sounding punk," declares bassist / singer Suzanne, from East London's Canning Town and one-time credit-controller for an industrial cleaning company. She is the oldest of the four, the least sylph-like and the most cheerfully outspoken. "I really love the '60s. I don't like songs without melody. I like stuff you can sing along to."

Sue comes up with the basic chords and tune, Paula with the guitar detail and Karen with the words. By one of those strange paradoxes Karen is quite happy to let Sue and Paula do all the talking, preferring to sit shyly at the edge of the conversation in a manner more customarily suited to her role as the band's drummer (and also another singer). And yet her words to songs like 'Barbara Cartland', 'Take-away' and 'Wandering Stars' demonstrate a booming, cheeky sense of humour and a keen eye for life's absurdities.

Completing the quartet, keyboard player Kathy Barnes hails from Hertford, the northern commuter-belt counterpart to Paula's native Kent south of London. Kathy is not only new to the group but also the youngest, which readily accounts for her reticence in speaking up.

So what started Sue down the primrose path?

"The Runaways made me pick up a guitar. When I was 16 I heard them on the radio and they'd just had 'Cherry Bomb'. And when I heard it I couldn't believe it cos I'd heard Fanny, but they were a bit dull.

"Then I went to see The Slits and punk bands and I thought, well, some of them bands are really *bad*, you know, why can't I do it? And I picked up a guitar just then, when I was 17."

Other Gymslip likes:– Abba, Tina Turner, Amazulu, Bette Midler.

Dislikes:– Nick Heyward, Donna Summer, and Paula's personal bugbear, *Coronation Street*'s Fred Gee.

On being girls in the rockbiz:

"It's an advantage when you're doing gigs," sez Suzanne, "but when it comes to getting a recording contract it's so much more difficult than if you was blokes, because they feel they've got to market you in some sort of way."

"They don't know how to put us across, they don't know what we are," sighs Paula. "A couple of record companies said 'What's their image? What sort of music do they want to play?' We said we want to play what we play. They said 'That's neither one thing nor the other.' Unless you're really ultra-femine or reggae or something they can't do anything with you, whereas with bloke bands they just fit into a category.

"We don't want to be remembered as a *girl* band when we split up," she adds. "We want to be remembered as a *band*."

Sue on other groups' attitudes: "When you get a bloke band supporting you, they really resent it, they take it badly. Right *sexist* people!"

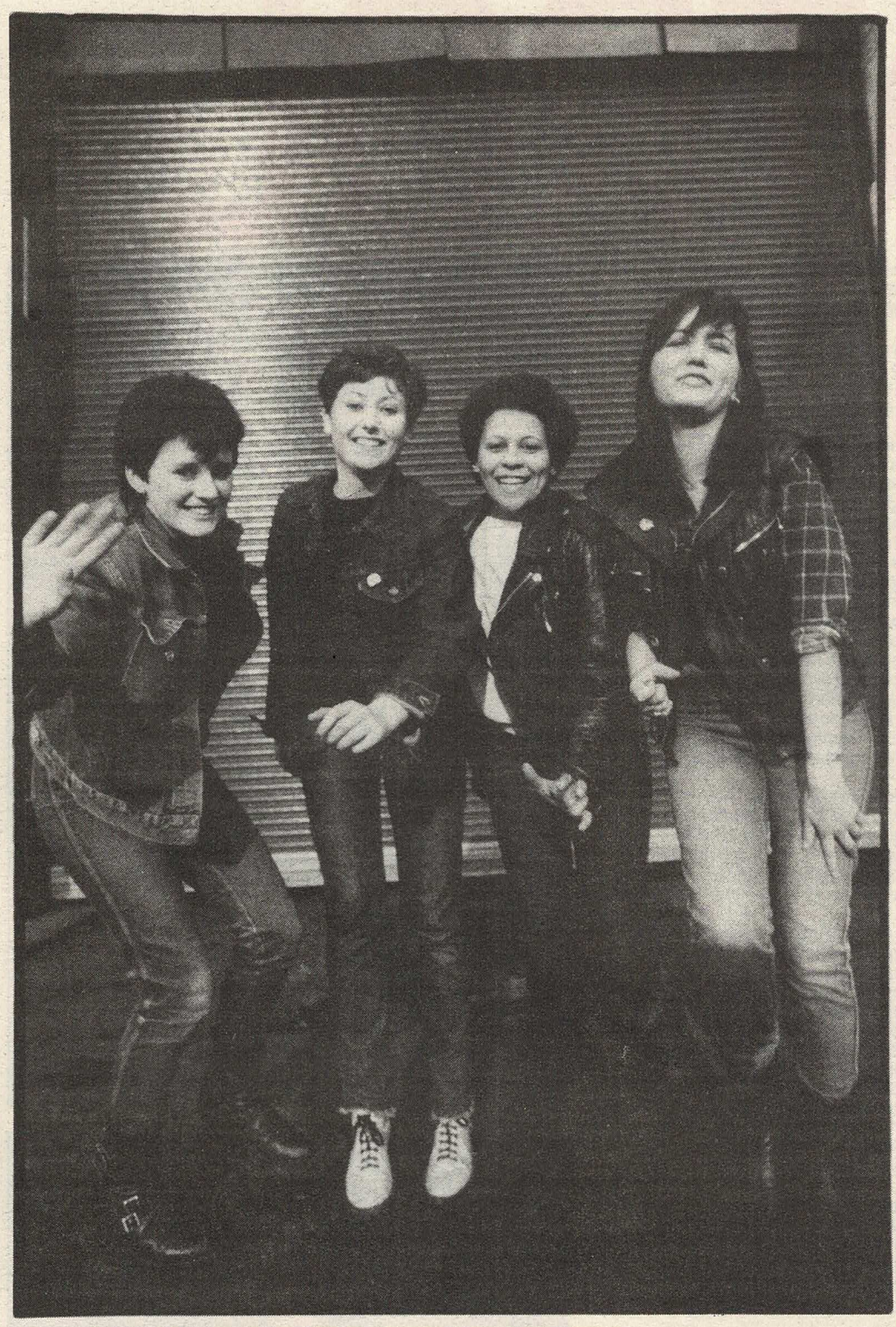
Sue on The Gymslips' admirably wally-free audience: "All the gigs we've ever done, we've never ever had anyone shout 'Get 'em off!'"

"They probably don't want to see what's underneath!" ripostes Paula, quick as a flash.

Infectiously stomping versions of Connie Francis' 'Robot Man' and Suzi Quartro's '48 Crash' have already set the floorboards shaking at gigs up and down the country; it would be nice to see The Gymslips storm the chart with a freshly revived jukebox skeleton, helped along by a sympathetic record company.

The Gymslips are just fine as they are, and I'm pretty sure the band would tell any sleek A&R man with plans for grooming their sound and image exactly where to shove them.

Cue another rousing chorus of 'Renees' . . .



From left: Paula Richards, Karen Yarnell, Suzanne Scott, Kathy Barnes.

THE GYMSLIPS explain the benefits of pie 'n' mash to MAT SNOW

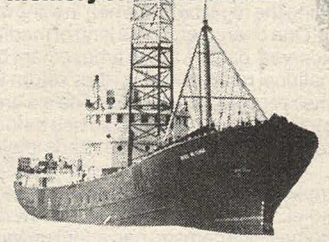
Caroline Ahoy . . .

FOUNDED in 1963, sunk in 1980, Radio Caroline, the original pirate radio station, is finally afloat and transmitting 24 hours, seven days a week off the Essex coast.

Backed by a consortium of American businessmen to the cool tune of three million dollars, their boat now boasts the largest aerial in Europe as well as a daily sackload of two to three hundred fan letters giving them an estimated European audience of ten million.

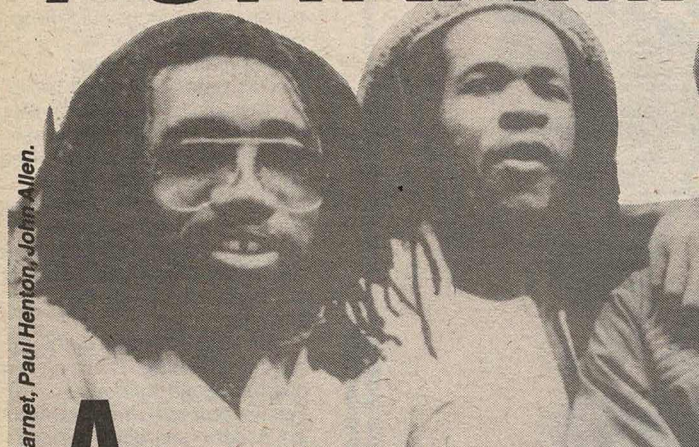
With a monthly roster of seven DJs, they promise us just "good music and no inane verbal" concentrating mainly on a wide selection of album tracks and 12 inch singles.

And their boat has now been re-named 'Imagine', in memory of John Lennon.



MONYAKETY YAK ● HELPING OUT ELVIS ●

FUNKAMATIC REGGAE



Monyaka l. to r. Errol Moore, William Brown, Richard Bertram, Beres Barnet, Paul Henton, John Allen.

A TRANS-ATLANTIC 'phone line is not the right way to talk to someone like Monyaka mainman Errol Moore.

The group's single 'Go Deh Yaka', a vibrant shout of joy just in time to catch the tail end of this long hot summer, suggests that more could be learned yelling at each other in a noisy party; this way is much too subdued and civilized.

'Yaka' is a swirling confusion of a roots reggae song and a hard funk mix. It takes the best from both and junks any excess flab to put a taut, springy, irresistible piece of urban mayhem on better educated turntables and boxes everywhere.

With the tune's steady progress up the UK charts most of you should've heard it by now, so on to the group.

Six piece Monyaka has two guitars, bass'n'drums and two keyboards; not a traditional reggae line-up but not a traditional reggae sound either. Moore, whose appearances in photos with balding dreadlocks and big glasses present an idea of a progressive Carribean intellectual belied by the boisterous enthusiasm of his voice, wrote and produced the song, while claiming lead guitar and vocal credits. He runs down Monyaka's history in a curious JA/US accent that must be the Brooklyn equivalent of Cockney or Brum Dreadspeak.

"A few of us have been in New York for over ten years; drummer Richard Bertram, William Brown on keyboards and myself were together here in a group called The Soul Supersonics playing all kinds of music, as well as roots reggae, in 1974. A couple of the members have been here only three years, but on average it's about five.

"We changed the name to Monyaka a little while later, to concentrate on roots material, and did tours with people like Black Uhuru, Burning Spear and The Mighty Diamonds.

"That was good, but after a while the group began to think that the songs we were playing should be more relevant to the place where we lived – Brooklyn, New York. Most of the reggae we were hearing at that time was emulating America to a certain extent, as far as the sound quality went. What a lot of people don't realise, is that the reggae musicians in Jamaica listen to R&B, rock, blues, Top 40 stuff, to make their product a little better than it already is.

"We thought it was kinda stupid for us to be living in New York, yet looking to Jamaica to get ideas to make music, so we started to look around us at local influences to shape our sound.

"I feel that if America can find a reggae group that is in tune with America, then that group will quickly get to the stage where America will talk to them and they can go on for a long time. I'm looking for us to be that group."

As Moore was to find out, it's not quite that easy. It was about three years ago that the band made the change, but it was not musical problems that held them back – "we all had the technical expertise to get the sound right quite quickly" – but finding somebody willing to take a chance on this strange new sound.

"It took us a long time to get the sound established among the people who knew us as a roots band, because we couldn't find a record company that would put the material out.

"America is a hard place for an American reggae band to get a deal, because they don't take you seriously – especially with a song like that. They like their funk to be funk and their reggae to be reggae, from Jamaica, and they're still not sure if that's going to catch on.

"We were rejected by quite a few companies before we signed with Easy Street."

That Manhattan based label, responsible for current chart-climber 'Body Work' by Hot Streak, recognised their potential, had the song mixed by local hero mixing team of deejay John Morales and engineer Sergio Munzibal, and had a hit on their hands nearly everywhere – except, surprise, surprise, Jamaica, where 'Go Deh Yaka', much to Moore's consternation, has not been put out.

"I personally think the record will kick Jamaica's ass, and it's a mystery to me why it hasn't been put out there!"

Success perhaps has something to do with why its non release there. A couple of killer English reggae bands I know will testify to the Jamaican music business being unwilling to deal with something non Jamaican that is liable to show up the domestic reggae scene.

Monyaka should not have too much cause to worry, their name has two translations from Swahili, 'good luck' and 'with the help of the spirits', and that seems to be working everywhere else.

Next on the cards is a new single 'Reggaematic Funk', and an album of the same name. A visit to England to promote 'Yaka' was being planned, even as we spoke, so perhaps I'll get the chance to shout at Moore above the pulse of a megawatt sound system.

LLOYD BRADLEY.

Anecdotes About ELVIS

"ABOUT TEN after four that day a pink cadillac drew up outside the hospital where I worked as an orderly. It looked sort of strange because they'd tried to disguise the color by tying a few branches to it. They flung open the door and two guys hustled a massive figure under a blanket across the car park and into the reception area. They rushed him down the corridor and there was this real wild jazz music playing, screeching horns, that kinda thing.

Everybody in the place, all the staff, all the patients, was going crazy on account of who the guy was. Now I must admit that I'm pretty out of touch with the modern music, and when they told me he was some rock singer called ELVIS PRESLEY, well, I'd never heard of him. But, what with everybody going wahoo! and ladies fainting and grown men shedding tears, I was glad when the head Ear, Nose and Throat Surgeon called me into his office. At least it was quiet in there.

"We've got a problem, Mel" he said. "You know who we've got in the surgery?" Yeah, I said, some singer called ELVIS PRESLEY, some kinda hippie. "Let me take you through and show him to you, Mel" he said, and we walked into the surgery and there was this big fat tub sitting there looking real miserable. There was that weird jazzy music again, filling the room.

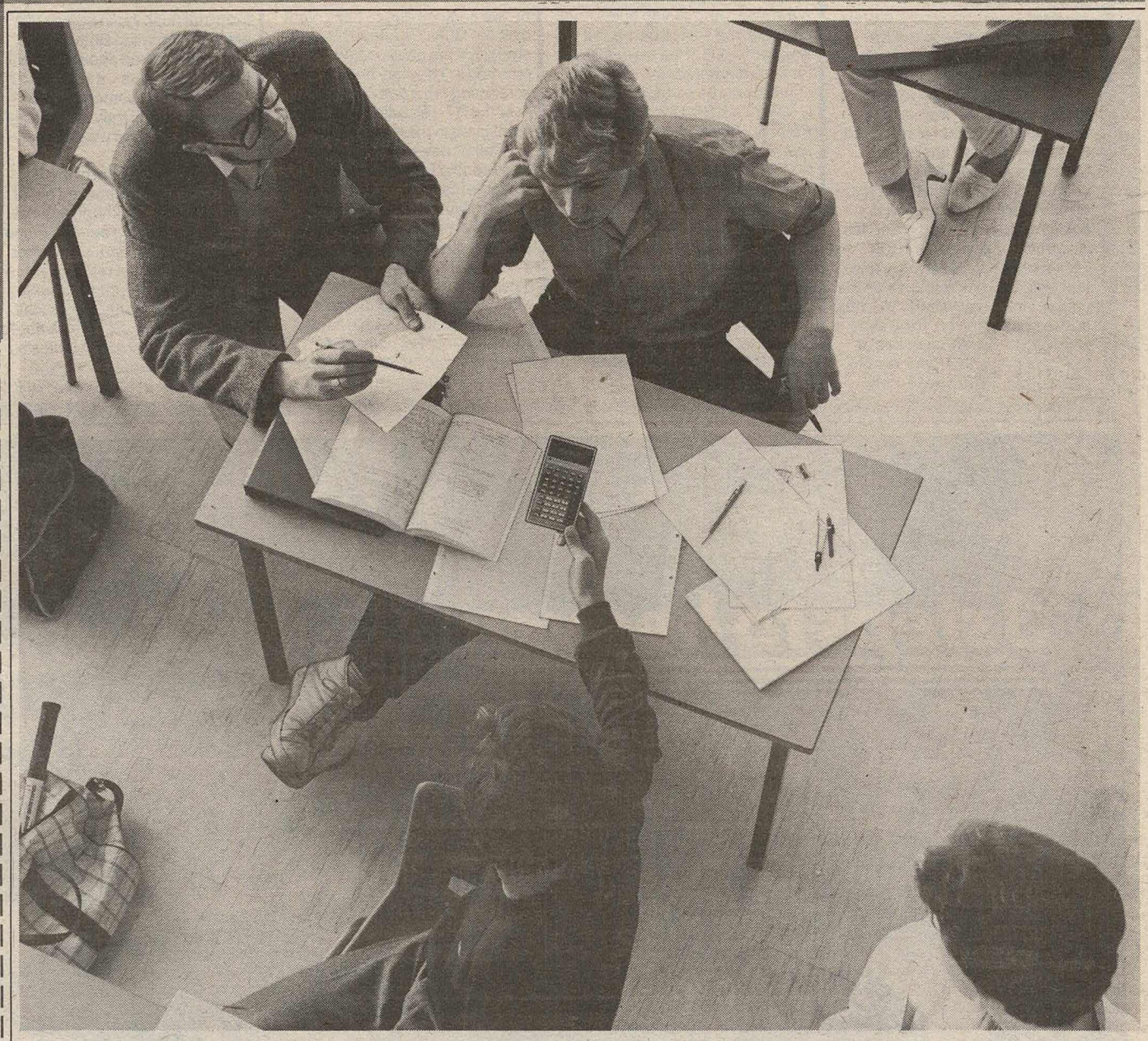
I looked around and then I noticed that this PRESLEY had a saxophone stuck in this throat sideways; it stuck out as far as his shoulders and you could make out all the details of the instrument through his skin. "He tried to eat it for a bet" the surgeon said. Everytime PRESLEY breathed you could hear a few notes. I reached out and tapped him on the Adams Apple; it was a kind of automatic reaction. He swore at me but all that came out was a sweet melody.

The surgeon said that the sax could only be fished out by somebody wearing a greasy glove. Nobody wanted to do it 'cos they was all scared of hurting his singing voice. So they wanted me to do it. Well, as I didn't know him from Robert Peary I reached right in and fished that there saxophone out. And a violin. And a piccolo. And I reached further down and dang me if there wasn't a cello in there, and a piano and a set of kettledrums. And a hatstand, but I don't think it was a musical one.

I laid 'em all out on the floor, and said by way of a joke that if that didn't ruin his singing voice, nothing would, and the surgeon up and sacked me on the spot.

Musta been the worst day of my life.

Meg Tagson, Memphis.
(As told to IAN McMILLAN)



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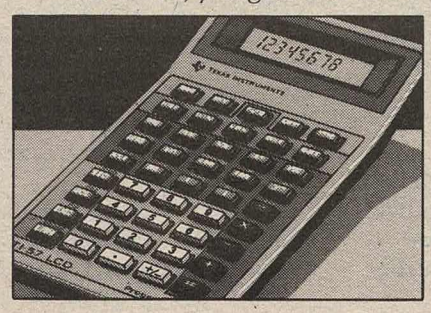

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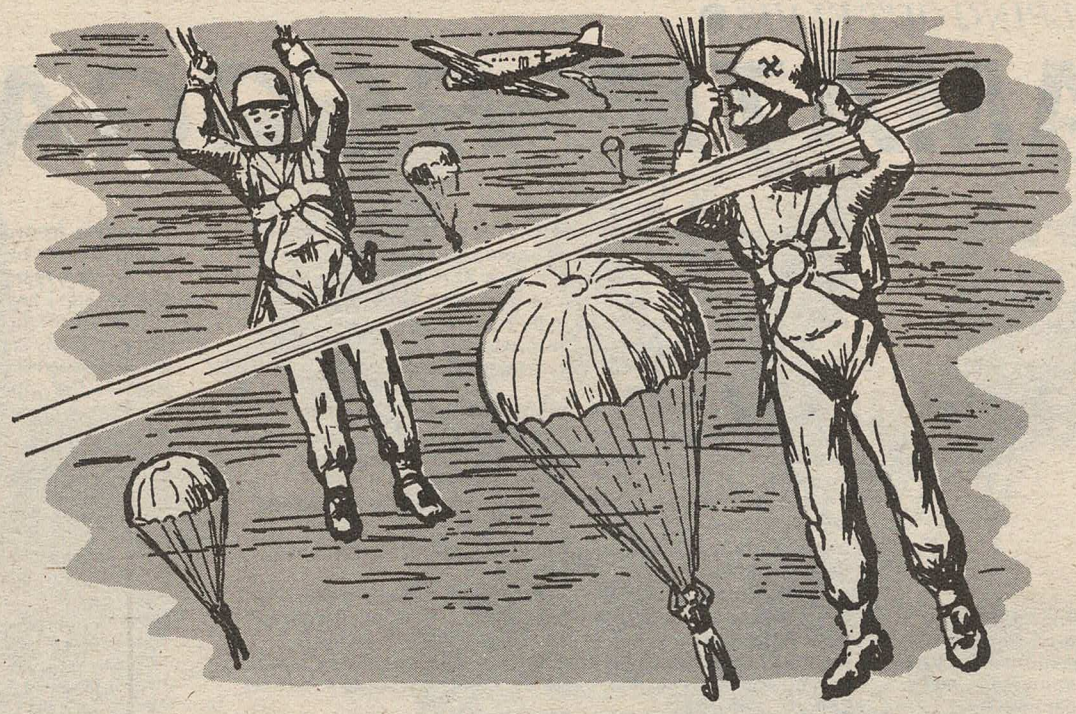

Ze leedle village is looking zo peaceful, nein? Perhaps von day ven zis schtinking var is ofer . . .

BRITISH FAST BOWLERS OF WORLD WAR TWO

By Wing Commander 'Johnny' Stalin, DFC

AS THE village green echoes once more to the evocative *Ka-Boom* of willow against leather I am reminded of some of the great cricketing stories of my childhood. How well I remember crawling through a sort of Parthenon of immaculate flannels, lost among the sturdy patriotic legs of my father and his squadron pals. This was the Dog & Eagle, 233's local. Here on Saturday nights I would listen spellbound to the impressive boasting of men who have *thrashed the visitors*. As they quaffed fine manly ale from foaming tankards, these carefree doomed young men laughed and swore and disputed the score.

My upturned face was wet with beer, and perhaps a tear or two, if the truth be told. Even at that early age, it wasn't difficult to sense that each of these men would some day soon fly his last mission – the milk run to Rotterdam, say, or the U-boat pens at Cherbourg. Jumped by Focke-Wulfs, three of them. Nurse the old crate back to Blighty somehow, take a wrong turn somewhere *the navigator's bought it* putting her down on this strange misty luminous runway *where the deuce are we, Skip.* Happy landings in a land above the sky. There they meet to this very day in some celestial saloon bar decorated with silver cups and scraps of swastika from Hun tailplanes. Golden beer is released from bottomless barrels and the rafters echo to the *Ka-Boom* of fine manly guffaws as this or that kill is relived.

And gracious! there were some marvellous tales – marvellous freaks of chance that punctuated those long drowsy afternoons when vapour trails were confusing diagrams in the sky and the fizzing of distant aircraft a background to the Home Service News from the wireless in the cricket pavilion. There were tales that were told and retold, tales the patient innkeeper wisely refrained from commenting on. If the men were prone to embroider this or that detail, now then, who was to blame them? The point surely was that *stranger things had happened*. And if mine host shook his head and smiled perhaps it was at the skill of the storyteller, for such extraordinary incidents could hardly be exaggerated.

Take Tom Shepherd who killed a bee at 40 paces. We all saw *that*. The little creature was doubtless preoccupied with the logistics of pollen distribution, and he certainly wasn't watching the game. We waved and hallooed and shouted *Look out, Bee* but the little fellow was in a world of his own. I believe his poor broken body is still on view next to the Me 109 prop in the snug. Tom never recovered from the incident and resigned from the team. A few days later, having limped home on two engines after a hairy night over the Ruhr, he aimed his Lanc straight at the pavilion and rammed it. They say he was screaming *I'm a bee I'm a bee* over the RT. His name was never mentioned in the mess again.

Another one who went West was Freddie Frobisher, also a valuable fast bowler. Airmen about to face him at the wicket took the precaution of arranging for their labradors to be taken care of. It could be dicey – he must have downed 30 men in his time, with half a dozen probables. He would approach to within a few yards and let fly at point blank range. It's said he used to practise on rhesus monkeys he organized from that hush-hush poison gas place at Humming Bottom. The men never talked about it in front of visiting players – it seemed a bit too damn keen somehow. But there's no doubt they were proud of him – *our secret weapon* they used to chuckle.

Which reminds me of the V1 Jim Prendergast knocked out of the sky with a backhand spinner. He'd been walking out with Fiona Tempest, Sir William's daughter, and they were just returning from a friendly with the code-breaking boffins stationed at Dagger Hall. Then she spotted it, a flying bomb heading stright for the stables up at the Old Grange. *Jimmy* she cried *Jimmy, it's my pony, Black Bob's in there!* Jim reacted with the speed of light, dropping his kit bag and reaching into it for a ball. It tore clean through the fuselage, wrecking the delicate gyro compass. The V1's path was deflected: it crashed harmlessly into the refugee camp at Orphan's End.

We didn't often get to see Jerry at such close quarters, but invariably we taught him a lesson if he strayed too close. We didn't need barrage balloons and ack ack batteries like soft city folk. We had our 1st Eleven. The crew of the Stuka we got couldn't believe they hadn't been brought down by the new radar-controlled flak guns. That was young Dick Hawkins, underarm, blotto and into the sun. They were lucky to land in one piece. Sir William had them torn to rags by the war widows.

Another memorable match came to an untimely end when George Cartwright strafed the Free French team's best batsman. Now Monsieur le Frog can't take knocks like an Englishman, this one was bleeding and bawling and calling for *mon Capitaine*, a shifty looking cove who promptly made a dash for the rhododendrons behind the pavilion. George took his head clean off at 400 yards. There was hell to pay afterwards as the bugger had been close to *le grand fromage* and the Joint Chiefs had to bring D-Day forward to calm him down.

One outfit missing at *that* party was the 4th Heavy. These artillery oiks had ruined our Harvest Festival practising their howitzers in Flanders Field, down the lane from the chapel. A few of the men discreetly filed out of the service to take a dekko. It was Jack Beaufort's idea to lob a few balls, mortar-style, in their direction. I sneaked out with old Gaffer Jarge, the oldest man in the team. Jupiter, we'd never seen anything like it, at least I hadn't. Never heard anything like it either – more noise than a zoo on fire. Gaffer Jarge was on the Somme and he came over all misty-eyed and reminiscent. The wingco was kept hellish busy getting the Army brass off our backs. They'd been booked to play us on the following Saturday, but the fixture had to be scratched.

Once again I hear the old chapel clock strike, as it has done since time immemorial *is that the time*? Well now, my friends, I must bid you adieu, a date with Destiny do you see? Just time for a quick sortie down to the Dog & Eagle before our esteemed constable makes his rounds. Remind me to tell you about the secrets we taught the Dambusters, and how we did our bit at Dresden. *Howzat*, over and out.

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PRINT

The Wild Man Of Woking.

THE JAM: A BEAT CONCERTO
by Paolo Hewitt *(Rio Stories/Omnibus Press, £4.95)*

PAUL WELLER, the best dressed mind of his generation, was slow off the starting blocks and eventually outpaced every one of his peers. When The Jam were bad (the feverish mediocrity of the second album, the Resolute Approach of the first *NME* interview) they were embarrassing and when The Jam were good (the rest) they were the score to beat.

The Jam are the *Pathe News* of pop – part of the national consciousness, vivid, grainy and gone forever. For almost any reason you care to mention – the sheer potency of most of their music, the volume of their sales figures, the band's sad yet timely demise – this book deserved to be written. For even better reasons –Paolo Hewitt's depth of research into darkest Woking and beyond, the way he never allows the historical backdrop of The Jam's development to slip from view (from pub rock to video manques!) and most of all for the cogency of his analysis of the autobiographical saga of Paul Weller's music – this book deserves to be read.

I confess that when I saw the copyright to this book was held by "Paul Weller, Riot Stories" a flicker of doubt crossed my noble countenance. I need not have worried my pretty head – when Paolo Hewitt goes in hard ('This Is The Modern World', etc), tonight you sleep with the fishes. What makes *A Beat Concerto* so compulsive is that the writer has so obviously been blessed with the best of both worlds – total independence of thought aided and abetted by total co-operation from his subject. Throughout the work Paolo Hewitt's critical faculties are hotter than July and throughout the work he appears to be in possession of something approaching a confession box wired with a lie detector.

This from John Weller on his management of his son's band: "Sometimes I think it might have worked out better had they had a manager who came along later, like a Malcolm McLaren, a shrewdie. I don't think I've ever come up with wonderful ideas, I've come up with safe ones."

Paul Weller on the pressures of touring and the growing tension between him and his likeable luggage, Foxton and Buckler: "The tours just became more and more boring, mainly due to our jaded attitude. If it wasn't Bruce moaning it was me or Rick or, on that tour, one of the brass players. It was terrible and in the end I just thought what a boring bunch of ungrateful gits!"

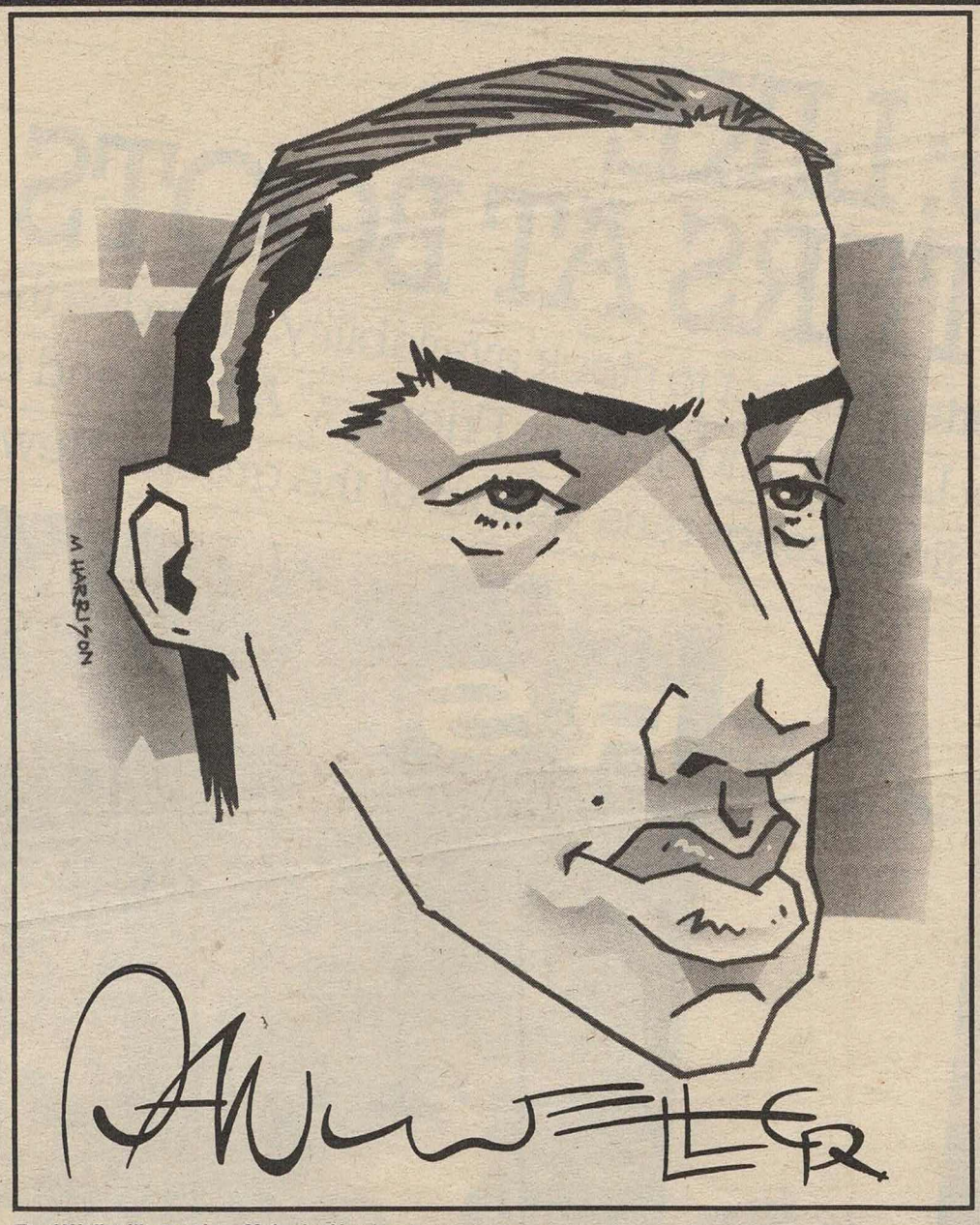
Most biographies are top heavy – all that David Copperfield crap before you get to the interesting stuff – but I loved the early part of this book, a Saturday Kid with the lead in *The Catcher In The Rye*, daydreaming at the back of the classroom at Sheerwater Comp.

"He used to love London," Weller's friend Steve Carver says. "I remember he used to say, I'm going up to London with a tape recorder. I'd say, what for? And he'd say, I want to *tape* London. I think he idolised it you know. He always thought of it as magical."

"Paul was quickly changing as a person," Paolo Hewitt records. "He'd begun taking drugs, pills and dope mainly. His appearance changed. He grew his hair long and wore loon pants, Afghans and hippie T-shirts with billowing arms."

There is a somewhat unrecognizable Weller writing psychedelic poems, dropping acid at Windsor Free Festival and tripping back to Woking on foot. There is the slightly more recognizable Weller smearing his shirt cuffs with shoe cleaner and sniffing it in class under the pretext of wiping his nose.

"If you were in a group, you took drugs," Weller says. "That's how it was. It wasn't so much psychedelic, it was just sort of hip and stoned. Like the whole rock and roll thing, I suppose; everything I hate now, but at that age our big dream was to buy a house that we could all live in, if we were ever rich and successful. Buy a big house and have one room with a great big lump of dope in it burning all day, which we'd go in and smell. Get stoned on, really dopey fantasies we had."



Paul Weller illustration: Malcolm Harrison

DIG THE NEW READ!

"A rattling good yarn with a heart of gold"

TONY PARSONS checks out Paolo Hewitt's hot new Jam biog, and learns how Paul Weller went from sniffing shoe cleaner at school to being "the man who gave the beat back its pride, brains and swagger".

If popular music had an honours list then both John and Ann Weller would be up for an hereditary peerage. Paul Weller was born to two of the most supportive parents who ever lived. *A Beat Concerto* abounds with examples of their selflessness, the most striking being when they allowed their telephone to be cut off so that they could afford to buy their son his first amp.

Ann Weller says, "If it was a choice between Paul getting a guitar or something or paying the bill, we'd get the guitar. A lot of parents would say, you can't have that and can't have this, whereas John and my attitude was, well, you want it, you got it. If we could afford it. If we couldn't, we'd leave the bill. So I suppose we weren't really good parents in society's eyes, but we've always been like that. A bit harum scarum."

"It must have been a difficult task to write The Jam's biog," Paul Weller comments in his introduction. "There haven't been any drug busts, violent deaths or mystical sojourns."

Well, no, *A Beat Concerto* is certainly not *A Journey Through America With The Rolling Stones*, thank God – what it *is* is a rattling good yarn with a heart of gold. It made me feel like playing the records – the kind of book you can dance to.

Paolo Hewitt is an able literary courier as he takes us from Weller as The Wild Man Of Woking – going out mob handed to get D and D and banned, ripping up his clothes, urinating against the counter of a Kentucky Fried Chicken emporium – to what he became.

What he became when he first heard The Who's 'My Generation' on a K-Tel compilation and backtracked to Modernism was never the wild mutation it was cracked up to be – from the early '60s to now there has been a NEAT theme running through working class youth culture like the beat of a distant tom-tom. Weller (an ex-suedehead who already had Royal's, Sta-Prest and Shermans gathering mothballs in his wardrobe) merely answered the drum.

The book reaches the spikey satori of '76 with an exhilarating inevitability. This is where I came in and – remembering the fist fights in the back of the van, the way Weller outgrew his Townshend fixation like it was a pair of Lotus shoes you owned age 12, the time Weller received his first royalty cheque (seven grand) and wanted to give it away because he thought that making money was an un-punk activity – I looked for cracks. But it is all here in black and white, all got down in that old two tone Tonik truth.

We are taken through the band's first rejection slip (silly old EMI), the first recording contract (Polydor – on the rebound from The Clash and The Pistols – bearing a paltry £6,000 advance), the first Number One ('Going Underground' – shrewdly released by Polydor on a Tuesday so it would have a full week racking up sales before the next chart – though the reason it did a Slade or Beatles and went straight in at Number One was because it was as potent as pop music gets) right the way through to the end, my friend.

A Beat Concerto has everything – even the private Weller, in case you ever wondered. His girlfriend Gill Price is here, though for some reason I can't quite fathom she is only ever referred to by her first name. She is the one who takes the very best of a great collection of photographs – the Rogue Mod in mood music mood, penning love arabesques in the sand (that old Brighton beach head was never like this, Paul). It is Gill who is the only witness to one of the book's more comic moments – Weller frustrated by a row, smashing a teacup over his head and having to snuck away for hospital treatment – talk about kitchen sink drama!

Okay – Paul Weller's greatest song is 'Eton Rifles'. His greatest stylistic statement is when Toy Mod was rampant and he appeared on *Top Of The Pops* wearing a kitchen apron. His face is the reason why young people put his picture on their wall and what's in his head and the grooves of his records is the reason they keep it there. His greatest strength is that he has always recognized both the limitations and possibilities of his art form. It would be absurd to feel sad about the death of The Jam because their story has a happy ending. The best is yet to be.

A Beat Concerto is not one of the dreaded "rock books" knocked out at depressing, disgustingly regular intervals by the criminally cribbing hacks ex-of the music press, it is not slavish, sentimental or sycophantic. It is a labour of love and learning, fire and skill. Ultimately, it is the story of a song and dance man who gave the beat back its pride, brains and swagger after the doldrums of the mid–'70s – told by a writer who, along with a priceless handful of others, is giving the music press back its bottle, humour and honour after the dog days of the early '80s.

If you only read one book this year then make it mine. But if you plan to read two – get this.

The JAM

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SINGLES

BY CHRIS BOHN

VANGUARD

THE ART OF NOISE: Into Battle *(Zang Tuum Tumb Incidental Series 12")* The Trevor Horn putsch on pop enters its final decisive phase. I used to hold Horn responsible for everything that went wrong, only now I realise I was complimenting him all the time. The Art Of Noise wrestles his past successes into a better perspective. Here is an impish architect of sound, a splendid deviationist who achieved the impossible of making pearls from pigs ears – Dollar and ABC – and then took the germ of McLaren's ideas and blew it up into a grand larceny to match the germinator's designs.

Horn's newest mission, masterminded by a mysterious *M*, is to absolutely and finally prove that everything is possible, that nothing need fall outside the popular imagination. Where others limit themselves to music's sliding scale of references, The Art Of Noise *drops commandos behind enemy lines in time* to raid the 20th century for raw material and rediscover joy in what was too readily conceded to evil – namely, the will to action.

Words, first over-and now de-valued, are no longer enough. When they're breathed during The Art Of Noise's 25 minutes it's only as simple codes – 'The Army Now', 'Moments In Love', 'Battle' – as keys to Pandora's 'Beat Box' of horrors and delights, the likes of which those of you who work solely through dancehall ciphers have yet to discover. Namely there are ways to move outside BPM. The Art Of Noise makes them clear, wherein lies the advantage of a sound architect like Horn, who is capable of organising the most momentous of shapes into massive yet agile percussion figures.

Don't take fright, it's not all the angular clatter of battle; 'Moments In Love' is a gorgeously orchestrated latter day 'Je T'Aime' whose mechanical sensuality is tempered with the thumping fall of a piledriver rhythm, as befits the times.

The Art Of Noise is to remain unfettered. Only then is it possible to restore Noise to Art.

DIE HORNISSEN: Pale Blue Eyes *(46 – German import)* If any group really knew the art of noise it was The Velvet Underground, who also understood just when the time was right to turn the night tender with a brittle tune. Lou Reed's love songs are the loveliest ever written precisely because they're edged with darkness, their words and melodies wrought from a soul terrified of losing itself completely in a cacophonous hell of the writer's worst imaginings.

Die Hornissen – who are *die Junge Wilden* expressionist Walter Dahn (featured in a new painting exhibition at The Tate) and Detlev Kühne – continue the Germans' passionate affair with Lou's work, demonstrating their loyalty by isolating his most beautiful and affecting song and relocating its chill sense of possession and impending loss within an expanse of electronics laced with the original's guitar lines. Just when you think it's all over a ghostly female voice emerges from Holger Czukay's immaculate mix to hum a cold counterpoint, after which comes the breathless whisper *"Beauty now for the future"*. Peerless.

THE WAR GOES ON

FREEEZ: Pop Goes My Love *(Beggars Banquet)*
TIME ZONE: The Wildstyle *(Celluloid 12" import)*
TWO SISTERS: High Noon *(IRS 12")*
ROCK STEADY CREW: (Hey You) Rock Steady Crew *(Virgin/Charisma)*
HERBIE HANCOCK: Autodrive *(CBS)*
A-I: Blue Monday *(Flower German import)*
PETER GODWIN: The Art Of Love *(Polydor 12")*
Hey, I'm not finished with the art of noise yet! Those of us who've been obsessed with it this long – that is, the likes of Borsig, TG, CV, Liaisons Dangereuses, Non, Holger Hiller, Einstürzende Neubauten – can't help but smile when the present tendency to cut-up disco sends dance floor ninnies reeling and whinnying about it all sounding *sooo hard*. Ugly stabs of sound, chattering sequencers, collage and fold-in techniques of dada and the industrialists that were once

anathema to pampered ears have been suddenly legitimised as a form simply because they've been subjected to the tyranny of a dance rhythm.

The New York DJ craze for scratching was no bad thing in itself, as it lent to club nights the immediacy and excitement of live remixing and editing. Pre-scratched discomixes somehow aren't quite the same thing. As just another sales gimmick it's a matter of making a little go a long, long way. One song stretched across seven and 12" versions and through three or four edits has an obvious appeal to both company accountants and unimaginative opportunists with nothing but a vague dance call and a palimpsest of a computer read-out to rub together.

It all adds up to the currency of noise being devalued by dorks who are lost once they've exhausted the novelty of feeding a funk riff through a sequencer, thereby speeding it up into an inane jabber.

Arthur Baker, once the king of this sort of thing, has shown himself to be a one trick pony who is only as good as his raw material. The clutter of New Order's 'Confusion' is his best yet, Freeez's 'Pop Goes My Love' is possibly his dullest. But then nothing short of bringing the studio down round their heads could possibly raise Freeez above their lowly ambition to become a streamlined Level 42.

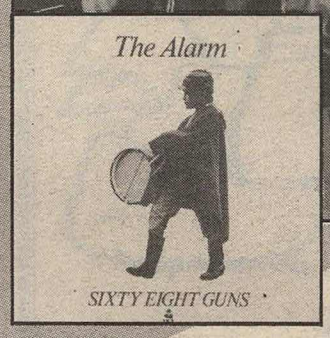
Baker's pupil Afrika Bambaata has adopted his master's "all this and world war two" approach wholesale for his production of Time Zone's initially impressive 'The Wildstyle', which folds in Busby Berkeley and wartime BBC commentary with stammer disco. Mildly distracting.

Two Sisters' 'High Noon' (produced by Rodriguez and Parrish) benefits from a more straightforward narrative and a less predictable and calmer application of breaks. As to Rock Steady Crew, would you trust Rainbow singing a song about Rock and Roll? If not why should you be enamoured with RSC's silly self puffery?

Herbie Hancock is not so much a chameleon as a turncoat who'll dress up in any style so long as it pays off. The pace set by McLaren/Horn is obviously too much for a man his age, thus his 'Autodrive' must cover for lack of stamina with unsightly tasteful keyboards trills.

I include A-I's Woolworth's reading of New Order's 'Blue Monday' to highlight that rarity: a record that needs all its 12 inches. This daft three minute version from Germany introduces a change roughly every 30 seconds, reducing the original's luxurious unfolding to a ragbag of tart mannerisms.

Armed with the best name his royalties from the Bowie covered 'Criminal World' can buy, Peter Godwin's simpering retouch of that song's androgynous theme has been handed to John Luongo in a vain attempt to give it a contemporary edge. Godwin's presence at the convergence of Cut-Up and Dance offers the following conclusive proof: a New York DJ remix means your company has absolutely no faith in your product.



JAMES: Folklore *(Factory)* First The Smiths and now a group James – who'd have figured Manchester as the centre of a post industrial semi-acoustic renaissance? This has more to do with the romantic side of Genesis P-Orridge than Dexys' Po-Faced Runners and going by 'Folklore' it might be as much tongue-in-chic as finger-in-ear. What might have begun as a perverse stab at being different, however, is already developing into an odd, idiosyncratic vision on 'What The World'.

DEPECHE MODE: Love In Itself *(Mute)*
KONSTANTIN: Sing Me A Little Worker's Struggle Song *(Zensor German import)*
MAX GOLDT: L'eglise Des Crocodiles *(Zensor 12" German import)* In 1983 power will come not from the barrel of a gun but the knowledge stored in a microchip. 'Love In Itself' catches Depeche Mode in transition from lovesick schoolboys to men made aware they hold the future in their hands. A sober tune underlines their giddy stirrings of responsibility, just as it marks their continuing willingness to puncture any preconceptions you might hold about them.

For Berlin troubadour Konstantin the revolution is something he'll sing about for a barrel of beer; tongue loosened he gets all maudlin for Brechtian songs of the barricades and joins a no less sodden barroom orchestra to express the longings of the title.

His producer/presenter Max Goldt applies an extraordinary recitative voice to the six tunes of his own 12", oddly spieled on what sound like clockwork toys and scratch guitar. *(Zensor, Belzigerstrasse 23, 1000 Berlin 62.)*

NEGATIVE APPROACH: Don't Tell No One EP *(Touch And Go US import)*
XMAL DEUTSCHLAND: Incubus Succubus II *(4AD)*
DIE ÄRZTE: Grace Kelly Is Dead (*Schnick Schnack German import)* Punk as purgative violence or, alternatively, punk as knockabout comedy. Negative Approach, faster even than The Ramones, Angry Samoans and Discharge, have the edge of speed over their British counterparts and the jump of sulphate over the doped dippiness of their nearest American rivals Bad Brains. Contained in the discipline necessary to whip themselves into such a state is a sullen fanaticism that can't help but fascinate we inquisitive types. *(Touch And Go Records, PO. Box 716, Maumee, Ohio 43537).*

Ditto the flanged guitar fury of Xmal Deutschland, heard here reworking an early German single into more manageable shape. Die Ärzte's teenage love songs touch those nerves jangled by early Buzzcocks and then tickle like Woody Allen – once they notice the absurdity of their condition. Only a group as daft as Die Ärzte would fantasise themselves into a boulevard press affair with Grace Kelly and then sound genuinely upset when she's gone! *(Schnick Schnack Tonträger, Ufnaustrasse 8, 1000 Berlin 21.)*

MUTABOR!: Two Wishes *(Loaded 12")* Passion consumed in noise. Malaria's Bettina, Gudrun and Manon slip in and out of time with Gary Asquith, formerly of Mass. It's undeniably a mess, but a gaudy one at that and thus carries unexpected pleasures.

CASUALTIES

DAVID BOWIE: Modern Love *(EMI America 12")* No more wooing. Exactly what is it Bowie is doing? The admiration one might feel for the perfect manoeuvre of his return is considerably undone by what he brought back with him, namely an LP of skilfully turned commonphrase and easy platitudes – the sort of trick Bob Dylan pulled when he was stuck for words around 'Nashville Skyline'. Dylan leapt sideways into country, Bowie slips into his "simple country boy" persona. A permanent condition? It wasn't for Dylan, who at least kept quiet until he had something to say.

Since returning Bowie has talked too often and too awkwardly of himself as an artist, not so much to convince us as himself of his own importance. Instead of calming us he has planted seeds of doubt, which for the moment will be silenced by the walloping drum intro of 'Modern Love' – the most contagious clatter this side of Iggy's 'Lust For Life'. The gap between drums and two note piano is so spacious it catches the crowd every time (check the B-side's live version). Only the vocal (and the current Quentin Crisp flop of curls) strains after its youth. It needn't. The crowd is waiting to be taken. Why make it so hard for yourself, David? Why make it so easy for them?

THE FALL: Kicker Conspiracy *(Rough Trade)* A soapbox derby return fixture with The Last Just Man. His hectoring tactics are familiar enough by now for those who want to avoid him to easily sidestep his barbs. Contrasting the latest 'Kicker Conspiracy' with the extra single of 1980 BBC recordings one can't help but feel Mark E. Smith's taken a few wrong turns in the interim: 'Container Drivers' baits listeners with rockabilly hooks, while the bilious cackle of 'New Puritan' slides home on the back of some great gnarled guitar, the like of which is presently hobbled by The Fall's lurching excuse for a rhythm.

XTC: Love On A Farmboy's Wages *(Virgin)* . . . Already lost through XTC's laboured wit. A 12" Eddy Grundy dungheap mix of a stodgily English rural mess completely lacking in lightness or grace. XTC seem to pride themselves on being out of step when in reality they are at least three steps behind everybody else.

POSITIVE NOISE: When Lightning Strikes *(Statik)*
CLARENCE CLEMONS AND THE RED BANK ROCKERS: Resurrection Shuffle *(CBS)*
THE ALARM: 68 Guns *(IRS)*
MICKEY JUPP: Boxes And Tins *(A & M)* Just as it is hard to stay dead – and this is according to Rainer Maria Rilke, an expert in a subject he has learnt from bitter experience – so it is difficult for a sideman to stay still when his reason for being is resting. The Springsteen monster sleeps, Clarence is encouraged to fritter away time and money on a song that died at birth.

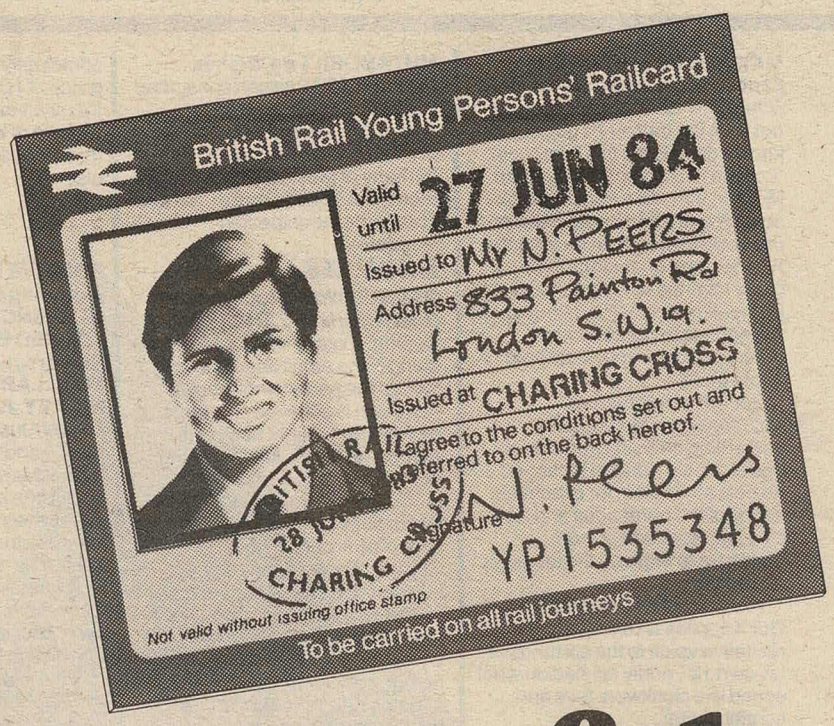
Take 'Resurrection Shuffle' as a metaphor for the sort of lukewarm corpse The Alarm willingly sew themselves up in. A snug fit for the moment, but it will hinder them something rotten when it's their turn to pick up the banner U2 cheekily stole from The Clash.

The kind of boogie Jupp played passed on with his new producer Status Quo. Then, dying hasn't hurt them any. Some things can keep going out of habit. Uglier is the sight of the Positive Noise chicken still running round two years after it lost its head Ross Middleton. That said, it navigates a tighter circle these days, this time getting quite dizzy on a piano/organ rock reel.

DAVID J: Joe Orton's Wedding *(Situation Two)*
THE SINISTER DUCKS: March Of The Sinister Ducks/Old Gangsters Never Die *(Situation Two)* The ex-Bauhaus boy shakes off gothic obsessions to reveal himself as a grubby and unshaven Uncle Ernie scratching at the grime of British decadence; more seaside postcard than the farce of a classic repressed fuckup like Orton And long before the guitar starts playing backwards at the end you'll have got the idea J. wished he was The Who rhythm section circa '69. On his night off he sheds his dirty mac for Sinister Duck down and sounds as silly as he looks.

ONE THE JUGGLER: Django's Coming *(Regard)*
NAKED EYES: Promises, Promises *(EMI)*
EUROPEANS: Recognition *(A & M)*
BONEY M: Jambo-Hakuna Matata (No Problems) *(Atlantic)* Exactly what is it about doe-eyed dullboy British pop that is currently holding the world in thrall? The Romany Juggler's jiggling of Ziggy Stardust is big in Israel; Naked Eyes' dime store approximation of ABC is symptomatic of the sort of British schlock gobbled up by Americans; and though they've yet to make it anywhere in the world the fact Europeans are drained of any quality whatsoever, suggests they'll soon follow Naked Eyes. MTV aside, I'd propose that music Britain is finally being treated as an exotic little holiday island from which kitsch like the above must more closely approximate the mood of the place for foreigners than the real thing. A process similar to the British record buying public choosing Boney M's "Africa made easy" instead of Sunny Ade.

NILS LOFGREN: Across The Tracks *(Backstreet/MCA)*
ANY TROUBLE: I'll Be Your Man *(EMI America)* After dullboy pop, bigboy crybaby schlop! All wallowing guitars and whiney vocals. Lofgren's story milks that great divide – the tracks! – separating rich girls from po' boys in American mythology. Whatever happened to the American boast of it being a classless society? What with manful tears choking up his Stoke cowboy voice, AT's Clive Gregson presents himself as a highly uninviting proposition.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Breathless

DIRECTOR: Jim McBride
STARRING: Richard Gere, Valerie Kaprisky (Rank) (Indeed!)

IF RICHARD Gere's popularity can survive the monumental cock-up (it's a let down, girls) of *Breathless*, I'd say his position as the new male Sex Swoon will weather *any* storm.

It's probably in the eyes – Gere can come on thuggish and still look like a soft-headed juvenile delinquent. He's not a slyly self-mocking hulk like Reynolds or Stallone; and not about to commit himself to the level of low-life De Niro's at. But it's beginning to look like the doe-eyed technique stems from nothing more than lack of range – and not a ploy to woo the box office before veering *creatively* off-course. Proceeding kindly from the latest evidence, we have to report: this man can't act.

He needn't feel lonely, though. A great number of new pin-ups on the screen can't actually act that well – more, they're encouraged, required, to play on this absent-minded gift. Gere's the obvious male example – Kinski and Lange spring to mind as female counterparts. Directors use their (non) presence – their coyness, a certain timidity – to reflect the active lust of other characters, and to get the viewer mildly, dreamily horny.

After the success of *An Officer and A Gentleman* (genre Package-film, like *Flashdance*) and the intermediary interest-stoker of a re-released *American Gigolo*, comes the next step in the Gere career. There's been some gutter press pre-publicity (after the manner of *Last Tango* and *Postman Always Rings Twice*), but not only is *Breathless* a badly made film, it's a bad move for Gere; this is not a high-street movie. This is less for the *Officer* recruits, than for the Scala student of US garbage.

Purporting to be a "remake" (just what the world and this reviewer needs, another remake; they're beginning to re-make me sick) of Jean-Luc Godard's 1959 *A Bout De Souffle*. That was Jean Seberg, Jean Paul Belmondo, Paris and a quarter of a century ago – but no matter, they've got nothing in common. McBride's *Breathless* is really only an '80s (ie, a hip soundtrack) remake of the old American pop-up pre-occupation, the Road Movie. Gere's Jesse Lujack is too "wild and wired up" (on Life) to live anywhere but The Road, a "desperado" who "lives not just from day-to-day but from moment to moment". Have you ever tried *not* living from moment to moment? (Don't hold your breathless.)

The only form of "escape" open to anyone is in a car – but Lujack doesn't appear to have much to escape from, before he accidentally plugs a cop; maybe he's running scared – that if he paused for an instant the vacuum between his ears would suck him up whole. Gere is a puppet jerking (off) on borrowed strings, a speed-read compendium of big-boy-lost tics and mannerisms from the last few decades of US cinema. The twitches all belong to someone else, and we get Gere's narcissistic vibe long before we get Lujack's supposed wanderlust.

Even when Gere's silent he's too loud, he never broods or holds back: no threat, no promise, no contradictions (think of Keitel in *Fingers*, or De Niro in *Mean Streets*). There's no stooge to offset this self-centred yowl, and Ms Kaprisky is just another pretty 'presence'.

McBride, meanwhile, is too busy filling up the screen with "tacky" signs to notice what's not going on in his actors' heads. A graduate from the New York *avant* school, this is his first "commercial" break and it shows. Like last year's *Loveless* you can bet that if someone gargles, or swats a fly, it'll be a 'reference' to some terribly obscure B-movie. What's being re-made here (quite explicitly) is Joseph B Lewis' *Gun Crazy* rather than the idea or text(ure) of *A Bout De Souffle*. It's supposed to look as garish as possible – like a cartoon strip, or roadside American *archi*tecture – and everything is literally signposted (preferably in the latest trendy neon colours; neon is such a *now art, don't you think?)*

Breathless, 1983, in all its scrapbook artifice (desire is gaudy, without guile) totally effaces the echo of its 'original'; you'd never know why Godard's immoral fibre was hailed as innovation. McBride and writer Kit Carson ditch the possibility of playing off European-American cultural difference and instead give us semiology for bimbos. The breathless enthusiasm of Godard (however you rate him), the black and white idealism of '60s Paris, have been replaced by Art as fast food and a message which reads: the '80s is peopled by automata, our emotions are just so much ham. Just like those actors.

Ian Penman

"Blow on my gear and I'll follow you anywhere. . ."

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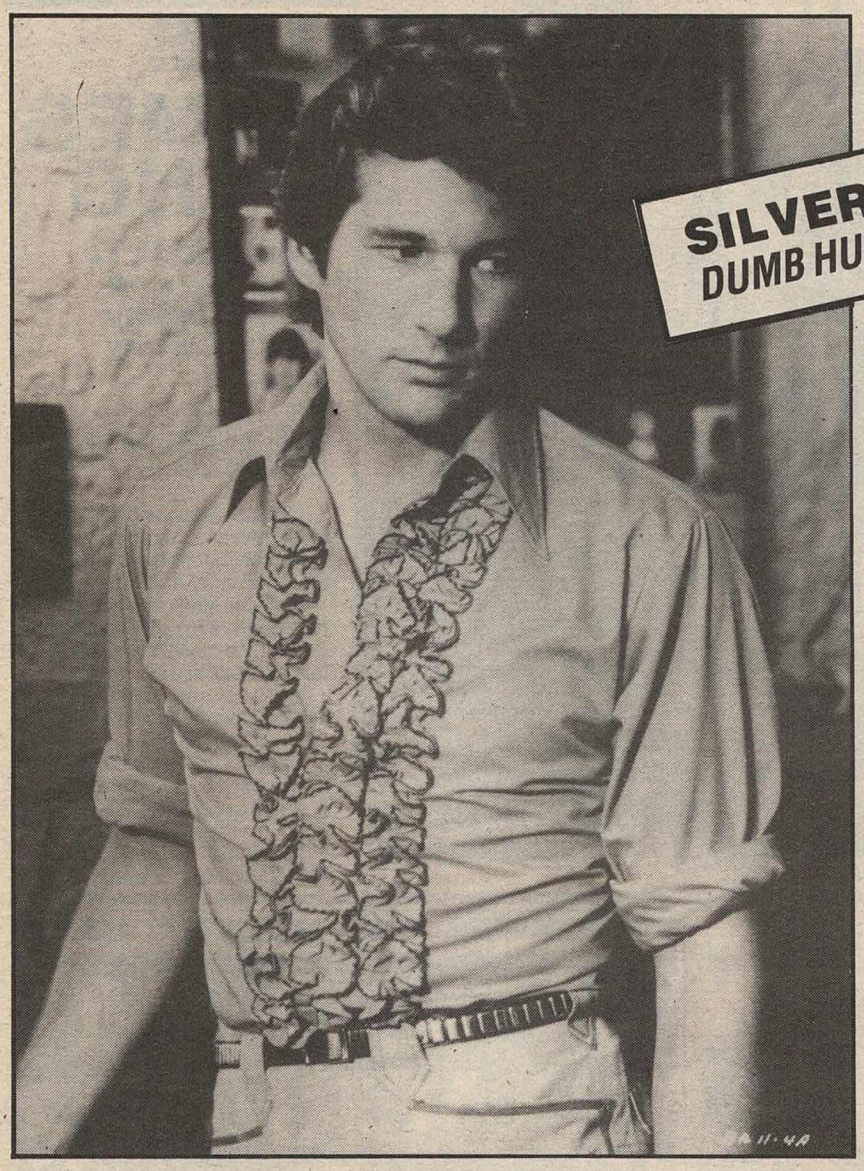

SILVER SCREEN
DUMB HUNKS SPECIAL!

Richard Gere tries on a big girl's blouse ...

... while Travolta just tries it on.

HOLLYWOOD STARS MAKE JESSIES OF THEMSELVES!

Staying Alive

DIRECTOR: Sylvester Stallone
STARRING: John Travolta, Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, Frank Stallone (UIP)

TRIBAL RITES Of The New Saturday Night, **Nik Cohn's 1975 *New York* magazine cover story, was one of the last decade's most prescient pieces of investigative journalism. And the *Saturday Night Fever* which evolved from it — despite a tacked-on *Rebel Without A Cause* sub-plot — became a blockbuster not least because it retained some root in a contemporary reality.**

Its hero Tony Manero offered what youth audiences always crave: a range for joy as well as despair. And to *that* Manero, joy was simple, unleashed by finding a real beat in life rather than schlepping the gloss of fantasy ineffectively over everything. The rhythm of his 'strut' marked *possibilities*, it acknowledged realities like violence, deprivation, uncertainty. And that — reality rather than mere make-believe — made it thrilling.

With Travolta himself now older, trailing Tony Manero across the Brooklyn Bridge and pitting the romanticism of *Fever* and its Bee Gee anthem against reality should have yielded a brilliant film. But instead of harkening to the dictates of the heart and of logic (destiny should never be confused with a successful opening on Broadway!) director Stallone decided to cross *Fame* with *42nd Street*.

And with his famous ham fists at the helm (not to mention brother Frankie's hefty musical contributions of the *"There must be something we can say except goodbye"* genre) *42nd Street* takes a hell of a beating.

Plot: In the six years since he left Brooklyn, Manero has aged (credibly), disciplined his dancing skills (brilliantly), lost everyone in his family except Ma (this goes unexplained), and seen *Rocky* far too many times. He now favours the exact headband, muscle twitches and profile-to-profile confrontations patented by Stallone — which is actually no big problem since he looks like a million bucks.

We encounter him living in a rundown residential hotel on West 26th (similar to his home in *Moment to Moment*), juggling odd jobs, and breaking his ass to get a job on Broadway. A quick succession of rejection scenes *á la Tootsie*, in fact, quickly establishes the film's central flaw. Which is that where *Fever* took off from a story which was at least credible, Stallone has chosen to impose his own formula scenario *whatever* its relation to obvious realities.

It's more than preposterous and predictable, too; it's *prehistoric*. (More plot: Manero falls for rich bitch despite loving loyal girlfriend who allows herself to be walked over until he scoops the lead in the Big Show and throws her a thank-you in the final frames). Worst of all is the fact that it all nearly manages to strangle Travolta's talent and energies by positing a Manero who is actually *dumber* than his original incarnation.

Some of the guilt must be shouldered by Alan Parker's facile *Fame* — the film which reduced the essential questions of our time to a balancing act between selfishness and self-respect (defined as 'making it'). Extend that film's fantasy element to its logical conclusion and you get the harmless if sticky *Flashdance*; extend the naive, materialistic narcissism of the title anthem the same way and you get Stallone's Tony. Plus the two Female Options who flank him — the bitch (Finola Hughes in a performance so cringemaking it would make a BOAC stewardess on duty look like a Method grad) and the perky best friend (Cynthia Rhodes, reprising her *Flashdance* role).

The *really* logical extension of this script — Manero coming out of the closet — is firmly held at bay by making sure that the less competent dancer from whom Manero wrests his leading role is a caricature pansy.

Travolta works overtime trying to downplay this Manero's crudity, ruthlessness and obsessive lying — he tries to present them as mere byproducts of inexperience and a genuine perplexity about the opposite sex. But that was the axis of the *first* film, and Tony's convoluted emotional fixation on icky Finola is about as believable as the idea that agent after agent would leave him cooling his heels. Or that such a hunk would plump in the end for prosaic Ms Rhodes.

The end, by the way, follows the interminable 'Broadway production' (all dancing, no singing?) with a reprise of its predecessor's famous title sequence. This time Travolta struts past the statue of George M Cohan — patron saint of both American jingoism and the Broadway star system (nor has Sly resisted a brief appearance as himself-the-Star).

Despite Cohan's spectral presence, this offers a few moments of genuinely gutsy euphoria wherein we realise that Travolta could have given us a completely different, more logical, adult Tony Manero. All this one's done is show he's an ideal candidate for the much-mooted cheap biopic of Jim Morrison.

Cynthia Rose

NO LOSS!

Without A Trace

DIRECTOR: Stanley R Jaffe
STARRING: Kate Nelligan, Judd Hirsch, Stockard Channing (20th Century Fox)

ONE HAS to wonder if what's actually destroying the nuclear family isn't this deluge of mediocre movies wallowing in nostalgia for the good old days when those who played and prayed together supposedly never strayed. Stanley Jaffe, who makes his directorial debut here, has a long history of producing pro-status quo polemics: *Goodbye Columbus, The Bad News Bears, Taps* and — the big one — *Kramer vs Kramer*.

He's cast *Without A Trace* in a Classic weepie format: the inexplicable disappearance of child Alex Selky highlights the previous 'loss' of his family through Dad's infidelity and subsequent separation. And its meandering plot mostly concerns Mom's isolation. But the most honest, modern question which looms — does the loss of Alex cause such disorienting devastation because mother Susan Selky (Kate Nelligan) has allowed her husband-depleted emotions to fixate on him? — remains unaddressed.

Integrity, in fact, is limited to a fine performance by Judd (*Taxi*) Hirsch. Hirsch — who rose above the self-pity of similar soaper *Ordinary People* — plays a sympathetic cop whose own secure family ties keep him unofficially on the case.

Where Hirsch succeeds in providing enjoyment and a breath of the real 'real world', Kate Nelligan's much-ballyhooed performance as the obsessed Susan Selky manages to alienate the viewer as well as her onscreen allies. It's partly that the high standard of living *de riguer* for today's MOR family-in-crisis pic (*Shoot The Moon, Making Love, Ordinary People, Kramer vs Kramer*) mitigates against one's sympathy for the characters' angst. And it's partly that those truisms on which the old and great weepies rested have had their day.

A less abstract problem is that agony evolves as if by rote in these new pics; whether or not the characters of Susan Selky and her erring hubby are even *likeable*, our empathy for them as Distressed Parents is presupposed. And the cinematic embellishments are familiar: the dolorous piano motif, the discarded woman's tears-in-the-bathtub scene, the estranged couple forced to confront one another again because they are Mom and Dad as well as Man and Woman. This is nothing but exploitation film whose toplining of Nelligan (on the basis of her Broadway prestige in 'Plenty') proves woefully counterproductive.

Hopefully Hirsch, however, can go on to better things. And first-time screenwriter Beth Gutcheon — who adapted the film from her bestseller *Still Missing* — may yet go back to her other book pursuits: *The Perfect Patchwork Primer* and *The Quilt Design Workbook*.

Cynthia Rose

PAPARAZZI STOP NEW SINGLE STOP
COMING SOON STOP
ON 7" STOP AND 12" STOP
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Yellowbeard

DIRECTOR: Mel Damski
STARRING: Graham Chapman, Peter Boyle, Cheech & Chong, Peter Cook, Marty Feldman and virtually every available comedian in the Western hemisphere (Rank)

A WINSOMELY engaging little comedy drawing on everything from *Treasure Island* and *Mutiny On the Bounty* to *The Count Of Monte Cristo* and *Young Frankenstein*, *Yellowbeard* has virtually everything going for it except the script and the director. Given what looks like an exceedingly lavish budget, some highly picturesque Mexican locations and a massive cast of familiar and reputable faces, the producers seem to have assumed that the stuff would simply come to life before the camera.

Everything is present and correct except for most of the jokes: the cast includes Eric Idle, Madeline Kahn, John Cleese, James Mason, Michael Hordern, Spike Milligan, Kenneth Mars, Beryl Reid, Nigel Planer, the original MGM 'Bounty' and even a brief cameo by Bowie (Christ knows why), in what is easily his least witty screen performance since *Just A Gigolo*. The idea seems to be some kind of high-level comic jam session between veterans of the Brooks school (Boyle, Kahn, Mars and Feldman) and the British comic establishment (Cook, the Pythons and Feldman again), but *Yellowbeard* is distinctly short on the kind of manic energy and anarchic invention with which a more creative director could have set light to a damp script. Unfortunately, Mel Damski does not measure up to the standards demanded of genre-parody directors named Mel.

Yellowbeard was written by Chapman and Cook: the former takes a title role which keeps him off the screen for large acres of time, and the latter plays a somewhat peripheral character who remains on the screen for what seems like three-quarters of the picture while doing not a lot. Presumably Lord Gnome fancied the trip to Mexico and just kept writing himself in.

Chapman portrays the fearsome, ogreish Superpirate Yellowbeard, who spends 20 years in prison refusing to blab the secret (which only he possesses) of where he hid the world's most fabulous treasure, stolen from unbelievably corrupt and sadistic South American dictator-priest Tommy Chong. Naturally, virtually all the other characters are after the treasure including Yellowbeard's former first mate Peter Boyle and his sidekick Feldman, and the British Secret Service, represented by Idle and Planer.

Unfortunately, Chapman's ogreishness (ogriety? ogrehood?) is unconvincing even for a *comic* ogre, and Boyle, in particular, seems to have been given virtually nothing interesting to do with his role. Presumably Chapman, Cook and Damski figured that everyone would just improvise their way through the dull bits. John Cleese gets what seems to have been the most generously written role as Blind Pew the informer, and he makes a predictable meal of it, dominating the first half of the movie so effortlessly that if fails noticeably flat when he's offed a third of the way in.

Feldman, in what rather anti-climactically turned out to have been his last screen appearance, enlivens *his* non-role with as much mugging as the part will stand, but the script plays as flatly as it must have read. *Shoot the director!*

Charles Shaar Murray

Cleese and Feldman honk it up.

THE *(Jessie)* JAMES GANG

Come Back To The Five And Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean

DIRECTOR: Robert Altman
STARRING: Sandy Dennis, Karen Black, Cher (Alpha)

THIS IS the film which restored Robert Altman to critical favour in America. Pauline Kael found its touch as "sure" as it was "wobbly" in his films after *Nashville* (1975), proclaiming the direction "a model of tact and tenderness", and everyone else seemed to agree. After *Quintet*, *A Perfect Couple*, and *Health*, *5 And Dime* looked like a return to form.

Transposed from Altman's off-off Broadway production of Ed Graczyk's play, the film is shot on the single set of a Woolworth 5-and-dime, where the year is 1975, the place a one-truck town

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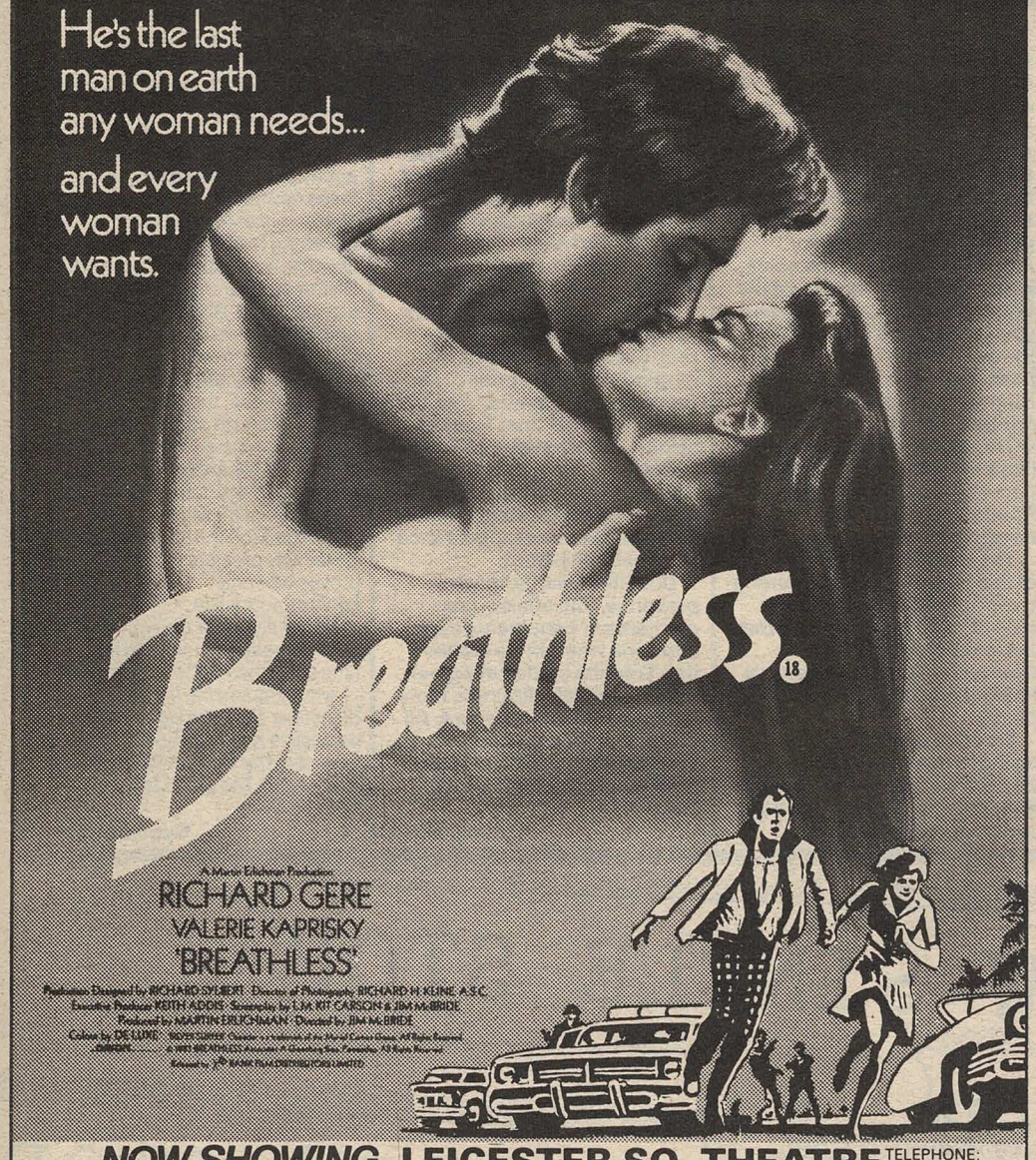

Breathless 18

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Ray Bradbury's
Something Wicked This Way Comes PG

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in Texas, the temperature 118° in the shade.

Amidst a polychromatic, artefactual clutter of jukeboxes, neon crucifixes, and engraved hub caps, four original members of the local James Dean fan club reunite to commemorate the 20th anniversary of their idol's death. As they reminisce, the past unfolds.

We learn that during the shooting of scenes from *Giant* on the outskirts of the town, Mona (Sandy Dennis) spent the night with Dean, "chosen to bring his son into the world." She is continually calling for "Jimmy Dean", but we do not see him. The others appear to have accepted the story, but with the arrival of outsider Joanne (Karen Black), their nostalgia is slowly ripped open to reveal a mass of fears and resentments, culminating in the revelation of Jimmy Dean's true paternity.

Whether or not you take to the film partly depends on the affection you can muster for Altman's neurotic gaggle of women. The can of worms he opened with such a surreal/melodramatic flourish in *Three Women* (1977) is here more subtly displayed. The camera, drifting around the store, remorselessly logging the play of feints and accusations, collates the different intensities: Sandy Dennis, the same staring, stuttering nitwit she was 20 years ago in *Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf*; Karen Black, grotesquely opulent in cream and wild copper hair; Martha Heflin, mousy mother of seven, a cross between those two Altman archetypes Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; Kathy Bates, a coarsely good-humoured Shelley Winters; and finally, in her film debut, the still magnificently proportioned Cher, who plays a kind of Lily Tomlin parody of herself with a husky candour that saves the film from being simply a hothouse brew of repression or a soap showdown on the lines of Tennessee Williams.

The transposal of play to film is most pronounced and most radical in the use made of a giant mirror placed over the soda fountain. Reflecting scenes from 20 years before, it functions as a screen-within-the-movie, allowing the past and present to overlap, and eroding the time barriers in the relationships that the film plots. In its most startling moment, Karen Black's head is superimposed in the mirror where only Sandy Dennis can hear her. These triumphant effects are achieved with equipment specially designed to blow up super 16 mm film into high-quality 35 mm.

Elsewhere, echoes and sudden amplifications of a word underscore the film's obsessions; the jukebox plays the McGuire Sisters (whom the girls imitate), weaving the past's melancholy thread through the dialogue; and far-off noises, such as trains passing in the distance, give one the sense that no-one actually shops at this store, that it really is just a "set".

In Altman, everyone is imprisoned inside their own trip. Nothing is freed, very little exchanged. Outside the 5-and-dime, dark clouds threaten – "'twill be a storm!" – but they never burst, they just pass by. In the last shot, the store is battered and deserted. *Come Back To The Five And Dime* is a fieldforce of anxious glances, shifting movements, and "theatrical" dialogue, a unique cinematic quest for theatre which infiltrates the boxed-in universe of the stage and inverts its foetid claustrophobia. Knowing that drama is always a trial – that in every stage there is something of the courthouse – Robert Altman has made a remarkable film that is so much more than dixie-fried Edward Albee.

Barney Hoskyns

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+ **REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE** 4.05, 9.25
Saturday 24th
Warhol double
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Goddard double **ALPHAVILLE** 12.50, 4.15, 7.35
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BY RICHARD COOK

THURSDAY SEPT 22

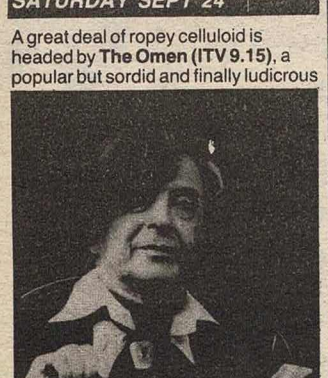
As this is an economy-size Box I will make but one selection a day with a few chasers. Not a bad way to regulate your television time anyway, eh? The day's largest audience will centre around **The Pink Panther Strikes Again (ITV 7.30),** the third Clouseau vehicle for Sellers and the start of the slide; **The Sweeney (ITV 10.30)** won't lead to much channel-changing, although **Late Night In Concert (BBC1)** has the incomparable **King Sunny Ade** – a smart alternative. The selection, though, is the second part of a very ambitious and acid adaptation of Angus Wilson's **The Old Men At The Zoo (BBC2),** a disturbing book brought to eerie life. Which animal are you?

FRIDAY SEPT 23

An excellent double-bill:
The Milky Way (Luis Bunuel 1968). As heartless as Bunuel's rape of Catholicism is, his structure – two vagrants on a 'pilgrimage' encountering every heresy the Church can serve up – is so consciously fantastic that the satire sometimes seems cheap. Bitter and cantankerously accomplished. **(BBC2).**
I'm No Angel (Wesley Ruggles 1933). Because her films are rarely shown, Mae West's reputation has been confined to small-change impersonations and a few raddled cliches. There is time-wasting in *I'm No Angel* with songs and such – just as there was in all the Marx Bros films – but every time West is onscreen the celluloid smoulders. It's as if the script (which she wrote) has been fashioned solely as a sexual ballet where one woman calls the numbers on every step; and it's as good a comedy as either *Duck Soup* or *It's A Gift.* **(C4 11.30).**

SATURDAY SEPT 24

A great deal of ropey celluloid is headed by **The Omen (ITV 9.15),** a popular but sordid and finally ludicrous slug of satanism which went on to initiate an ugly series of films fuelled on fanciful murders. Avoid, although some of the alternatives – **Shaft's Big Score (BBC1)** and the hopeless second version of **The Black Cat (BBC1)** – don't exactly set bells ringing.



Quentin Crisp (Wednesday, C4)

Three Of A Kind. The peaktime slot for this show is misleading because it's basically a smart kid's programme – a high compliment. The material is frequently dodgy but usually stays just this side of excellent and never strays into the snobby 'outrage' of something like **NTNO'CN.** That, the relentless pace and the terrific Tracey Ullman give it more zip than anything else in current homegrown TV laffs. **(BBC1).** Also on: four hours (another four hours?) of live 'rock' **(C4 10.00).** You can guess the names.

SUNDAY SEPT 25

A few stalwart entries scattered across four channels – **University Challenge, A Fine Romance, Rugby Special** or its kids' counterpart **American Football.**

Mae West (Friday, C4)

Crawford, probably in that order **(10.20).**
Otherwise a grey Sunday afternoon will be a good time to watch **Gaslight (George Cukor 1944).** Geezer tries to drive his wife bonkers — **Sunday People** stuff, you bet – and Cukor made it so thick with gloom that the creeps come guaranteed. **(BBC1).**

MONDAY SEPT 26

Of course, Monday belongs to **The Prisoner (C4 9.00)** – but I have penned some thoughts on that elsewhere. There's a strong-looking **Horizon** on ESP as competition **(BBC2);** but there's also an excellent movie on BBC: **Three Days Of The Condor (Sydney Pollack 1975).** This could have been no more than an average Robert Redford vehicle; Pollack instead made it a thoughtful and cleverly exciting variation on a conspiracy theme, with Redford on the lam from his CIA bosses and Faye Dunaway as the photographer he gets stuck with. Muscular and surprisingly fatalistic.

TUESDAY SEPT 27

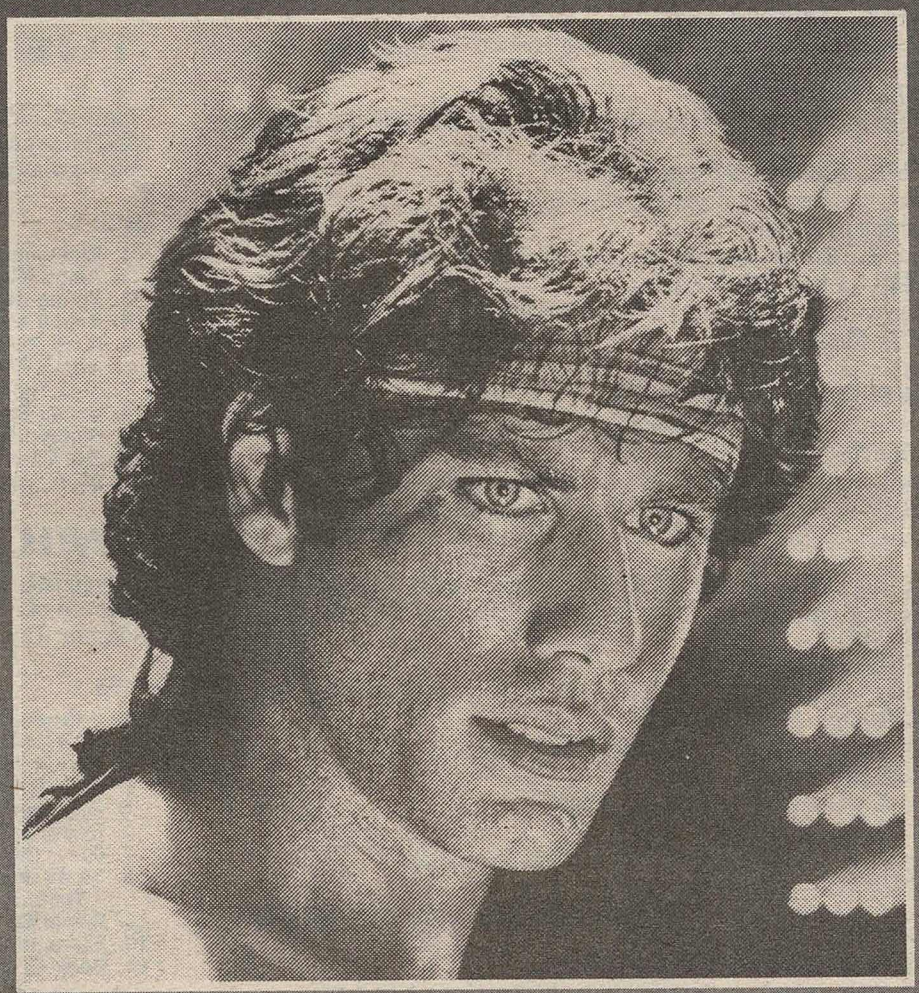
I will receive countless brickbats if I don't mention **Taxi (BBC),** although I don't count myself a fan. **Loose Talk** promises some sublime embarrassment with the guesting of Theresa Bazar — good luck, Steve. A Certain Ratio provide the percussive interludes **(C4 10.45).**

WEDNESDAY SEPT 28

The day's best is on C4 (9.00): **An Evening With Quentin Crisp,** a repeat of the film of his one-man show. Whatever you think about him, the fellow has a way with words. Tomorrow they repeat **The Naked Civil Servant,** too.

It's five years later and for Tony Manero the fever still burns.

Stallone directs, Travolta stars.



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MAD MIX II

YOUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED . . .

REMEMBER the brilliant track listing we gave you last week? Fine, now forget it. Due to our old pals "circumstances beyond our control", a couple of inclusions have had to be altered. So here's the real line-up, in all its adjusted magnificence . . . But remember, 'Mad Mix II' is still 22 tracks of modern music's best and brightest. For info on price, how to order, and other sordid details like that, see below.

1. THE ASSOCIATES – Aggression And Ninety Pounds
An Exclusive Mad Mix peek into the album that got away – the still to be released Billy MacKenzie showcase.

2. BONSAI FOREST – The Great Escape
Madness maestro Mark Bedford's proteges with a muscular Mad Mix exclusive.

3. JAMES BROWN – Bring It On . . . Bring It On.
Soul Brother Number One with what most funkateers insist is his best in an age. Count it off!

4. CABARET VOLTAIRE – Why Kill Time (When You Can Kill Yourself)
The originators of cut-up electro funk and still the leaders in the field.

5. THE EURYTHMICS – Satellite Of Love
The best ever cover of a Lou Reed song proclaims Lou Reed. Who are we to argue? A Mad Mix exclusive of The show stopper.

6. FRANK CHICKENS – Shellfish Bamboo
The acclaimed female Japanese pop duo make their recording debut with electro evocations of Nipponese street trading. Sounds fishy. Another Mad Mix exclusive.

7. ARETHA FRANKLIN – Get It Right
The Queen of Soul reigns on with help from studio courtier and producer Luther Vandross and Miles Davis' bassman, Marcus Miler.

8. J.B.'s ALL STARS – One Minute Every Hour
Special AKA sticksman Brad with a flash of nouveau Northern Soul.

9. JoBOXERS – Crime Of Passion
Whodunnit? Go Lower East Side with Bashstreet Boxers and find out for yourself.

10. THE KANE GANG – Small Town Creed
A cheeky commentary on this year's trends from the Tyneside funk force. A magnificent Mad Mix exclusive.

11. KAS PRODUCT – Pussy X
Purring Parisiennes. Kas cats get carnal over slinky synths.

12. N.Y.C. PEECH BOYS – Don't Make Me Wait
More juicy fruit from the Big Apple: the new boogaloo down Broadway and a classic club cut.

13. THE NEW BLACK MONTANA – Magumede
Revolutionary dance music from Zimbabwe, bubbling with a thousand darting guitars.

14. PREFAB SPROUT – Lions In My Own Garden (Exit Someone)
Tweedom come, tweedom go – but there's always room in your heart for off-the-wall pop. More tasteful Kitchenware.

15. SANDII & THE SUNSETZ with DAVID SYLVIAN – Living On The Front Line
From one Japan to another. Sylvian gets to sing with the real thing. Discover why The Sunsetz are The Rising Sun's most exciting prospects.

16. THE SPECIAL AKA – Lonely Crowd
Dammers and the Gang in off-beat instrumental mood. John Barry – forget it! Exclusive to Mad Mixers.

17. THE STYLE COUNCIL – Party Chambers
Mick Talbot without his master's voice, letting the keyboards do the talking.

18. U2 – Two Hearts Beat As One
A Mad Mix exclusive US mix from Ireland's finest, caught in exelcis.

19. TOM WAITS – Frank's Wild Years
Black comedy from the last Beat on Sunset Strip. One more for the road bartender.

20. XMAL DEUTSCHLAND – Sehnsucht
Post punk 'yearnings' from the Hamburg fivesome currently spearheading a new German breakthrough. A special Mad Mix re-mix.

21. YELLOWMAN – Who Can Make The Dance Ram?
The latest boast from reggae's number one chanting, singing, strutting phenomenon. Area!

22. YOU'VE GOT FOETUS ON YOUR BREATH – Halo Flamin' Lead
Aesthetic terrorist Foetus (Jim to his mates) throws everything and the kitchen sink into this exclusive Mad Mix clatter.

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5. Huey Piano Smith – Don't You Just Know It
6. Arthur Alexander – Anna
7. Irma Thomas – Time Is On My Side
8. Benny Spellman – Fortune Teller
9. Richard Berry – Get Out Of The Car
10. The Chanters – She Wants To Mambo
11. Alvin 'Snake Eyes' Tyler – Peanut Vendor

SIDE 2
1. Ike & Tina Turner – I Can't Believe What You Say
2. Shirley Ellis – The Nitty Gritty
3. The Olympics – Hully Gully
4. Mary Love – You Turned My Bitter Into Sweet
5. Bobby Bland – Call On Me
6. B. B. King – Ain't Nobody's Business
7. Johnny Guitar Watson – She Moves Me
8. Little Richard – Directly From My Heart
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10. The O Jays – Lipstick Traces
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6. Swing Easy – Soul Vendors (1967)
7. 007 – Desmond Dekker (1968)
8. 54–46 Was My Number – Toots & The Maytals (1969)
9. Rivers Of Babylon – The Melodians (1970)
10. Skank In Bed – Scotty & Lorna (1971)
11. Book Of Rules – The Heptones (1972)

SIDE 2
1. King Tubby Meets The Rockers Uptown – Augustus Pablo (1973)
2. Tenement Yard – Jacob Miller (1974)
3. Slavery Days – Burning Spear (1975)
4. Police And Thieves – Junior Murvin (1976)
5. Two Sevens Clash – Culture (1977)
6. Smile Jamaica – Bob Marley & The Wailers (1978)
7. Bredda Gravilicious – Wailing Souls (1979)
8. Hard Time Pressure – Sugar Minott (1980)
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23 YEARS OF PSYCHOTIC REACTIONS

Others knew Norman Bates by his deeds; TONY PERKINS knows him by heart. CYNTHIA ROSE meets the star of* Psycho *1 and 2.

GOTHIC SCRIPTWRITER Richard Dillard once wrote that "the real truth of the original Dracula comes in his death-cry – that last sound, off camera. Somewhere to the right of focus."

After meeting Anthony Perkins, I suspect the real truth about Norman Bates – film's most populist psychopath – is also to be found off camera. Somewhere to the left of focus.

For a week I've watched Perkins give interviews, press conferences and a *Guardian* lecture with far more dignity and humour than most whose attentions he attracts. He has strictly ritualised his ideas of Professional Behaviour but within these he's delightfully frank, wickedly funny and extremely intelligent.

It's more than most of his questioners have bargained for; their later-published articles almost all reprise a now-notorious *People* magazine piece unpublished in the UK.

Via *People*, they tell YOU answers to questions they were afraid to ask the debonair TP face-to-face. (IS he gay? and isn't he REALLY JUST LIKE Norman? ISN'T he perverse beyond words in some unimaginable way?)

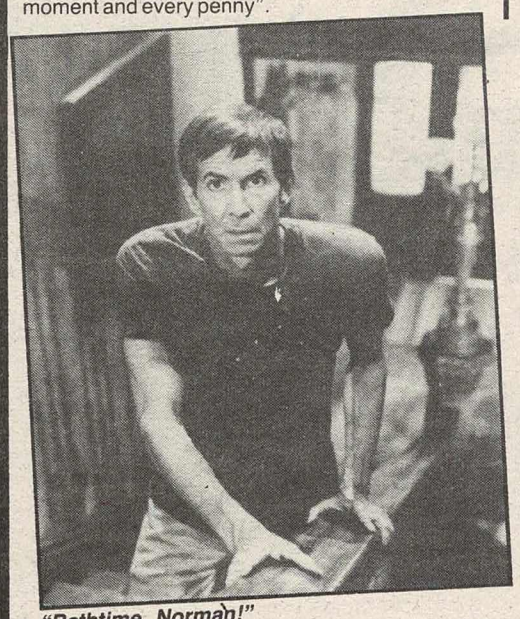
"Ah yes"..The 'real' Tony Perkins is six foot three, extremely tan and clear of eye – with a firm handshake and a gaze of genuine interest. He's most certainly the guy Broadway songwriter Stephen Sondheim (a close friend and co-author on Perkins' *The Last Of Sheila*) cited as possessor of 'a brilliant and intricate mind.'

"Usually I have to help them get to the point," says Perkins. "As in, 'Did people think that I was Norman Bates?'. To which the answer is, well, they certainly thought 'Look he's just *doing* it! It must really be him up there!'. Though I must say, that old 'naturalistic acting' looks pretty mannered to me now."

"Then there's 'did it affect my life?'" (a slightly arch laugh). "Which of course it did. For one thing, I couldn't *believe* all the other things I'd done before as an actor were just forgotten and I'd been narrowed in on like this. At the time, I suffered very much from the anxieties that imposed."

Perkins' father, Osgood, was a noted actor often away on tour during his son's earliest years. And Anthony – as close to his mother as most toddlers – recalls praying for him to die. Before he grew out of it, when he was five, his father did die. It catapulted him into a claustrophobic relationship with his mother and conundrums of guilt which remained unresolved for another 25 years. As e says: "It helped me to understand Norman but Norman couldn't help me."

Only two years after *Psycho*, Perkins decided to enter psychoanalysis, which he underwent for "nine long years". He says it was "worth every moment and every penny".



"Bathtime, Norman!"

"It was just regular old psychoanalysis, just psychotherapy. But I was really off the rails when I went into it." He laughs easily. "Of course you *have* to be to submit yourself to someone who's going to say 'Come in four times a week' and charge you an arm and a leg for it." His gaze levels. "But I honestly think far more men than will ever realise it remain for the space of their lives in that maternal grip."

Recently, Perkins himself essayed the role of the shrink in *Equus* on Broadway. It was a long run and one he cites as "perhaps the happiest two years of my life".

ANTHONY PERKINS has worked with plenty of famous directors – Chabrol, Welles, Altman – and made plenty of cult films *(Phaedra, Play It As It Lays, Pretty Poison)*. But his reprise of Norman is something singular; whatever Hitchcock purists or cinema buffs have said about *Psycho II* itself, all agree that Perkins' performance constitutes a tour-de-force. I can hardly believe people keep asking a 51-year-old actor whose last film was *North Sea Hijack* 'why' he took it on. Perkins grins. "I know. In *Psycho* Norman is only a cameo; that's the story of Janet Leigh and Bates is really only local colour. Whereas this time he's the pivotal role."

"I mean, a film editor can always enhance what you do but if you're playing a cameo it's not what you contribute that really matters. If you have a major portion of screen time, your contribution has to determine far more. And once I'd read the script I was really excited. What *could* happen was limited in a way you know, because the Norman Bates character is so real it was predestined by what he was."

He pauses. "One of the heavyweight reasons for doing it was so we could know more about Norman. He did seem like a genuinely interesting character we didn't find out much about in the first film." Perkins says that from the first day of shooting on *Psycho* he "suspected Hitchcock wanted as much of the audience's sympathies as possible to go towards Norman; he rather charged the relationships of all the other characters to the audience accordingly."

"*Psycho* has been seen so much now," he continues, "that people forget how it originally *progressed* – it reached that point where the car might or might not sink into the swamp and suddenly audiences found they were rooting for Norman. They were rather surprised to realise that."

Perkins says Hitchcock cast him primarily from a 1957 performance in a film called *Fear Strikes Out* ("one of my very first talking films"). It was his fourth film: "My first, *The Actress*, was not a success – so much so that my second was able to use the billing 'Introducing Anthony Perkins'. In fact, in several areas I personify that rarest of Hollywood animals: the one who got a second chance."

Perkins didn't bother seeing the previous films *Psycho II* director Richard Franklin had made. He already liked the script, it offered a plum comeback, and "I liked Richard's point of view, his affability. Also I liked the fact that he knew when to *stop* studying Hitchcock's work. I knew that on the first day he would set aside all that he knew and make him own film. A *sidepiece*, rather than a sequel to *Psycho*."

But what about *Norman's* coming back after 22 years in the nuthouse? Perkins grins. Despite what you've probably already read, his grin is *not* that of Norman Bates. "Well," he says, "Norman's now had over a generation to learn skills – social skills. And he now knows he's capable of anti-social behaviour. Those are the changes which made it particularly interesting."

AT 42, Anthony Perkins married photographer Berry Berenson – like her sister Marisa, the grand-daughter of couture celeb Elsa Schiaparelli. "I had seen an article about her in *Vogue* and I though she sounded extraordinary," he says. "It turned out she was a fan of mine and we had a friend in common." They were supposed to meet at a Rolling Stones concert. "But the tickets got switched and we ended up at opposite ends of Madison Square Garden." The Perkins now have two children: Osgood, aged 9, and Elvis, aged 7. Osgood takes a role in *Psycho II*.

The press corps at the more intimate of Perkins' press conferences tittered as he announced his sons' names. "Oh, we liked the name Elvis so much we would have used it if he'd been a girl," Perkins reiterated. "You mean *Elvira*," smiled one journalist amiably. "Oh no no," TP clarified mildly. "I *mean* Elvis."

Actually, Anthony Perkins has always been seen as some kind of social rebel. In the '50s it was "my sweatshirts and sneakers, believe it or not". In the '60s, his movie personae and his, er – *approach*. (TP on filming *The Trial* under Orson Welles: "Well, we had a big problem really because he wanted Josef K to be guilty and I believed he was innocent.") In the '70s it was his marriage after 'homosexual experiences' ("small 'h', small 'e'," I overhear him instruct the hack who enquired after them). "Marriage made *me un*orthodox," he laughs. In the '80s – it's Norman again.

"Hitchcock and I do share one thing in particular," says Perkins more seriously. "We both want to play fair with the audience. In *Psycho*, you know, we timed all of Norman's entrances and exits. There was always time for him to change clothes."

"Similarly, neither film was made with comic considerations in mind. Humour can only be extracted from the intensity you put into a scene. That's what I believe – and there was never, NEVER a chuckle on the set of either *Psycho*. I think that would have been . . . *dishonourable*."

Perkins feels his love of the 'volatile' character species to which Bates belongs is linked to his love of live stage acting. "And the days of live TV shows

CONTINUES PAGE 46

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BIG COUNTRY

FROM PAGE 13

nightmares and, within a fortnight of being formed, Big Country Mark One nosedived out of existence.

Mark Two came about when Phonogram Records talent scout Chris Briggs offered Stuart and Bruce some demo time in a London studio. Lacking a permanent rhythm section, the pair called in session team Rhythm For Hire — Tony Butler and Mark Brzezicki — for the task. The first song they played was 'Harvest Home' and that was all it took to convince Adamson that this was the group he had been striving for.

Bassist Butler takes up the story.

"Something special happened in that studio and it still amazes me to think of it today. We just did the one song and decided there and then that we had the makings of a group. There was just something *right* about the whole thing. Not only musically, but also personally, it was the best thing that could have happened for us all.

"I remember rushing home to my girlfriend that night to tell her that I'd found a group! It was an electric time . . . that first day was so important in the history of this band."

Tony and Mark had been together for some time, having played in Simon Townshend's group On The Air and even worked with his more illustrious older brother Pete on the 'Empty Glass' solo project. Though still in their mid 20s, they were a part of the old school of sessioneers — the *real* musicians — before they joined Stuart and Bruce.

"The music we were playing before was technically proficient beyond belief," continues Tony. "But there was something misguided in our whole approach to it. Meeting Stuart proved to be a revelation because he had a totally different approach to the one we had grown used to. Having missed out on punk completely myself, Stuart showed me something new.

"Both Mark and me had admired him as a musician for some time. When we were with On The Air, we'd toured with The Skids, which was where we first met him. Even then you could see that there was something special about the way he played. He had an ability to lift an audience, not just the people in the front rows but those at the back of the hall too.

"If we've taken anything from The Skids, I hope it's that power to generate hope and optimism."

Tony was immediately sold on the idea of Big Country but Mark had his initial doubts, particularly when it came to signing a record contract.

"The only thing that made me reticent was that I had a lot of other offers at the time. I didn't really want to tie myself down. So when Tony said that we were on the verge of signing with Phonogram, I got very worried about committing myself without thinking about it.

"The thing that swayed me was a clause in the contract saying that I was still free to do session work. But I wouldn't like anyone to think that I'm not committed to the group, because I feel exactly the same as the other three about this band. It's my way of life and it's something that I really want to suceed in.

"I have worked with a lot of people and I've never been with a band as special as this one."

BIG COUNTRY have been together in their current shape for almost two years now. They played their first date at the 101 Club, Clapham, in January of last year, signed their recording contract that March and had their debut single 'Harvest Home' in the shops by the end of the summer. As far as sales went, it was a flop, their only failure to date, but its prominent guitar crescendoes and rousing choruses established a musical pattern that would prove far more successful with subsequent single releases.

THE THORNY question of that heroic guitar sound crops up almost every time Big Country are interviewed. Adamson's playing technique — his 'open sound' — is hardly something that he stumbled on overnight. It actually dates right back to the first ever Skids single 'Charles', released on the Scottish independent label No Bad in 1977, and probably even further.

His technique these days is more refined, but it is essentially the same. He once explained it as a style of playing in which certain strings were always left 'open' to produce a droning harmonic effect that is constantly being compared to the wail of the bagpipes, an analogy that the group are already beginning to find highly irritating.

"Maybe it is something to do with the melodies that Bruce and I pick out on the guitars," says Stuart. "What we play isn't the logical extension of 25 years of Chuck Berry riffs. I've never had any desire to copy any American rock playing. I knew how I wanted my guitar to sound the moment I started playing and it's been a constant search for that sound.

"It's not a great technical thing, because neither Bruce nor I are great technical players. We just play what we feel. We obviously think about harmony and structure, but it's basically a very simple thing. It's concerned more with expressing feelings and ideas than trying to show people how well we can play."

"All that bagpipes nonsense is beginning to get beyond a joke," adds Bruce. "It's just a convenient tag. Everyone thinks we live up in the hills and sit around campfires playing jigs on fiddles. There is something in our music that can be traced back to the kind of stuff that Stuart and I grew up listening to, but it's not the only thing to say about the band!"

"It's ironic really. All my uncles play the bagpipes, so I thought I'd do something different and take up guitar and all that happens is I always get compared with bagpipe music!"

But Big Country wisely shy away from elevating the guitar into any kind of credibility totem. It is purely a means to an end, no different really from any other instrument.

"We've never used guitars just for the sake of it," says Stuart. "There's even a synthesiser on 'Harvest Home', but I feel that I can express myself better by playing the guitar than I can on a keyboard. But it's the emotion in a song that really counts, not what it's played on. Take something like Yazoo's 'Only You', which would be a great song whether it was played on guitars or synthesisers.

"At the same time, I always find guitars more exciting in a live situation."

Big Country are frequently spoken of alongside the likes of other guitar bands like U2 and The Alarm, although Stuart shies away from the comparison, prefering to see them as part of a much wider sphere that also includes the Bunnymen, Dexys and The Style Council.

"If there are any kindred bands, it is those who are presenting music as something to be shared. I think we should be wary of making an anti-fashion into a fashion. One of the reasons that certain groups are being lumped together, ourselves included, is that there is still a certain innocence about what they do. A lot of people still feel very deeply about music and that's a good way to be. It's a bit like watching Callum growing up. Everything is still absolutely amazing to him."

AT THE core of Big Country lies an assertion of basic human values like pride and dignity. The songs of Stuart Adamson are inextricably linked to his family life and the small town community that surrounds him, although he is certainly not turning a blind eye to universal concerns.

"My family have always been a source of inspiration. I love them very much and a lot of the things I write about come from them. But having a son has also made me even more atomaically aware. I really want to have the chance of seeing him grow up. Since the Second World War people have had to learn to live with the fear that we could all be blown up tomorrow, and I think that has put a lot of barriers between people, making them more selfish.

"But the hardest thing to come to terms with, as far as the nuclear thing goes, is the fact that it would be a human being that presses the trigger. It wouldn't be a quirk of fate or an accident. It would be a supposedly rational decision. That's the most terrifying thing."

Few of Adamson's songs confront any specific social topics, but there can be no doubting his conviction that rock in 1983 simply cannot help but have underlying political convictions.

"Scotland is steeped in trade unionism and a socialist history, and I think some of those socialist values, that sense of fair play and justice, come across in the songs.

"It's just something that is ingrained in you when you see most of your uncles and your father working in a pit or a dockyard, particularly when you see how desperate things have become at the moment.

"Up in Dunfermline, they are killing off all the old industries and putting nothing in their place. At the same time they are educating all the kids in a Victorian work ethic, giving them the idea that they are going to be able to walk into a career of their choice when they leave school.

"The truth is that they will be lucky if they get a job that lasts a couple of months. To slap school leavers in the face like that is disgusting. If there are no jobs, then we should be showing people how to express themselves and be creative with their leisure time.

"Having a son makes you worry a lot about education, not just the things that children are taught in schools but also what they read in papers and magazines. Even some of the pop papers are getting extremely right wing the way they just project a complete fantasy that has nothing to do with the real world.

"I don't care if *Record Mirror*, *Smash Hits* or *No 1* ever print anything about us again. As far as I'm concerned they deal in complete shit. You'll always get the excuse that they are giving the kids what they want. But I think the fact that groups like us and others are having hits proves that it's not all they want!

"The fact that sales of records are dropping generally shows that people are getting disillusioned with a lot of the rubbish that they are being fed. A lot of pop music is just an extension of the kind of subtle repression that you get from the media.

"Music should reflect the feeling of the times but instead most of it is purely escapist. It's like some bright object that a magpie might pick up for a while and then toss away."

Big Country are striving for something far greater through their belief in music as a force to define and assert spirit and individuality.

"I still believe that music has a very important part to play in people's lives," finishes Stuart. "If we ever do anything that helps to give people an idea of self, then we'll have done something worth doing."

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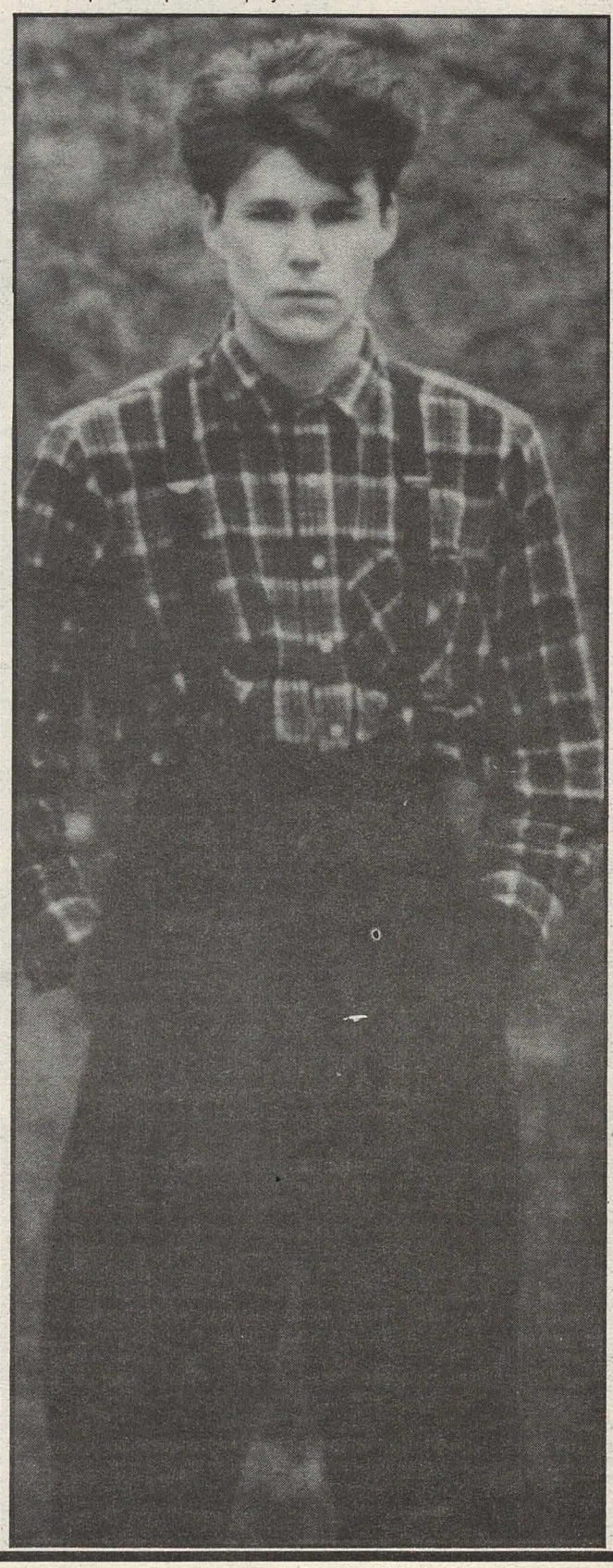

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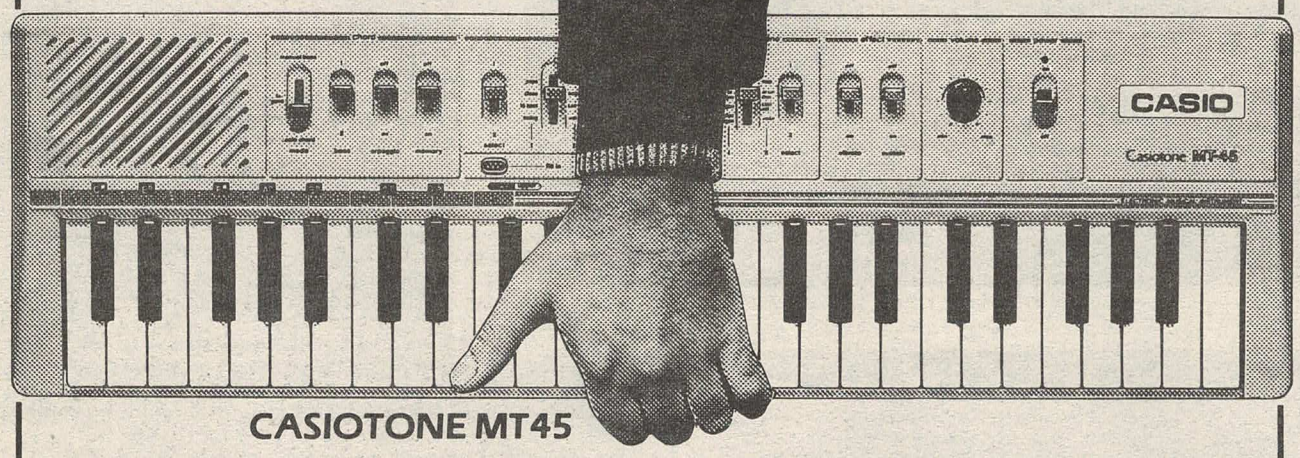

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LPs

LONG PLAYERS

HOOKLINE AND DRINKER

Do we refer to TOM WAITS or IAN PENMAN? Singer and writer share a hangover.

Tom Waits by Ian Wright

PEECH BOYS

Life Is Something Special (*Island*)

THIS RECORD leaves me at a complete loss to understand what it is about The Peech Boys that has driven some observers into flourishes of verbal hyperbole.

They don't make music that comes anywhere close to the clarity and vision previously suggested: their mainstay is a tiresome, unimaginative dance music decorated with sketchy rhythms and embellishments, few of which ever bind together in a cogent attack.

The Peech Boys are six New Yorkers, taking equal writing and playing credit – and they seldom rise above providing shallow reflections of the past few years in either department. The only time they had me catching my breath was when I looked at the sleeve and found that it had taken all six of them to to come up with the derivative disco rock strut of 'Love Kills Pain' or the closing 'On A Journey' (an experimental mood piece that beats Brian Eno's ambient excursions at being the very personification of tedium).

A very very poor man's Was Not Was, The Peech Boys fall prey to all the major pratfalls that supposedly super-slick NYC musos are prone to – namely artistic insularity and inertia. They try for a glorious mix between the dancefloor, soulful harmonies and the burgeoning rock beast but they lack the shrewd sensibility to make the hybrid credible.

Gavin Martin

TOM WAITS

Swordfishtrombones (*Island*)

now, Before I step before you again to review some music, and then have to face an old familiar tune (*videlicet*: guilty of obscurantism), I shall insure myself, favour and function, with the briefest exergue. To wit – my capitation, and guarantee: SWORDFISHTROMBONES (ILPS 9762), Tom Waits' latest work, is the scene of a most uncommon lustre, and should – dear listener, I implore you – be purchased.

now, *I was looking out my window speculating the possibilities of dust what was without glass was most late almost martini a dry green grey uniform and about to defoliate but waits now, look who shows up in the same place! so, I kicked out my diaries (two sisters in black that order) hocked my hangover and, as luck would say after a few "how strange the notes string together in sobriety!"*

now and then: SWORDFISHTROMBONES represents Tom Waits. To save the lease, an ex-pirate's renavigation. To wit: 15 tracks or bands (no details on its sleeve, though) which, speaking as critic – as I can – shatter a certain uniformity that threatened to overhomogenise the waits; more especially in the last solo LP proper, 'Heartattack And Vine' (Asylum Elektra; fulfillment of said contract?). Bar the eponymous opener, a bit of a (s)ham. Then again, take the first few months of 1983 – some of the TOMWAITSCATALOGUE (eg the flawless earthly paradise that is 'Blue Valentine') was practically my only listening, my window on soul, on form . . . and on his beautiful soundtrack for F. F. Coppola's abysmal *One From The Heart*, hopes stirred of a songsmith's turn, rejuvenation. And then

(now, *If one meddles in etymology, incissions into name, into the deep soil of Middle English, we then remember the* waite *we had: a watchman or public musician – as in*, the city waits – *or, a piece of music played by such a group. Also, a hidden or concealed position, or just one who waits on us. Excuse me, just some thoughts waiting for a new "Tom Waits" to arrive*).

now, to catch our breath: SWORDFISHTROMBONES – a risk taken, a conglomeration of differences, of an altogether different TOMWAITS. Each of 15 tracks is a difference in texture, tempo, temperature, without a dilettante's dialect anywhere evident. He has broken into the store of "traditional" (some obvious, some forgotten folk or ethnic musics) sounds, and the peculiar, almost deranged economy of SWORDFISHTROMBONES allows for the utmost condensation. His prismatic troubador's bluesjazzfolketc is not the instance of someone living on in around or off the past – nostalgia over the loss of a 'simpler' life – but something genuinely American, as its instability reflects the immigrant flux of the point of any origin, of his origin-soaked sources. Hear, Waits gets the most grasping "white blues", not by overhauling or polishing the motor, but through sly tampering, some let-loose sump. The sinuous sonorous resonance of these snapsongs is indeed the possibility of any (more) songs, of going *on* in off the past – considered not as a finite point but an always *present* transfer or trace.

now, Here is a man who listens a lot more than we know. (A lot more than your super informative *Face*: In their Waits article, the late Harry Partch – whose spirit echoes wildly around this LP – is described as an "apocryphal" figure). He recognises the profound strangeness in the clear speech of folk musics and his words assume an organic, jumbled life of their own; sounds as places, places as sounds, instrumental plants, familiar phrases which, on closer inspection, reveal the oddest watermark. Let us go right overboard and say that both sound and song mesh to create the conditions for "the greatest possible synchrony with the greatest potential for buried, accumulated, and interwoven intentions within each linguistic atom, each vocable, each word, each proposition, in all worldly cultures and their most ingenious forms." (J Derrida.) SWORDFISHTROMBONES features a positive cornucopia of neglected instruments, some for the undergrowth, some without names, some which don't even sound instrumental. You'll understand if I don't begin to itemize, then.

now, *it seems the new "Tom Waits" has turned up trumpets trauberts, braid and butter but my new wristwatch – "should go for sentries" said the guy on the stall – tells me my time has passed on the jukbox now "strangers now, funny how . . . things can change" and the trees settled down, got married everything's gone indehiscent the colour (of the BONES) is Copenhagen blue through my red eyes I see it's ninefortysev- damn watch has fallen asleep on me so I guess* now, *it's closing time.*

Ian Penman

RICK: A RIGHT SWANKER!

"Hoskyns m'man! You got it right!"

RICK JAMES

Cold Blooded (*Motown*)

IN THE freak funk stakes, high-livin' devil-may-care Rick James rates as a bit of a clown. As you'll know if you caught his *Rockpalast* TV gig, the man is formidably uncool, and won't think twice about dragging 'Mary Jane' to 11 hippyish minutes if it'll make a bunch of Krauts chortle a little longer.

Betwixt ourselves, fun to funky like, where Bootsy is camp, Rick's pure kitsch; where Clinton is a collage, James is a cartoon.

But that is his key, that he's a lovable goon who poses minimal threat to Caucasian life. Motown didn't buy the 'Come Get It' tapes because James claimed he could out-pfunk Clinton. They bought them precisely because he was wholesome. I mean, after seeing Rick James, who'd *want* to smoke marijuana?

Slick Rick was no high priest of funkentelechy. More Casper than Bootzilla, he just wanted some fun. That was proved when 1978's hit 'You & I' turned out to be a simple bootee ball of clavinets and twirling reeds, less 'Stretchin' Out' than KC & the Sunshine Band. But James has been good for Motown. He's never made a 'Skin Tight' yet he's supplied them with solid funk that picks up where Norman Whitfield and the early Commodores left off. It's derivative as hell, but it has a trashy swank all its own.

1981's 'Street Songs' gave Motown a double platinum, and with top-drawer funk like 'Ghetto Life' and 'Give It To Me', it was deserved. That's why it was disappointing, on last year's 'Throwin' Down', to find him resigned to acting as a kind of dummy between the P-Funk past and the Gap Band present – in other words, a stop-Gap. Sure, he still wanted to do his own thang – take his freaky chick to Hollywood and smoke a coupla tons of reefer – but after 'Street Songs', 'Throwin' Down' sounded about as tame as 'Fool On The Street' sounded after 'One Nation Under A Groove'. 'Dance Wit Me' was a pitiful contraction of 'Give It To Me', 'Money Talks' licked up the crumbs of 'Ghetto Life', and if 'Hard To Get' improved on the awful but contagious 'Super Freak', it hardly seemed worth the effort. In funk circles, James was a lost cause.

So it gives me no small pleasure to tell you of his excellent new album, which turns neatly on a dirty trick: after slagging Pinocchio Prince for fakin' the funk, James turns round, cribs the lad's and of course does it ten times better. 'Cold-Blooded' is a big, hard sound that dispenses with all the excess baggage of post-Clinton funk, all the clicks and claptracks, crap and clicktraps, and goes straight for the backbone, to clear, hard essentials. Expert drum programmes give the sound less kick and more bottom; it's a solid pump, pure rocking funk, and the first time James has made any *space* for his music.

'Doin' It' and 'U Bring The Freak Out' are the party dancers: 'Doin' It' has the basic electro-clap from 'Little Red Corvette' and stomps through a take on Chaka Khan's 'Tearin' It Up', held together by that great keyboard from his Mary Jane Girls' 'Candy Man', 'Freak' is heavy disco that I can't stop jumping to.

'1, 2, 3 (U, Her, And Me)' is a typical James saga of the eternal *ménage*, but again set to the most punishing pulse, ending up like a combustion of D-Train, 'Lady Cab Driver', and The Thompson Twins. *Très* kinky! On 'Cold-Blooded' itself, James takes on Prince man-to-man, trampling over the short-legged one's plastic sensuality with a labial lasciviousness which somehow manages to equate cold blood with wild, freaky sex.

Less satisfactorily, 'New York Town' is a dull tribute to the fast-laner's metropolis of choice. More salient is the fact that it flows straight into the cautionary tale of 'P.I.M.P. The S.I.M.P.', where all that 'New York Town' celebrates ends in one dead prostitute, lying in the underwear that James would otherwise be hoisting Blowfly-style over his head as a flag of conquest. 'P.I.M.P.' is dedicated to the memory of a real person and burns with a real pain. Like the man said, in the ghetto you don't have to hurry; it'll be there tomorrow. On 'New York Town', the cabbie won't take James uptown so's he can paaarty; on 'P.I.M.P.', Grandmaster Flash takes a superstar tourist to the *real* Harlem.

Finally, two gorgeous ballads. The 'Garden Of Love' album has tended to make people write James off as a balladeer, but 'Ebony Eyes' and 'Tell Me (What You Want)' are gigantic, almost Spectorian affairs, all booming drum and mellotronic swathes, choruses and bridges that lift the heart only to melt it in aural dissolve. These are the wide, sweeping love testaments James was aiming for in 'Spacey Love', in 'Teardrops', in 'Fire And Desire'. Here he's on target, helped out on 'Eyes' by wonderful Smokey Robinson and on 'Tell Me' by a Barry White cameo from Billy Dee Williams.

These beauties bolster a record that should see James restored to some at least honorary position in the hierarchy of funk. It feels like he's taken more time and more care. It's very commercial but it's a tough mutha. Fire it up.

Barney Hoskyns

LIGHTNING STRIKES

BILLY JOEL
An Innocent Man (*CBS*)

SIT ON my knees little boys and I'll tell y'all the tale of Billy Joe Boil, a true product of what is know in this biz as the 'post war baby boom' or, to the world at large, as the generation that homogenized a nation. I am constantly reassured that even though I understand Mr Innocent, having spent many years residing in the same medium medium suburban area he hails from, it is still possible for me to hate his guts. This is the best record he's ever made, no catchy tunes which sneak up behind you and get into your brain via your butt and come dribbling out of your lips in flat tuneless whistles and squeaks. No redeeming features whatsoever.

Annene Kaye

JOE JACKSON
Mike's Murder (*A & M*)

A SOUNDTRACK album, this one; five songs, three instrumentals. And very weird it is too. It veers from the rewrite of 'Stepping Out' that is 'Cosmopolitan' to the 11-minute fake jazz of 'Zemio'. In between 'Mike's Murder' takes in the traditional Joe Jackson tired-and-sensitive ballad that he did so well on 'Night And Day', a song in which Joe compares himself to Dorothy in *The Wizard Of Oz*, and generally provides a collection of music that is too insistent for a soundtrack, yet too bland for a *bona fide* album. Since it's exactly the same band he used for 'Night And Day', maybe the whole lot is a collection of out-takes from that record; but, whatever, it's as the old saying goes – I don't know what the film's like, but the soundtrack's murder ...

David Quantick

THE MICHAEL SHENKER GROUP
Built To Destroy (*Chrysalis*)

THE PRIME element 'bout this slipped disc is the Yes-It-Really-Happened dust cover which features a wonderful girl from the reform school of dear, dishevelled, tearstained, pouty, underdressed and underage. The true Mad Michael reigns terror down on a Mercedes in the fore and aft with the old Flying V, his only explanationat the time was a thick, Ger-manic "Et ees better to smash up der car than to smash up der wife, no?" If only you would smash up the vinyl as in the days of yore Michae. but guitar heroics don't cure synthersitus. Wheezing keyboards galore, no? No.

Annene Kaye

ROSWELL RUDD AND OTHERS
Regeneration (*Soulnote*)

ARTHUR BLYTHE
Light Blue (*CBS*)

Black Arthur's light blues. Pic Anton Corbijn

TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS

'REGENERATION' IS a special record because its first side is a tribute to pianist Herbie Nichols. Jazz is full of stories of talents wasted or self-destructing, but the story of Nichols, whose talent was simply ignored, is one of the saddest of them all.

It's 20 years last April since Nichols died, at the age of 44, of leukemia; though the two people who knew him at the time and have written about him since – trombonist Roswell Rudd and critic A. B. Spellman – both attribute his death as much to a broken heart: the end result of long years of neglect, despair and the soul-crushing tedium of playing with banal Dixieland bands – the only work he could get – when his own brilliantly original and modern compositions were shunned by the white jazz establishment.

As Roswell Rudd wrote in his sleevenotes to Nichols' now-deleted 'Third World' double on Blue Note: "Herbie Nichols never intended to be a martyr, that was definitely not his bag, yet we are forced by the ironies of the system to add his murder to the appalling list of geniuses, black and otherwise, who have fallen victim to the inequities of 'free enterprise'."

So 'Regeneration' is a labour of love on which Rudd honours both Nichols and, on side two, Thelonious Monk, another piano genius whose contributions were for many years overlooked. Joining Rudd are a group of excellent European-based improvisers; Steve Lacy (soprano sax), Kent Carter (bass), Misha Mengelberg (piano) and Han Bennink (drums). Over this agile rhythm section, the LP unfolds around a sweet/sour, sax/trombone dialogue, as Lacy and Rudd take turns to pursue this music's endless potential for fresh emotional response.

As a thumbnail guide, you could say that Nichols' music was more cerebral, less sardonic than Monk's; but the common approach on 'Regeneration' highlights the similarities: dense rhythmic textures and subtle ballad colourings, occasional offbeat jauntiness and a shared gift for gritty, yet attractive tunes. The result is an LP of totally engrossing music, executed with skill and affection; one of the year's finest. Herbie Nichols should have lived to hear it: they do him proud.

Thelonious Monk is also remembered on Arthur Blythe's new LP, 'Light Blue'. It's devoted entirely to Monk tunes, though in the context of Blythe's unusual instrumentation – he uses his tuba/cello/guitar/drums group – the outcome is Monk tunes in distinctively Blythean settings.

Indeed, while Monk's originals are treated with respect, it's Blythe's lyrical alto which is the LP's dominant spirit – by turns yearning, passionate, peaceful, and with a directness that Monk himself rarely favoured. The LP mixes Monk staples with less-anthologised items like 'Light Blue' and 'Coming On The Hudson', the former proving the LP's highspot – a lovely, mellow reading by an alto/tuba/cello trio which smoothes out Monk without ever diminishing his power.

Like Archie Shepp, Arthur Blythe is intent on reclaiming the tradition and re-presenting it in a contemporary context; and, like Shepp, his results are never less than fascinating. 'Light Blue' is yet another great LP by Arthur Blythe.

Graham Lock

ON TARGET

ARROW
Hot Hot Hot (*Air*)

CHECK OUT this new lick! At Carnival everywhere you went you heard 'Hot Hot Hot'; every other steel and every other sound was playing it and if you planned your itinerary correctly you could probably have got through the entire weekend without hearing any other song. Music getting louder getting sweeter YEAH!

You are not going to be able to get away with ignoring the Arrow much longer. As one of the leading soca masters, he creates a sound that is going to be a vital ingredient in the new music that's coming. Soca is — literally – an abbreviation for 'soul-calypso', but what it is is calypso that's been spiked with 100° proof funk so that it's crammed to bursting with exuberant, eccentric, manically precision-tooled horn lines, funk-reggae bass that comes at you sideways, knocks you out and scoops you back up, nifty little rhythm guitar licks that'd have Nile Rodgers licking his chops, an explosion of percussion and a 16-to-the-bar cowbell tick-tock that hurts so nice you just want it (never) to stop. Plenty action!

More and more soca touches are cropping up in contemporary pop hits, though the only soca star to have had a real crack at the pop charts was the mighty Explainer with his classic 'Lorraine'. Now here comes the Arrow as the first soca master to get his album released (at last) by a UK major, and 'Hot Hot Hot' is the absolute business. Six tunes averaging out at six minutes a throw: tunes about the problems of not having enough money (though I gather that this is not a problem that the Arrow has had recently), songs about the joys of party-hopping, all hustling along at a hipper than hip clip.

It's the best way to get straight into that soca groove, which means that you're going to want to check other Arrow albums like 'Instant Knockout' or some Explainer music like the 'Man From The Ghetto' album, or maybe something by Shadow or Wellington. You owe it to your feet. Mash it!

Charles Shaar Murray

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Y & T

Mean Streak (*A & M*)

UFO

Headstone; The Best Of UFO (*Chrysalis*)

AXE

Nemesis (*Atco*)

AND HERE we are again on the brink of the rigmarole, the cliched ritual of . . . the *NME* heavy metal review! Once again a hack batters a brain against a nodding wall of brickheads and the simple answer comes back at drum splitting volume: "*We are here and there's no end / We keep on coming again.*"

The reply could have been formulated by any one of the bands here, it's superfluous to attribute it to a single hairy head, for this is the war cry, and these bands are a powerfully cohesive fraternity. One for all and all for one. Whether old wave or 'new' wave of the heavy metal hordes they hold the hierarchy in awe, the caste system of the Marshall stack size. Is there no-one cocky enough to take a swipe at the established structure? Or do they simply stand to gain more by meekly joining the foot of the ladder and hoping for their time to come?

After years of staring with straightforward loathing at this dandruffed mass, it would seem to be the time to look for something of interest in there – a metal man with, if not a brain (that surely would be too much to hope for), then at least a mouth, some love-to-hate big-head who might mess up the stifling *politeness* of these fearsome stadium warriors. We thought it might be Snider – but he flunked out. The beast has become too big for a single man, so Snider gulps and tells us: "When critiquing (sic) the only question to answer is 'Did he get the job done?'"

Well sure, these bands get the job done, and that's what makes these LPs so immensely dull.

UFO form the bridging point between the old masters and the young apprentices; perhaps the prototype professionals, they've sandblasted the rough-hewn form that appears at the beginning of this collection and arrived with something certainly lacking the outlawed quality of snottiness, but compared with the trimmer forms of Axe and Y & T, they seem still untidy.

Axe particularly have honed the form down to a sleek core and developed the perfectly evolved professional heavy metal: "*Lonely nights out on the highway / Dreamin' of a girl I left / A million miles ago / The thunder of these engines / Write out my story / And they spill it on the road.*" Pure, perfect and archetypal, the final incarnation of a song passed down across generations.

Just one thing, I can't really imagine greasy hard cases going for this sort of thing. Radical progression they might not expect, but they do seem to seek for something that could reflect the *nastiness* they hope they embody. Black Sabbath had it – that violent air from the middle of a Midlands nowhere. But when it comes to Axe, most of whom look like Bill Oddie with extra bodily hair, well the greasy ones would have guffawed loudly and left them to the schoolboys and the Yanks.

Of course Y & T and Axe, good professionals that they are, would keep their mouths shut, but quietly snigger to themselves, safe in the knowledge that it's there they'll make their fortune. Maybe even take a few more steps up the ladder.

Don Watson

No passion from this Ordinary Joe. Pic Anton Corbijn

TIRED AND FEATHERED

GRAHAM PARKER

The Real Macaw (*RAC*)

IT WOULD be very tempting to take a withering look at this LP's horribly punning title and matching sleeve, and crack an equally feeble witticism such as "Sick as a parrot ..." Well, 'The Real Macaw' is nowhere near *that* bad, but Graham Parker has done it all before – and much better. Every song is a shadow of an uplifting original.

'The Real Macaw''s feel is much lighter, more mentholatedly American radio, more *ear candy* than any previous effort; producer David Kershenbaum pulls off the stroke of such sturdy British stalwarts as Brinsley Schwartz on guitar and ex-Squeeze drummer Gilson Lavis sounding almost transatlantic. But without the bombastic rock-soul thrust of old, GP seems indecently underdressed.

The laboured imagery, forced rhymes and portentous cliches stand revealed now that Parker has swapped his faithful old raincoat for a chiffon nightie. Not, of course, that there hasn't been a decline in his writing since such great numbers as 'White Honey', 'Thunder And Rain', and 'Passion Is No Ordinary Word'.

Listening again to those warhorses reveals a plethora of the duffest, most banal lines committed to posterity, but backed up by The Rumour's muscle, the impassioned, sincere commitment of his delivery boosted these thundering platitudes to the heights of credible excitement. And Graham Parker the Ordinary Joe was always more *likeable* than his 'rival', Smart Alec Elvis Costello.

As for this set, quality ranges from the menopausal jollity of 'Life Gets Better' to the quietly dramatic conspiracy theory of 'Passive Resistance'. As for Parker's knack of transcending lyrical clumsiness through spirited and poignant performance, this is well illustrated in 'You Can't Take Love For Granted', a plangent shuffle through the pathos of dead romance and flowering deceit. Few others could get away with such lines as "*I get so hungry/I eat my heart out*" or "*I get so wired/And make the wrong connections*".

In his stridently unsubtle, tender-tough way, Graham Parker is a pretty good *soul* singer. But for the most part this disc is polly filler.

Mat Snow

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TOP OF THE POP WEEKLIES

BETTE MIDLER

No Frills (*Atlantic*)

OK, FORGET the drip through the roof. Forget the mortgage and the DHSS snoop halfway through the letterbox. Imagine a night out on the town with the golddust flying (and this doesn't mean a lucky streak on the fruit machine down the local). Envisage a Las Vegas glitterland of temptation and taboo where the dice keep rolling, the chips moving, the shorts pouring, and the *wimmin* . . . well, let's just say the homely wifeys are safe at home with the kids and the jacuzzi and the only wimmin here are big, bold and *baaaad*.

Under the roulette table a whimpering Hall and Oates can be seen clutching each other in mortal terror and yelping about family obligations. But hell hath no fury like a *femme fatale* scorned, and Bette advances ruthlessly, talons outstretched to ensnare hearts and wallets.

Of course the soundtrack is 'No Frills', trenchant relentless orchestrated sleaze, MOR for menopausal executives looking for a Bette on the side to revive sagging morales and bods.

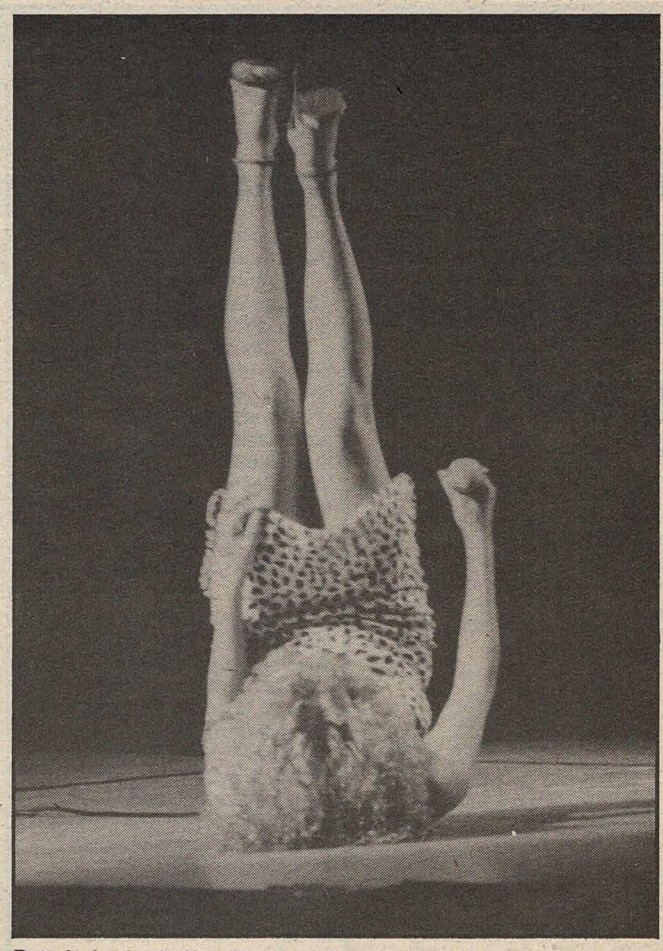
As a Midler LP, though, 'No Frills' is disappointingly tame. There's nothing with half the suss 'n' sass of her version of Carol Bayer Sager's 'You're Moving Out Today' or the bluesy guts of 'Friends', not even anything as hair-tearingly dreadful as her bastardisation of 'Alabama Song'. Fledgling loudmouths, the back-up Harlettes have been relegated in favour of some typically smooooooth sessioneers, the kind of accomplished musicians who'd make a bout of hiccups cohesive.

Bette herself has lost a lot of grit and gained copious quantities of that vital C & W ingredient, pathos. "*Is it love that makes the wrld go round?*" she wails in traumatic angst as if querying the very fabric of existence, then repeats herself eight times to make sure her dilemma of indecision isn't missed.

As they go, 'All I Need To Know', 'Come Back Jimmy Dean' and 'Soda And A Souvenier' are quite poignant hand-on-heart confessionals. "*I'm just a girl with moonlight in my eyes,*" she breathes in the latter, pleading naivety as her downfall, but her renunciation of fast living doesn't last long and she leaps back into her bully-beefette-on-heat role in 'My Eye On You' and a painful cover of the Stones' already painful 'Beast Of Burden'.

Inevitably, Bette as straight singer without additional gab is quipless and quirkless, very much of a nonentity and hardly a threat to anyone's moral fibre. Someone tell Hall and Oates they can come out now.

Leyla Sanai



Bette's in the belfry. Pic Tom Sheehan

BETTE THE BULLY BEEFETTE

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SHOUTERS AND SLIDESLINGERS

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY woke up this morning . . .

BLUES

OVER THE last few years, the increasing artistic bankruptcy of hard rock has – by association – led to a corresponding critical discrediting of the blues. The blues may have had a baby which was called rock and roll, but the (musical) sins of the children have been laid at the doors of parents who also had many other babies. Those aspects of the blues which have received most attention in the last 15 or 20 years have been those which have been most directly assimilated by rock musicians: the guitar-and harmonica-dominated Delta blues which served as the source for the driving, rumbustious bar-band blues of Chicago.

But the blues is a rich and fertile land which is bordered on all sides: by blues, by soul, by jazz and by reggae as well as by rock. If disenchantment with rock damaged the critical reputation of the Delta and Chicago blues, contemporary interest in jazz and soul roots have created a corresponding surge of curiosity concerning city blues, jump blues and classic blues: the music of New Orleans, Kansas City and Texas now assumes equal prominence to that of Memphis or Chicago.

Albert King once said *the blues don't change*. He's dead right: you can hear the blues wherever the blues ends up. The Valentine Bros' brilliant 'Money's Too Tight To Mention' and Syl Johnson's 'Ms Fine Brown Frame' are essentially blues performances despite their dancefloor snap, and there has never been a jazz great who couldn't play the blues.

Take **King Curtis**. The boss of soul horn, he played fine jazz when he let his hair down and when the mood hit him, he was a more than capable blues singer. 'That's Alright' (*Red Lightnin'*) catches Curtis at a session cut between 1960 and 1962 where, backed by a rhythm quartet and a female vocal trio, he soars and roars through a selection of blues tunes including B. B. King's 'Woke Up This Morning', Amos Milburn's 'Bad Bad Whiskey' and Chuck Willis' 'Don't Deceive Me' as well as a few of his own. His alto sounds loose and dangerous, and the whole set swings with a vengeance.

A slightly later Curtis band – featuring, interestingly enough, both the leader himself and Oliver Nelson on tenors – can be heard backing the Jamaican-born Detroit guitarist **Eddie Kirkland** on 'The Way It Was' (*Red Lightnin'*). Kirkland is best known for his work with John Lee Hooker, but his own music is considerably defter and broader than Hooker's industrial-strength Delta shamanism. 'Saturday Night Stomp' is a rhumba for razors and it's a while since I have heard a more affecting moment on a record than the desolate repeated cry of "I'm by my*self*!" with which Kirkland fades out on 'Train Done Gone'.

On 'Early Big Joe' (*MCA Jazz Heritage*), a singer whose contributions to blues, jazz and rock have successfully kept him beyond categorisation can be heard in the most beautifully sympathetic surroundings. It showcases **Big Joe Turner** in the early '40s, backed by bands which include Pete Johnson, Art Tatum and Willie 'The Lion' Smith as the pianists. 'Rebecca' is as near as dammit the Turner / Johnson duo's celebrated 'Roll 'Em Pete' signature tune, and Turner's vocals – rich and robust, but never anything other than sophisticated and flexible – are as powerful and rewarding as on the better-known Atlantic material that he cut ten years later.

The same series also presents a fabulous collection from the same period showcasing pianist **Jay McShann** alongside vocalist **Walter Brown** and a young altoist who McShann was employing at the time, known as **Charlie Parker**. 'The Early Bird' features Parker on most of the tunes, except on McShann and Brown's best-known composition 'Confessin' The Blues', which entered the repertoire of countless terrible bands on both sides of the Atlantic after successive covers by Chuck Berry and The Rolling Stones. In this orthodox big band blues setting, Parker's playing is admirable: cool and loose, able to flow right outside the changes and yet not leave the structure behind. Much of what he laid down in tunes like 'Hootie Blues' and 'Swingmatism' would reappear in his later mature work: it is pure blues and pure Charlie Parker.

From even further back, the *MCA Jazz Treasury* time machine dredges up 'Mr Hi-De-Ho', a sparkling grab-bag of **Cab Calloway** material from 1930–1, in which the infinitely stylish star of Harlem supperclub jazz'n' blues sails – with dazzling ease – through everything from an unbelievably pain-wracked and intense 'St James Infirmary' to a 'St Louis Blues' where he out-scats and out-vocaleses the entire universe. Calloway's suave, self-parodic cool and spectacularly staged shows had a lot of influence on the contemporary Darnellian approach, the horn section are as 1930s flashy and precise as could be desired . . . and the album features both 'Minnie The Moocher' and 'Kickin' The Gong Around', an early version of the opium song that they cut (no pun intended) to perfection a couple of years later.

On the current blues line, Muddy Waters' old back-up team have now regrouped as **The Legendary Blues Band** under the leadership of harpist Jerry Portnoy, who has produced 'Red Hot 'N'Blue' (*Rounder*) as well as writing most of the tunes. Unfortunately, the LBB sound exactly like a backing group without a leader, and even the usually superb drumming of Willie Big Eyes Smith is sadly subdued. The last thing the world needs is a dull blues band.

Slide veteran **J. B. Hutto** sounds similarly under the weather on 'Slideslinger' (*Varrick*): his bottleneck is as swoopingly precise as ever and his backing trio – The New Hawks – are right and tight on every beat, but the session only catches fire on a nice, tough reading of Broonzy's 'I Feel So Good'.

Finally, newcomer **Isaac Scott** appears on his second session as leader on the winningly self-deprecating 'Big Time Blues Man' (*Red Lightnin'*). His niftiest trick is to turn The Beatles' 'Help!' into a riveting slow gospel-blues with a haunting string-synth line, but for much of the time he sounds like a prematurely-mellow Albert King, playing clean plunking Telecaster lines that lack either shocks or surprises in front of a tight predictable band that knows its stuff but doesn't seem to be feeling it on the night.

Charles Shaar Murray

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Record News

AND THERE'S MORE ON PAGE 46

● **Unity,** the seven-piece Birmingham band who won the Prince's Trust competition and subsequently appeared before Prince Charles, have their debut album 'Heat Your Body Up' released next Monday (26). All the tracks were penned by the group, and it's on the new Virgin/Charisma label.

● **The UK Players** have their second RCA single issued next week, 'You Make Me Feel'/'Landslide'. It's again written and performed by Phil Bishop and Patrick Seymour who, apart from their role as this particular group, continue to appear on numerous recordings by top British artists.

● Sugar Hill Records (licensed to PRT Records in the UK), the label specialising in New York street sounds, comes up next week with another highly topical rap-funk single. It is 'Break Dancin' – Electric Boogie'/'Let Your Mind Be Free' by the **West Street Mob.**

● New singer-composer **Nik Kershaw** from Essex releases his debut single 'I Won't Let The Sun Go Down On Me'/'Dark Glasses' on MCA this weekend. Besides writing and singing both tracks, he also plays drums, bass, guitar and keyboards.

Greensleeves in reggae bonanza

GREENSLEEVES, the specialist reggae label, have a batch of worth-while releases this month. *Clint Eastwood & General Saint's* new single, taken from their 'Stop The Train' album, is 'Rock With Me' – there's an alternative remix on the B-side, while the 12-incher features an extended remix plus the bonus of another LP track, 'True Vegetarian'. The title track from *Eek-A-Mouse's* album 'Wa-Do-Dem' is reissued in seven-inch form, coupled with 'Noah's Ark'. 'On The Rocks' is the third album from *Wailing Souls*, backed by Roots Radics, and there's a free colour poster in the first 5000 copies. All these are out this weekend, and they're followed on 30 September by the *John Holt* single 'Private Doctor'/'Peeping Tom', both taken from his 'Police In Helicopter' LP. Greensleeves is distributed by Spartan and Jet Star.

● Romford progressive band **Tamarisk** this week release their new four-track EP 'Lost Properties'. Until a vinyl version is issued in late autumn, it's available in cassette form at £2 (including p&p) from LTC Records and Tapes, 3B Hacton House, Hacton Lane, Upminster. Tracks featured are 'An Alien Heat', 'Mojo', 'Royal Flush' and 'No Room At The Top'.

● Animal Records release the 12-inch single 'Wild Style Theme – Rap 1', from the US film *Wild Style* which has just opened at London ICA. Coupled with 'Rap 2', it's by **Grandmaster Caz,** with music by **Chris Stein.** An album of the film music follows in a week or two.

BONEY M release their first single in over a year on 30 September — titled 'Jambo–Hakuna Matata (No Problems)' and coupled with 'African Moon'. Both tracks were produced by the group's creator and guiding light, Frank Farian.

SHAKATAK, who've just started an extensive UK tour, have a new single released by Polydor on 30 September to tie in with their outing. Titled 'Out Of This World', it comes in both 7" and 12" forms — and it happens also to be the title track from their new album, due out on 7 October.

THE MOODY BLUES, back in the charts with their album 'The Present', are releasing a new single on 30 September on their Threshold Records label (through WEA). Already riding high in the US charts, it is 'Sitting At The Wheel'/'Sorry', and it will also be available as 12-inch.

DIANA ROSS has a new single issued by Capitol next Monday (26), the second to be lifted from her current album 'Ross'. It's a specially remixed version of 'Upfront' coupled with 'Love Or Loneliness', available in both 7" and 12" formats.

CULTURE, the cult reggae act, are to have their classic album 'Bald Head Bridge' reissued next month. Containing much original material, it's been unavailable in the UK for many years, and it now re-appears on the Magnum Music Group's black music label Blue Moon.

THE LOTUS EATERS seek to prove they're not just a one hit wonder when, on 30 September, they release their follow-up to 'The First Picture Of You' through Arista. Titled 'You Don't Need Someone New', it comes in both 7" and 12" versions, the latter featuring an extended mix. The flip is 'Two Virgins Tender'.

● Kevin Nixon and Alan Campion, both formerly with Expulsion Records, have launched the Powerstation label — it's based in York, where it operates in association with Song Management, who own four rehearsal studios and a recording studio. First two singles on 3 October are 'Within These Walls'/'Swimming Into The Doctor' by **Strange Days** and 'Powergame'/'Killer City' by hard rockers **Tokyo Blade,** whose self-named debut album follows on 31 October. Distribution is through Pinnacle.

● The second album by **Pink Industry,** titled 'Who Told You You Were Naked', is released this weekend by Zulu Records (through Rough Trade). From the same source comes a mini-LP called '(The World's) Greatest Hits', a collection of archive recordings of radio reporters' coverage of some of the major events of the '60s and '70s, including the Kennedy assassinations and the Kent State Massacre.

● From Xcentric Noise Records & Tapes comes the 80-minute cassette 'Grievous Musical Harm', a world punk compilation featuring 39 tracks, together with information sheets (price £2.50). Same label also issues the six-track EP 'The Infection Grows' by **The Headcleaners.** Distribution is through Red Rhino and The Cartel.

● As the follow up to their double tape issued in February, Third Mind Records now release the triple C60 cassette 'Rising From The Red Sand, Volumes3/4/5' featuring one track eacy by 40 groups including **Test Department, Hula, Chris & Cosey, Portion Control** and **Legendary Pink Dots.** Also out this week is the new **Konstruktivits** album 'Psycho-Genetika'. Distribution is through Rough Trade and The Cartel.

● **J. B.'s All Stars** is a solo project by John 'Brad' Bradbury, drummer with the Special A.K.A. The band will have a flexible line-up, and the first release is a re-working of the John Miles '70s Northern soul classic 'One Minute Every Hour', out this week on the original RCA Victor black and silver label. The B-side is 'The Theme From 903', and there's a 12-inch format featuring an additional extended club mix of the A-side.

● Issued on the Animus label (through Pinnacle) is a single by **Steve Davis** — not the snooker star, but the guy who was recently imprisoned for his part in the rescue of nine beagles from a research laboratory. It features his version of John Lennon's 'Rain', coupled with a composition of his own called 'Get 'Em Out', which concerns the laboratory raid.

FIRST FULL TOUR CONFIRMED

STAND UP FOR YOUTH

MUSICAL YOUTH, who've just returned from reçording their second MCA album in Los Angeles, have now confirmed details of their upcoming UK tour – plans for which were revealed by *NME* two weeks ago. It's their first proper tour in this country, and it coincides with the release of the new LP 'Different Style', which was again produced by Peter Collins.

Their dates are at Portsmouth Guildhall (19 October), Gloucester Leisure Centre (21), Exeter University (22), Blackburn King George's Hall (23), Hanley Victoria Hall (24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Birmingham Hummingbird (27), Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre (28), Poole Arts Centre (29), Newcastle Eldon Square Recreation Centre (31), Middlesbrough Town Hall (1 November) and Sunderland Mayfair (2).

The schedule consists entirely of stand-up alcohol-free venues, with doors opening at 6.30pm, and the group taking the stage at 7.30pm. There is no support act, but each gig has been arranged in conjunction with the relevant local radio station, who will be providing a road show each night. Tickets are on sale now from box-offices and usual outlets, all at the one price of £2 – except Swindon and Middlesbrough, where it's £2.50.

No London date has been included in this tour, but the group are planning a special one-off in the capital later in the year, details to follow.

TROUBLE BREWING FOR JUDIE

ANY TROUBLE have been named as special guests on the lengthy UK tour by Judie Tzuke, opening tonight (Thursday) and continuing until October 12. This is in addition to their own headlining dates announced last week, though they have had to postpone three of their shows in order to accommodate the Tzuke schedule, and these wil be re-arranged as soon as possible – they were due to be at Kent University (6 October), Birmingham Polytechnic (7) and Newcastle University (8). All other previously reported gigs in their own right remain unaffected. In support of this activity, EMI America this week release the group's new single 'I'll Be Your Man' (7" and 12"), taken from their self-named album.

Christmas is coming!

TWO CULTURE CLUB SPECIALS

CULTURE CLUB, who open their latest British tour this weekend (see Gig Guide), hve now confirmed two special Christmas shows in London. They're at the Hammersmith Odeon, on 19 and 20 December — tickets are available now at the box-office and usual agencies price £5, £4.50 and £4. It was also announced this week that release of the band's new Virgin album, already named as 'Colour By Numbers', is now set for 10 October.

THE HAMMERSMITH MYSTERY – IS IT THE PRETENDERS?

SO WHO wil be the big pre-Christmas attraction at London's Hammersmith Odeon this year? It's long been the tradition for one of the country's top acts to take over the theatre for a string of concerts leading up to Christmas Eve – and last year, Elton John broke the record by playing no less than 14 nights there. By late September, we usually know who it's going to be – but this year, all is quite. So who is capable of filling this prestigious and much-coveted spot for a few nights? Well, the two logical contenders are The Police and Genesis, both of whom are about to announce late-autumn tours leading up to Christmas. Will it be one of them? Our forecast is that it will be neither, and that the honour will go to THE PRETENDERS.

● BUCKS FIZZ are to play a special five-night London season in Christmas week, headlining at the Victoria Apollo from 27 to 31 December inclusive, with two performances on each of the last two nights – tickets are already on sale at the box-office and usual agencies, price £7, £6 and £5. Meanwhile, their latest single 'London Town' is released this weekend by RCA in both 7" and 12" forms – it was written and produced by Andy Hill, though the B-side 'Identity' is a group composition.

● CHAS & DAVE will also be in town for a five-night seasonal showcase though, in their case, it's immediately prior to the holiday. Under the banner of 'Chas & Dave's Xmas Jamboree', they're at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham-Court Road from 14 to 18 inclusive, with an extra children's matinee on Saturday, 17 December (4pm). Special guests are Richard Digance and Sweet Substitute, and tickets are available now at £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (matinee £5, £4 and £3).

TOUR NEWS

AMERICA SENDS MORE TROOPS

Let the Sunshine in!

K.C. & THE SUNSHINE BAND are flying in next month, hot on the heels of their chart-topping success with 'Give It Up', to play their first UK tour for a decade. They'll be performing their recent No. 1 hit and their current Epic single '(You Said) You'd Gimme Some More', as well as many of their earlier favourites, many of which will be included on a 'Greatest Hits' album to be issued in the first week of October. Promoter Derek Block has concentrated mainly on venues suitable for dancing, and the resulting date sheet is:

Eastbourne Congress (12 October), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (13), Hitchin The Regal (14), Chippenham Goldiggers (15), Stockport Davenport (16), Watford Bailey's (17-22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Batley Frontier Club (24), Cardiff St. David's Hall (25), London Victoria The Venue (26), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (27), Great Yarmouth Marine Centre (28), Portsmouth Guildhall (30), Boston Haven Cinema (31) and Blackpool Opera House (1 November). One or two more may be added.

● The Gt. Yarmouth show is the first at the 1800-capacity Marine Centre. The venue has a revolving stage, and it's now hoped to stage a major concert there every month.

K.C. (aka Harry Casey)

SUPREMES, DETROIT EMERALDS

THE SUPREMES with Mary Wilson are back in mid-October for a concert and club tour, promoted by Henry Sellers. Confirmed dates are Camberley Lakeside Country Club (14-15 October), Liverpool Empire (16), Batley Frontier Club (17), London Walthamstow Assembly Hall (19), Worthing Pavilion (20), Birmingham Hummingbird (21), Walsall Bloxwich Club (22), Bath Theatre Royal (23), Lincoln Theatre Royal (24), Margate Winter Gardens (25), Durham Anfield Plains Castles (27-29), cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (31), Reading Hexagon (2 November), Sandown I.o.W. Pier Pavillion (3) and London Wimbledon Theatre (6), with a few more still tobe finalised.

THE DETROIT EMERALDS return to the autumn for a four-week tour, and dates so far confirmed are Birmingham Hummingbird (24 November), Yeovil The Gardens (26), Huddersfield Acapulco Club (30), Wakefield Roof Top Gardens (1 December), Burton Allied Breweries (2), Wigan Maxims (3), Carlisle Casablanca (4), Peterborough La Scala (7), Ilchester Heron Club (8), Manchester Sting (9), Weston-super-Mare Webbington Country Club (12–17) and Caerphilly Double Diamond (19–22), with more being set. The tour is promoted by Barry Collings Music who, on their own Orbit Records label, issue the group's single 'Dance School' on 28 October — the coupling of the seven-inch is 'Dance School Part II', while the 12-incher has 'Cutting The Groove' as its flip, and it's Orbit first release under a new pressing and distribution deal with PRT.

SAGA ONE-OFF

SAGA, one of Canada's leading rock bands, are undertaking a massive 'Heads Or Tails World Tour' from next weekend until the New Year. The first leg is a 30-date trek around Europe, where they are a huge attraction, with most of their concerts already sold out – then they fly into the UK to headline a one-off show at London Hammersmith Odeon on 9 November. All this activity ties in with the 7 October release by Epic of their new album, not surprisingly titled 'Heads Or Tails' – and a single from the LP, called 'The Flyer', follows on 14 October in both 7" and 12" forms.

Return of The Minstrel

DONOVAN is playing a series of solo concerts in late autumn, as the climax of an extensive European tour, and aiding promotion of his upcoming album 'Lady Of The Stars'. He appears at Chichester Festival Theatre (18 November), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (19), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (21), Manchester Free Trade Hall (25), Sunderland Empire (26), Liverpool Empire (27), Nottingham Sherwood Rooms (28), Croydon Fairfield Hall (29), Plymouth Theatre Royal (30) and Poole Arts Centre (1 December). He and his wife Linda Leitch have been busy working on a new musical called *Lives Of The Wives*, which will be going into rehearsal in early spring, in readiness for a West End opening.

THE McGANNS are a group of four Liverpool brothers (Joe, Paul, Mark and Steve), who starred in the musical *Yakety Yak*, which had a successful six-month run at London's Astoria Theatre – and they are also well established as actors, having each appeared individually in TV plays. They've now signed to Chrysalis Records and have their debut single 'Shame About The Boy' released this weekend – it was produced by Stuart Colman and written by John David, who penned the Cliff Richard-Phil Everly hit 'She Means Nothing To Me'. The quartet are currently working on their first album, for release early next year.

FALL OUT

THE FALL are playing a number of dates in support of their new single, due out next week on Rough Trade – at Nottingham Rock City (27 September), London Holloway North Polytechnic supported by The Moodists (30, tickets £2.75), Glasgow Mayfair (3 October), Edinburgh Buster Brown's (4), Guildford Surrey University (15), Huddersfield Polytechnic (19), Sheffield University (22) and Portsmouth Polytechnic (29), with more still to be announced. The new single is a double-45 selling at the price of a 12-incher, on which the main titles are 'Kicker Conspiracy' (heralding the football season) and 'Wings' (a tale of time-warps and violence), while the second disc features the 1980 recording 'Container Drivers' and the eight-minute 'New Puritan'. Their new album 'Perverted By Language' follows shortly.

FOXX ON THE RUN

JOHN FOXX is going out on his first-ever British tour to coincide with the release of his third solo album. Backed by David Levy (bass), Barry Watts (drums), Robin Simon (guitar) and Peter Oxendale (keyboards), he plays Hitchin Regal (12 October), Manchester Hacienda Club (13), Liverpool Royal Court (14), Birmingham Tin Can Club (15), Nottingham Rock City (17), Reading University (18), Coventry Warwick University (19), Sheffield Leadmill (20), London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (21), Colchester Essex University (22) and Chippenham Goldiggers (23). Further dates are being added.

With his latest single 'Your Dress' already on release, the new Foxx album is issued by Virgin next Monday (26).

Academy's fair deal

BRIXTON'S The Academy in South London, formerly the ill-fated Fair Deal, re-opens as a concert venue early next month. Several of its other facilities have already been functioning for three months, notably its use for rehearsal purposes by many big-name acts, but – now that extensive refurbishment and alterations are complete – it's again opening its doors to the public. Eek-A-Mouse is the first attraction at the 5000-capacity theatre on 7 and 8 October, and negotiations are in hand for various other top acts including The Police, Eurythmics, Simple Minds and The Pretenders.

The Academy is operating on a firmer base than the Fair Deal, in that it doesn't need a constant stream of concerts to keep it solvent, because its side attractions (including disco and pool) maintain a steady income – but it's still intended to present major concerts fairly frequently. The icing on the cake is provided by its reputation as one of the country's best rehearsal halls. The Stranglers and Culture Club have been rehearsing there during the past week, the Michael Schenker Group move in for ten days on Saturday, and they're followed by Wham! and Shakin' Stevens.

RAGE, the Liverpool rock outfit whose new album 'Run For The Night' is released this week by Carrere Records (through RCA), are appearing as special guests on Meatloaf's British tour which opened last night (Wednesday).

ATOMIC ROOSTER play one of their rare one-off concerts on Thursday, 13 October, when they appear at Newcastle City Hall – all tickets £4. They'll be featuring many of the numbers from their latest album 'Headline News'.

DAVE KELLY BAND continue to promote their 'Live' album at Carmarthen Trinity College (tomorrow, Friday), Watford College (Saturday), Gravesend Red Lion (Sunday), Northampton Nene College (27 September), Middlesbrough Town Hall (4 October), Crlisle Mick's Club (5), St. Andrew's University (6), Leeds Trinity & All Saints College (7), Glasgow Queen Margaret University (8), London Putney Half Moon (9), London Middlesex Polytechnic (12) and High Wycombe Nags Head (13) – then they're off to Europe for a month.

WILDLIFE, Simon Kirke's band, are to be the support act on the Michael Schenker Group tour which opens on 10 October. To coincide with this outing, they have a new single issued by Swansong on 6 October, featuring 'Somewhere In The Night' (from their debut album) and 'Sun Don't Shine' (not on the LP).

HAMBI & THE DANCE announce that they've parted company with Virgin Records – but that's not preventing them from playing a series of autumn gigs. So far set are Oxford Westminster College (30 September), Sunderland Polytechnic (1 October), Birmingham University (2), Canterbury Kent University (6), Egham Royal Holloway College (8), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (14), Dudley J.B.'s (15), Guildford Technical College (12 November), Newcastle University (25), Bangor University (26) and Leeds University (2 December).

RICHARD CLAYDERMAN undertakes his debut UK tour at Reading Hexagon (28 September), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (29), Birmingham Odeon (30 and 1 October), Manchester Palace (2), Newcastle City Hall (3), Edinburgh Playhouse (4), Preston Guildhall (5), London Royal Albert Hall (6 and 12), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7), Bristol Hippodrome (9), Cardiff St. David's Hall (10) and Brighton Dome (11). Out this week through Decca is his new single 'Feelings'/'West Side Story (Medley)', with the album 'The Music Of Richard Clayderman' to follow on 30 September.

THE HIGSONS have returned from their American tour and have a Radio 1 *In Concert* broadcast this Saturday. They play a couple of dates next month at Southampton University (7 October) and Bournemouth The Academy (13), to tie in with the release of their new single 'Push Out The Boat'. They've now finished recording their first album, which is due out in December, and a major tour is currently being booked to coincide.

EURYTHMICS, KID CREOLE, BIG COUNTRY, ELVIS, UB40

Tour additions

EURYTHMICS, whose UK tour in November has already been announced, have now tacked another three dates onto the end of their schedule – and two of them are additional London shows. They are at Derby Assembly Rooms (28 November) and London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (30 and 1 December). It's just been announced that the group's worldwide record sales are now well in excess of four million.

UB40, whose chart-topping status has created a ticket sales boom for their upcoming tour, have added a third show at London Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday, 26 October. Anyone who still retains tickets for the band's cancelled gig at Brixton Fair Deal last year, for which cash was never reimbursed, may present them at the Odeon for this gig and they will be valid – though any difference in seat price will have to be paid.

THE RESPOND TOUR – featuring The Questions and Tracie, among others – will be playing an extra date at Kingston Polytechnic on 1 October. The package will not now be kicking off at Southend Queens Hotel on 28 September, which has been cancelled, so the revised opening date is Leeds Polytechnic on 29 September.

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions have added another London show at the Hammersmith Palais, due to the heavy ticket demand for their 17 October appearance at that venue – the second gig is on 24 October, which means the cancellation of their original Margate Winter Gardens concert on that date. Tickets are available from the Palais, Hammersmith Odeon, Dominion Theatre and usual agents, or by post (priced £4.50 plus 30p booking fee per ticket) from P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW – make cheques and POs payable to "Elvis Costello Concerts" and enclose SAE.

EEK-A-MOUSE has filled the remaining two dates in his British tour, reported three weeks ago. They are at Middlesbrough The Philmore (4 October) and Liverpool Royal Court (5).

JUDIE TZUKE will now play a second night at London Hammersmith Odeon during her extensive UK tour, which opens tonight (Thursday). It's on Wednesday, October 12, and tickets are on sale now priced £5 and £4.

KID CREOLE & The Coconuts continue to forego all their proposed rest days, by slotting further dates into their current UK tour schedule. Latest additions are at Oxford Apollo on 28 September (£6.50, £5.50 and £4.50) and Coventry Apollo on 3 October (£5.50, £4.50, £3.50).

BIG COUNTRY have confirmed a last-minute extra concert at London Hammersmith Odeon tomorrow (Friday), as tonight's show at that theatre has now sold out. Tickets will be available on the doors.

KISS, whose UK tour was announced last week, have now had an eighth date confirmed by promoters MCP and Kennedy Street. It's at Leicester De Montfort Hall on Monday, 24 October, and tickets are on sale now at the box-office – all at the one price of £6.

Christopher Cross is off

CHRISTOPHER CROSS has cancelled his projected British concerts, due to start at the end of this month, due to voice problems. The discovery of nodes on his throat means that he'll soon be going into hospital for corrective surgery – and dates in Southampton, Birmingham, London and Eire are off. Ticket-holders should apply to the point of purchase for cash refunds. It's hoped to re-arrange the dates as soon as possible but, owing to his US commitment, it's unlikely to be until next year.

BEKI BONDAGE takes her new band Ligotage to Essex this Saturday (24) to headline the first night of a two-day festival, being run by Colchester County Council. It's at East Mersea Youth Camp, about six miles from Colchester, and tickets are £3. Snafu II headline on Sunday. Youth Camp, about six miles from Colchester, and tickets are £3. Snafu II headline on Sunday.

MICHAEL SCHENKER GROUP, who begin their UK tour on 10 October, have added a new member to their line-up. He is rhythm guitarist and vocalist Derek St. Holmes, who previously played with Ted Nugent – and he now joins Schenker (lead guitar), Gary Barden (vocals), Chris Glen (bass), Ted McKenna (drums) and Andy Nye (keyboards.

MILDENHALL Rock Festival in East Anglia, previously an open-air summer event, moves under canvas for this year's somewhat reduced three-day event (14-16 October). The oepening night features Spider, Dumpy's Rusty Nuts, Heretic and Truffle (£4); there's a dance and disco show on the Saturday (£4); and Sunday (16) is devoted to a C&W special (£6 and £5).

PLAY DEAD, who've just released their new Beggars Banquet single 'Propaganda', have added Retford Porterhouse (8 October) and Birmingham Golden Eagle (14) to their upcoming gig series. There have also been a couple of venue changes in their schedule – they now play Newport Stowaways Club (6 October) and Liverpool College of Further Education (7), instead of Swansea and Bristol respectively.

BILLIE JO SPEARS headlines a UK tour next month, with veteran skiffle king Lonnie Donegan as her special guest. Dates are Bournemouth Winter Gardens (2 October), Worthing Assembly Hall (6), Ipswich Gaumont (8), London Wimbledon Theatre (9), Inverness Eden Court (10), Blackpool Opera House (12), Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (13), Cardiff St. David's Hall (14), Dartford The Orchard (15), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (16), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (17), Bletchley Leisure Centre (21), Slough Fulcrum (22), London Palladium (23), Liverpool Empire (24), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (27), Aldershot Princes Hall (29) and Norwich Theatre Royal (30).

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS have October gigs at Cross Keys Institute (1), Newbridge Memorial Hall (2), Watford Verulam Arms (6), Banbury Football Club (8), Reading Target Club (13), Mildenhall Stadium (14), Huntingdom St. Ivo Centre (15), Bangor University (21), Ilkley College (22), London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head (27) and Ashford Wye College (28).

THE CAVALIER CLUB, which recently opened at London's West Hampstead Moonlight, has now switched its location to Gulliver's in Mayfair – because, it's alleged, the Moonlight management didn't care too much for the club's clientele. Now operating on Tuesdays, The Cavalier is looking for new bands and wishes to hear demos, tapes, etc. – phone India on 01-794 0907 for more details.

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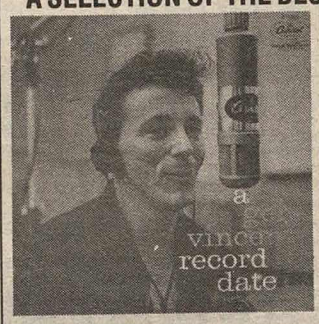

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24th SHEPTON MALLET, Rockathon
27th LONDON, Queen Marys College
28th HITCHIN, Regal
29th WOKINGHAM, Angies
30th RAYLEIGH, Croc's

OCTOBER
1st RETFORD, Porterhouse
4th LONDON, Kings College
5th SHEFFIELD, Polytechnic
6th WARWICK, University
7th LANCASTER, University
8th BRADFORD, University
9th BANGOR, University
10th LIVERPOOL, The System
11th BIRMINGHAM, Polytechnic
12th HUDDERSFIELD, Polytechnic
13th HATFIELD, Polytechnic
14th NOTTINGHAM, Trent Polytechnic
15th WOLVERHAMPTON, Polytechnic
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27,28 Peter Tosh
28 The Commodores
30 Big Country

OCTOBER
4 Odyssey
5 Diamond Head
6–8 Depeche Mode
7 Murray Head
7,8 Eek A Mouse
9 Johnny Thunder
11 Brian Adams
11,12 Judie Tzuke
12,13 Sun Ra
13,15 Gary Numan
15 Tracy & The Questions
15 Ravi Shankar
17 The Animals
17 Paul Young
17 10cc
18 The Alarm & Fleshtones
18 Waylon Jennings
19,20 Smokey Robinson
21 Shakatak
21 Johnny Foxx
22 Andy Williams
22,23 Michael Schenker Group
23 Kiss
24 Elvis Costello
24 X-Mal Deutchland
24,25 UB40
27 Chick Corea + Gary Burton
27 Comsat Angels
30 Lindisfarne
30 Melanie
31 Lords of the New Church

NOVEMBER
3,4 Philip Glass
5 Dio
12 Johnny Cash
12 The Enid
13 Virgin Prunes
13,17 Wham
20 Danse Society
20,21 Shakin Stevens
22 Y & T
29 Ozzy Osborne
30 The Eurythmics

DECEMBER
1 The Eurythmics
9,10 Imagination
16,17 Judas Priest
18,19 Simple Minds
19,20 Culture Club

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

ANOTHER batch of major tours get under way this week, swelling the number of big-name acts already on the road – and as the college circuit starts resuming operations after the summer vacation, the aggregate number of gigs climbs steadily, as well. Of course, you ain't seen nuthin' yet, because the peak period is still to come in mid-autumn. But meanwhile, let's see who's venturing out in the next few days;

● CULTURE CLUB take pride of place because, whatever you think of them (and let's face it, you either love 'em or loathe 'em), Boy George is one of the few genuine personalities in the business today. Fresh from their triumphs in the States, they open their UK travels at Brighton (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday), Oxford (Monday), Sheffield (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).

● PAUL YOUNG will be laying his hat in quite a few towns and cities around the country, as he undertakes his most important tour to date, due entirely to his recent No.1 single success and his chart album. He kicks off at Guildford (Saturday), Poole (Sunday) and Brighton (Monday).

● PETER TOSH – one of the most respected of Jamaican artists, whose reputation has been further enhanced through his association with the Stones – treats us to a brief visit, as part of a European tour. He can be seen in action at Birmingham (Saturday), Dunstable (Sunday), London Dominion (Tuesday and Wednesday) – and on the next page!

● JUDIE TZUKE is one of our most accomplished female artists, yet perhaps still not as highly rated as her talents warrant. For her latest outing, she's presenting us with a new image and – judging from her new album 'Ritmo' – a slight change of musical emphasis. You can assess the outcome when she begins her lengthy schedule at Hatfield (Thursday), Hanley (Friday), Poole (Saturday), Bristol (Sunday), Cardiff (Monday) and Nottingham (Wednesday).

● EDDIE & SUNSHINE are taking their unique show on the road – a show that's virtually a complete variety bill in itself, combining so many different facets of entertainment. Their act gives a new meaning to the word "performance", and their itinerary opens with two dates in London (Monday and Tuesday), followed by Kingston (Wednesday).

London plays host to a couple of rather special events this week, the first being the long-awaited EVERLY BROTHERS reunion at the Royal Albert Hall on Thursday and Friday – forecast by *NME* as long ago as last December, and now finally materialising. The other is a rare, but nonetheless welcome, appearance by the GANG OF FOUR at the Lyceum on Sunday.

IT'S A TOUR, BY GEORGE!

Right: JUDIE TZUKE

THURSDAY 22nd

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Gary Numan**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Duma Express: **Midnight Lemon Boys**
Birmingham Peacocks: **The Copy**
Birmingham Poser: **Animation**
Bracknell South Hill Arts Centre: **Warm Snorkel**
Bradford Bensons: **The Word**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **The National Game**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Denis Remme**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Answers On A Postcard**
Dover The Dover Stage: **Pinto**
Dudley Caesar's: **Steel**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Rainbow**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **3-D**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Natural Roots**
Hatfield The Forum: **Judie Tzuke**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Surfin' Lungs**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Nexus**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Louisiana Red**
Leeds Brannigans: **Chelsea / The Playn Jayn**
Leeds Photographique: **Nick Toczek / To Be Continued / Aemotii Crii**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **The Touch**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **One On One / Galla**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Directors**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Mike Hames-Jon Corbett Group**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Little Sister with Alf**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Two Heroes**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Los Trios Ringbarkus**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Larry Miller / Peacock Parade**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Breakfast Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **En Route**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Rare Earth / Poppin Wizard / Tropical Girls**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Battlefield Band / Cilla Fisher & Artie Trezise**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Dance Hall Style**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Sunset Club: **A Bigger Splash**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Phil Miller / Elton Dean / Pip Pyle etc.**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Bill Le Sage & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Chicago Sunset**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Toy Dolls**
London Richmond The Bull: **Georgia & Guests**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Royal Albert Hall: **The Everly Brothers**
London Pizza Express: **AlCasey / Eddie Thompson / Len Skeat**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The London Apaches**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Blueberries**
London Stratford The Swan: **The Newtown Neurotics / The Wild Girls / Pauline Melville / The Barneys**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jah Wobble**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Liaison**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **The London Combo**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Meatloaf**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Sisters Of Mercy**
Milton Keynes (Wolverton) The Victoria: **The Void**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Commodores / Gary Bird**
Newcastle Shelley's: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddle Arts Centre: **East Side Torpedoes**
Nottingham Ad Lib: **The Gymslips / Splat!**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Saigon**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Plymouth 259 Club: **Dale Hargreaves**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Fiddlesticks**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Tredegar**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Salford Willows Variety Centre: **The Searchers (until Saturday)**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield Leadmill: **JoBoxers**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Roman Holliday**
Southampton Guildhall: **Gloria Gaynor**
Southport Follies Club: **Dagaband**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Icon**
Swindon Level 3: **The Specimen / Flesh For Lulu**
Tunbridge Wells Trinity Arts Centres: **Blue Rhythm Kings**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Lyadrive**
Weymouth Bowleaze Tavern: **Chris Barber Band**
Wingham Well 8 Bells: **Reel To Reel**
Wokingham Angie's: **Panama Park**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
York Bay Horse: **Haze**

FRIDAY 23rd

Ashford The Ben Truman: **D-Talk**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Commodores / Gary Byrd**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Roman Holliday**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Gymslips**
Bristol Upstairs: **The Brilliant Corners**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Ti Na Na**
Chelmsford Chelmer Institute: **Kabbala**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Right Hand Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Deal Swan Hotel: **T.S.B.**
Dundee Caird Hall: **Gary Numan**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Defects**
Durham Dunelm House: **The Toy Dolls / Placebo Effect**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Rainbow**
Feltham Football Club: **Guana Batz**
Garstang Sullom End: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Freak Electric / Corsican Brothers**
Glasgow The Venue: **Chasar**
Gravesend Red Lion: **I.Q.**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hatfield The Forum: **Gloria Gaynor**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Screaming Lord Sutch & The Savages**
Herne Bay Pier Hotel: **Stax**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Delroy Wilson**
Leeds Warehouse: **One The Juggler**
Lichfield Arts Centre: **Steel**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Depeche Mode**
London Philharmonic Hall: **The Spinners**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Dirty Strangers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ricky Cool**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Animation**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Danielle Dax / The High Fives**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The NoGoodniks / The West**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chalk Farm The Enterprise: **The Vallance Brothers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Luxury**
London Deptford Engineers Social Club: **The Newtown Neurotics / The Wild Girls / Pauline Melville / The Barneys**
London Deptford The Duke: **The Reactors**
London Farringdon Metropolitan: **Danielle Dax / Krakus**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Foxes & Rats / Stained Rain**
London Fulham King's Head: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Blind Tennant / Please Return My Dog**
London Hackeny Chats Palace: **New World**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The B'Zukas / Sons Of Shame**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Lucy Show / Shadowboys**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Los Trios Ringbarkus**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Bouncing Czechs**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Lambeth Town Hall: **Spartacus R / Abacush / Red Cloud / Fungus etc.**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Hot House**
London N.W.3 Country Club: **Suppose I Laugh**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **District 6**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Stan Tracey Anniversary Concert**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Eastside Stompers**
London Royal Albert Hall: **The Everly Brothers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bruce Turner Jump Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendan Hoban & Al Maclean**
London Stoke Newington The Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Westminster Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Sid Burns & The D.A.'s**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Vex**
Macclesfield Leisure Centre: **Silverwing**
Manchester Ashton Thameside Theatre: **Shakatak**
Manchester Ashton The Gatefield: **Mark Miwurdz**
Manchester Millstone Hotel: **Soul Finger / Jump 'n Grunt**
Newcastle (Wallsend) Buddle Arts Centre: **Maxi & Mitch**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Nottingham Sherwood Rooms: **Shywolf**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpty's Rusty Nuts**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Portsmouth Granny's: **Chelsea / The Playn Jayn**
Ramsgate Flowing Bowl: **T.N.T.**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Specimen / Flesh For Lulu**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Johnny Ringo / Welton Irie / Squiddley Ranking**
Stafford Riverside Recreation Centre: **Energy**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Tom Jones**
Stirling University (all-nighter): **The Bluebells / Friends Again / Natural Roots / Talking Drums**
Tadcaster The Forge: **Dagaband**
Walsall Palfrey Community Centre: **Mr. Liquorice / Twenty Twenty Vision**
West Drayton Anglers Retreat: **Jeep**
Wokingham Angie's **The Soul Band**

SATURDAY 24th

Ashford The Ben Truman: **Fat Chance**
Barry Island Butlin's: **The Nashville Teens**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Tom Jones**
Birmingham Night Out: **The Commodores / Gary Byrd**
Birmingham Hummingbird: **Peter Tosh**
Birmingham (Small Heath) Oldknow School: **Reggae Ina Different Style**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **G.B.H. / Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Bournemouth Capones: **Butcher / Confession Of Sin / Self Abuse / Shock To The System / Ex Alien Band**
Brighton Polytechnic: **The Specimen / Flesh For Lulu**
Brighton The Centre: **Culture Club**
Brighton The Royal Escape: **Greeting No. 4 / The Smiths**
Bristol Granary: **The Handsome Beasts**
Burton-in-Kendal Clawthorpe Hall: **Acker Bilk Band**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **The Slide**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Medium Wave Band**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Croydon The Cartoon: **New World**
Croydon The Star: **Jamie Wednesday**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Stockholm Monsters**
East Mersea E.C.C. Youth Festival: **Beki Bondage's Ligotage / The Shakers / Wipe Out / Bobby Harrison / Caplo Banaal etc. (continues on Sunday)**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Gary Numan**
Glossop Surrey Arms: **Haze**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Dumpty's Rusty Nuts**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Shaper**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Magic Mushroom Band**
Ilkley College: **Dale Hargreaves**
Kingston The Swan: **The Bohemians**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **The Recruits / Sona**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Mark Miwurdz**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Frank Chickens / The Shillelagh Sisters**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Northside Rhythm & Blues Ensemble / The Paladins**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle (lunchtime): **Wolfie Witcher Band**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Miquel Brown / Earlene Bentley / Eastbound Expressway**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dislocation Dance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Broadcast / The Group**
London Fulham King's Head: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Head Of State / Straw Dogs**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Eno Sisters / Little Women / Norma Cohen**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Nevada Foxx / Suffrajet**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash / Tek Morek**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Los Trios Ringbarkus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Corporation**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Ricky Cool**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Leicester Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
London Marquee Club: **The Truth**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Juice On The Loose**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Buddy De Franco**
London Putney Half Moon: **Clarence 'Frogman' Henry**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Tony McPhee Blues Concert**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan McColl**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Elise & Her Jazzmen (lunchtime) / New Era Band (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Steve Franklin**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tooting Horse & Groom: **The Newtown Neurotics / The Wild Girls / Pauline Melville / The Barneys**
London Wembley Arena: **Meatloaf**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Mercenary Skank / Apocalypse**
London W.C.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **1000 Mexicans / The Committee / The Legend & His Fan Club / 5 O'Clock Shadow**
Lyminge Coach & Horses: **D-Talk**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Depeche Mode**
Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre: **Gloria Gaynor**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Farenji Warriors**
Newcastle Ord Arms: **Mannequin**
North Harrow The Headstone: **Liaison**
Nottingham Polytechnic: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Mike Harding**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **John Otway**
Peterborough British Telecom Club: **Energy**
Poole Arts Centre: **Judie Tzuke**
Portsmouth Rock Gardens Pavilion: **Larry Miller**
Rugby Glaziers Arms: **Dagaband**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Shepton Mallet Rockathon: **The Europeans**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Sunny '56**
Shrewsbury School: **Chris Barber Band**
Southport New Theatre: **Shakatak**
St. Albans The Crypt: **The Mob / Did You See Deirdre!**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Level 42**
Sunderland Heroes: **Red London**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **The Spinners**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Truffle**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Tobruk**
Washington Community Centre: **Johnny Silvo**
Wingham Well 8 Bells: **S.L.R.**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **The West**
York Lincolns Inn: **The Enemy**

SUNDAY 25th

Ascot Horse & Groom: **Jeep**
Birmingham Odeon: **Culture Club**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Pavilion: **The Truth**
Brighton The Centre: **Tom Jones**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Sting Like A Bee**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **The Spinners**
Chelmsford Civic Centre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Commodores / Gary Byrd**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The London Apaches (lunchtime) / Chuck Farley (evening)**
Dover (St Margaret's) Red Lion Hotel: **Four Minute Warning**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Snap On Tools**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The D.T.'s**
Dundee Stamp Club: **Dale Hargreaves**
Dunstable Civic Hall: **Peter Tosh**
Eastbourne Diplocks: **Dumpty's Rusty Nuts**
Glasgow African Centre: **Natural Roots**
Harrogate Centre: **Shakatak**
Hertford Woolpack Club: **Gothique**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Meatloaf**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Kettering Rising Sun: **Solstice**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Georgia Jazzband**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Mike Harding**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime) / Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ian Hunt & Jay Stapley's Living Daylites**

CONTINUES OVER

London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Prima Voce / Banned From Uncle**
London Finchley Torrington: **The Blueberries**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Wolfie Witcher Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **D'Rango Slang / Marionette**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Rockets**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Alan Branscombe / Jackie Sharp Quartet**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Mike Mower Quartet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Clockhouse / Monomix**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Hounslow Civic Centre: **The Newtown Neurotics / The Wild Girls / Pauline Melville / The Barneys**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Jazz Sluts**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime) / The Rhythm Method (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Kim Lesley Band (lunchtime) / Bob Taylor Band (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dave Cliff Duo**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendan Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Cayenne**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Gang Of Four / The Smiths / The Orson Family**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Dick Charlesworth's City Gents**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Big Country**
Manchester Jilly's: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Truffle**
Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Paignton Festival Theatre: **Level 42**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Legend**
Poole Arts Centre: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Cosmotheka**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gary Numan**
Stoke The Highwayman: **Energy**
Sutton Secombe Centre: **Red Beans & Rice**
Wallasey The Blazing Stump: **The Touch**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juvessance**
York INL Club: **King Kurt / Human Machine / Sherlock Lemmon**

MONDAY 26th

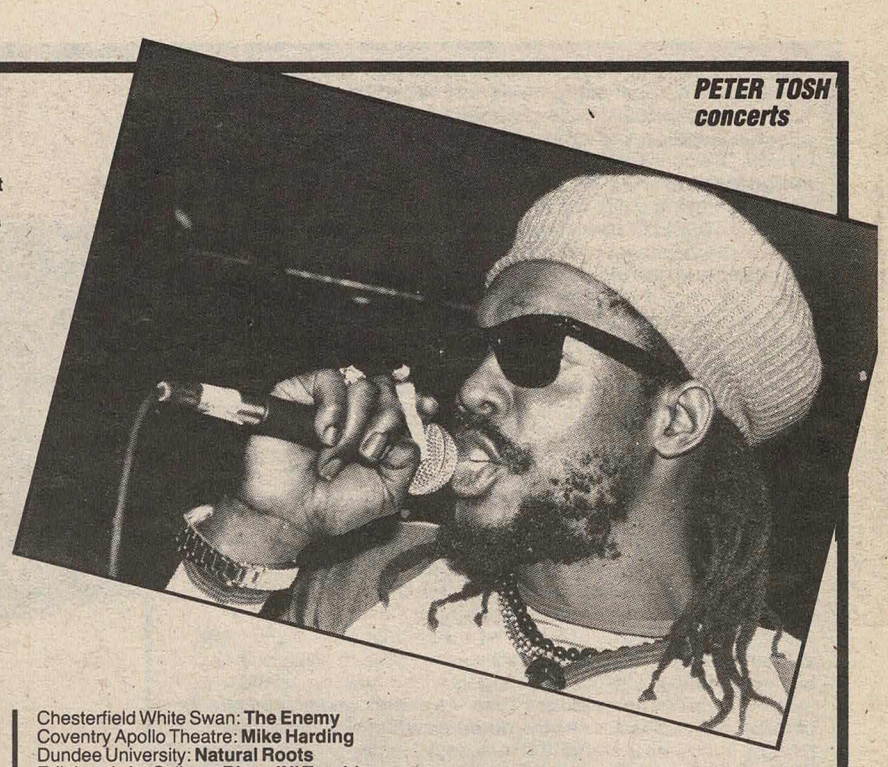
Birmingham Odeon: **Mike Harding**
Brighton Dome: **Paul Young & The Royal Family**
Burnley City Limits: **Rhabstallion**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Ed Dean Band**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Depeche Mode**
Harrow The Roxborough: **The Accursed**
Harrow Wealdstone Football Club: **The Paladins**
Hastings White Rock Pavilion: **Level 42**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Dumpty's Rusty Nuts**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Seducer / Futz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Legendary Luton Kippers / Rhythmic Itch / Empire**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Recruits / Danse Macabre**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Big Sound Authority / Beyond Image**
London Fulham King's Head: **Sidewinder**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Commotions / Montage Real Estate**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Paul Inda Band**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Sunwind**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Jill McManus / Colin Purbrook (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Lost Loved Ones**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **World Series**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Julian Bahula's African Drummers Authentic**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols Paramount Theatre Orchestra**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Tom Jones**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London W.1 (Brewer St) Boulevard Theatre: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London W.1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Biting Tongues / The Florists**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Shakatak**
Newcastle City Hall: **Meatloaf**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R & B All Stars**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's: **Energy**
Northampton Hamilton's Club: **Accrington Stanley**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Big Country**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Culture Club**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **For Madmen Only**
Swansea Four J's: **The Scene**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Odyssey (until Saturday)**
Worthing Pavilion: **Gloria Gaynor**

TUESDAY 27th

Aldershot Fives Bar: **Warm Snorkel**
Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Silver Sovereign**
Birmingham Odeon: **Mike Harding**
Brighton The Centre: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Any Trouble**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Only Connect**
Cardiff University Union: **Hot Dog**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Spitting Image**
Croydon (Wallington) Digbys Club: **Accent**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Midnight Lemon Boys**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Natural Roots**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Don Weller Quartet**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Shakatak**
Harrow The Roxborough: **East To West**
Kingston Grey Horse: **The Trudy / The Jim Jams**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Cook Da Books**
Leeds Bierkeller: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Leeds Parker's Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Rhythm Method**
Leicester Dusty's Wine Bar: **The Pleasure Beat**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Hearts Agas / New World**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Gymslips / Bella Donna**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dolphin St.**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Jakatti / New Set Of Strings**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Two Heroes / Antenna**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Chasers**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Hot Club / First Things First**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Jokers Wild**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Aza-Zaz / The West**
London Middlesex Polytechnic: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **The Europeans**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Game**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Harry Beckett / Dave Suttle Trio**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Tom Jones**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Peter Tosh**
London W.1 (Jermyn St.) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
Newcastle City Hall: **Gary Numan**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne – Syd Warren Quintet**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Energy**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Fall**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **The Commodores / Gary Byrd**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Big Country**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Sheffield City Hall: **Culture Club**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Haze**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Micron**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Level 42**
York Bay Horse New Inn: **Dagaband**

WEDNESDAY 28th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Shakatak**
Aberdeen Valhalla: **White China**
Birmingham Odeon: **Depeche Mode**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Birmingham Yew Tree: **Suggestive Motion**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club at Tickles: **Surfin' Dave/The Bitter End**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **John Ward Band**
Cardiff New Ocean Club: **The Truth**
Cardiff University Union: **Moving The Zero**
Carlisle Mick's Club: **Quasar**



Chesterfield White Swan: **The Enemy**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Dundee University: **Natural Roots**
Edinburgh Art College: **Blues 'N' Trouble**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Culture Club**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Meatloaf**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Secession**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Flowers Of The Past**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Europeans**
Hull City Hall: **Gary Numan**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Eddie & Sunshine**
Leeds Brannigans: **The Newtown Neurotics / Action Pact**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Venue Club: **Personal Column**
London Ad Lib at The Kensington: **Glass Ties / Satska Latta**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London City Polytechnic: **Black**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Moodists**
London Ealing College: **Mark Miwurdz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Reactors**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Amazon / Grubstreet**
London Fulham King's Head: **Banned From Uncle**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Electrix / One Burning Heart**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Wild Willy Barrett**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Commodores / Gary Byrd**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Stocktons Wing In Concert**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Barry Dransfield**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Rent Boys Inc.**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Shillelagh Sisters**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Hank Wangford Band**
London N.1 The Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Debbie & The Bear**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Brian White's Magna Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Hyett's Good Vibes Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pat Halcox Quartet**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Opposition**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Peter Tosh**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Phil Miller / Elton Dean / Pip Pyle etc.**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Beast**
New Romney The Seahorse: **6 Pack / Famouse Firt**
Nottingham Final Solution: **Rhabstallion**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Richard Clayderman**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Big Country**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Dave Smith & Judy Dinning**

CROC'S
19/23 HIGH STREET
RAYLEIGH, ESSEX
Thursday 22nd September
Heavy Rock Night
"TREDEGAR"
ex BUDGIE, with
TONY BOURGE & RAY PHILIPS
8.00pm – 1.00am + Rock DJ
Friday 23rd September
"BATCAVE"
8.00pm – 2.00am + DJ
Friday 30th September
"THE EUROPEANS"
+ "ANNABEL LAMB"
8.00pm – 2.00am + DJ

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road,
Putney SW15
Tel: 01-788 2387
Thursday 22nd September
SAMMY MITCHELL
Friday 23rd September
HANK WANGFORD BAND
Saturday 24th September
CLARENCE FROGMAN HENRY
Sunday 25th September
BARBARA THOMPSONS PARAPHENALIA
Monday 26th September
BERT JANSCH BAND
Tuesday 27th September
MORRISSEY MULLEN BAND
Wednesday 28th September
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
Thursday 29th September
TONY McPHEE BAND
Saturday 22nd October from U.S.A.
MEMPHIS SLIM
Tickets on Sale now

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EURYTHMICS
EURYTHMICS
Plus Special Guests
LYCEUM BALLROOM : LONDON
WED. 30th NOVEMBER/THURS. 1st DECEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01 836 3715 and Premier, Stargreen, Albemarle, LTB and Keith Prowse
(subject to a booking fee)

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Outlaw & CAPITAL RADIO by arrangement with TBA International present
JUDIE TZUKE
New Album 'RITMO' Available NOW on Chrysalis Records & Tapes No CDL 1442
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
ANY TROUBLE
Wednesday 12th October 7.30pm
Tickets £5 and £4 From Box Office and usual agents

THE CAVE
NEW MERLINS CAVE
MARGERY STREET, LONDON WC1
Friday 23rd September £1.50
ELECTRIC BLUEBIRD
+ Missing Airmen
Saturday 24th September
CLOSED PRIVATE FUNCTION
Sunday 25th September £1.00
DANCE HALL STYLE
Wednesday 28th September
MODERN JAZZ NIGHT

Friday 30th September
THE FALL
Support
THE MODISTS
Doors Open 7.30
Tickets £2.75 available from Rough Trade Records, The Cage (The Gear Market), Premier and Centre Point Box offices.
Tickets also avaialble on the door.
Polytechnic of North London Theartre
Holloway Road N.7

P.L.P. present
BRYAN ADAMS
+ WENDY & THE ROCKETTS
TUES. 11th OCTOBER 8pm
DOMINION THEATRE
Tickets £4 from Box Office tel. 580 9562 and usual agents

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Tommy Dean, 95 Argon Place, Garden City Park, New York, 11040, U.S.A.
Tele: 516-248-7267.

Capital Radio, Kennedy Street Enterprises and Andrew Miller Concerts by arrangement with I.T.B. present
Meat Loaf
with guests RAGE
Wembley Arena
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 24 at 7.30pm
Tickets: £8.50 and £7.50 From Box Office & Usual Agents
ON TOUR

Wednesday	September 21	BIRMINGHAM, Odeon	SOLD OUT
Thursday	September 22	MANCHESTER, Apollo	SOLD OUT
Sunday	September 25	IPSWICH, Gaumont	SOLD OUT
Monday	September 26	NEWCASTLE, City Hall	SOLD OUT
Wednesday	September 28	GLASGOW, Apollo	£7.50, £6.50, £5.50
Thursday	September 29	ABERDEEN, Capitol	SOLD OUT
Friday	September 30	EDINBURGH, Playhouse	£7.50, £6.50, £5.50

All tickets available from theatre box offices.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MCP presents THE DOUBLE DAMAGE TOUR

Y&T

ROCK GODDESS

DOMINION THEATRE, LONDON
TUESDAY 22nd NOVEMBER 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £3.50 in Advance £4.00 on the Door
Available from B/O Tel: 01 580 9562/3 and Premier, Stargreen, Albemarle, LTB and Keith Prowse.

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Oiie the Juggler

FRIDAY 30th SEPTEMBER 7.30pm
TICKETS 4.50, 4.00 from Box Office and usual agents

MEL BUSH PRESENTS

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OCT		Box Office Tel:
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19	NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall	Tel: 0602 42328
20	NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall	Tel: 0602 42328
21	CARDIFF St. David's Hall	Tel: 0222 371236
23	BRISTOL Hippodrome Theatre	Tel: 0272 299444
24	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre	Tel: 0703 29772
25	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre	Tel: 0703 29772

TIMBUKTU
Julian Bahula and African Drummers Authentic

The RAMBLERS
The Kindred Spirits and Corina Flamma Sherman

8-2am "Bar" Sounds by Dd Wala Wala

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 23rd
AFRICA CENTRE
38 King Street, Covent Garden, London WC2
Tickets: £2.50 from Box Office or £3.00 on Night

KINGS HEAD
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Thursday 22nd September £2.00
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Friday 23rd September £1.50
THE SAM MITCHELL BLUES BAND
Saturday 24th September £2.00
THE CAROL GRIMES BAND
Sunday 25th September £1.50
THE ROCKETS
Monday 26th September £1.00
SIDEWINDER
Tuesday 27th September £1.00
THE CHASERS
Wednesday 28th September £1.50
BANNED FROM UNCLE

THE CORPORATION

HOPE & ANCHOR
Saturday 24th Sept.

BRIXTON DOUBLE TAKE

Lambeth Town Hall
Acre Lane, SW2

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 23rd
8.30pm – 3am

SPARTACUS R
ABACUSH
MUSAWA AND
BUSHMASTER
RED CLOUD
FUNGUS
WAYNE TENYUE
COME NATURA

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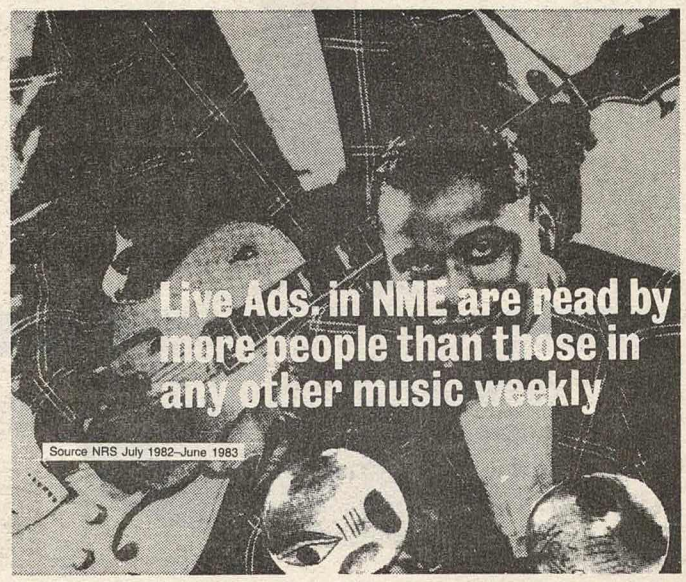

TROPIC

THE INDISCRETIONS

The story so far...
We are about to meet SUSANDRA MINSKY, who could be described as August Darnell's first wife, although they never did get down to the paperwork. Susandra, a determined, elegant woman in her early 30s, has auburn shoulder length curls suggesting a hippy past — a past that includes a childhood spent with the Browder brothers, Stony and August, and a long involvement with The Savannah Band and briefly with Kid Creole And The Coconuts.

But her smart brown silk suit teamed with neat brown sude pumps tell you that she's a career woman now. Susandra hesitates on the threshold of New York's Carnegie Deli, scanning the diners for CAMILLA ANSEL. Another ex-mistress of Darnell, she has just broken into his highly-protected Central Park apartment and stolen the Kid's personal diaries. These secret journals — around which Darnell has woven a forbidden fruit mystique — may give Susandra some insight into the question that most vexes her . . .

After a lifetime of hustling, protecting, nursing and — above all — loving August Darnell — where's her alimony?

I WAS living in a huge, rambling old apartment on Riverside Drive. A kind of commune – the entire Savannah Band family must have crashed there at some time or other, using the TEAC tape recorder. There were about 20 big rooms off a broad central hallway. It was party people hip-hopping round the clock, 365 days a year. Wearing, but fun.

The whole cast of characters used to be hanging out: Mickey Sevilla, Don Armando of the flashing eyes (hobby: Ladykiller. Amazing how many of them fell for his spiel), Gichy Dan, alias Frank Passalaqua. Harry Desire, the hunk. Stony Browder. Sugar Coated Andy Hernandez, later called Coati Mundi because of his resemblance to a large rodent in the zoo. August worked with both Don Armando and his Second Avenue Rhumba Band, and Gichy Dan later on, when his personality demanded an overspill from the Savannah Band, and he projected himself first into these productions, and then into Kid Creole. Shame he chose such a schmuck.

There was Don Armando. The most obnoxious man on the planet, who only kept access into my apartment because he could be wickedly funny, and besides, he was August's closest running buddy.

He's the epitome of the word 'macho'. He joked constantly about the superiority of man, and that women should bow down to their rightful lords and masters. But really the joke was a joke: he meant every word. He looks like a South American, and would play up to his south of the border appeal, rolling out the vowels of his name like a Spaniard – Doooooon Armaandoooo.

He was an alcholic, too. One party we went to, he wound up passed out on the floor under a piano, and had to be rushed to hospital. That sobered him up for a couple of years, but how could Don Armando ever reform? He's had a terrible influence on August, who looks up to him as he used to do to his equally macho dad. I used to say to August, "How come you can run around with a creep like Don Armando?" He'd shrug and reply, "He has his own code too, you know. He's an honourable liar." I could never see it, personally.

When August hooked up with Michael Zilkha and Ze Records, he recorded Don Armando's group, the Second Avenue Rhumba Band, with their fabulous singer, Fonda Rae (she was even a Coconut for a while). It gave me a smug satisfaction that apart from two brilliant songs, 'Deputy Of Love' and 'I'm An Indian Too', the record was pretty duff. Specially their sick version of 'How To Handle A Woman', from the musical *Camelot*.

But I was fond of his other running buddy, Gichy Dan/Frank Passalaqua. He's an Italian guy raised among Puerto Ricans, and he had their speech and mannerisms down so well, everybody thought he was the genuine article. He's short, and looks a little like a Spaniard – sort of a Don Quixote type. He used to sing with early Savannah Band line-ups, and we all knew he was a great vocalist. August's actually borrowed a lot from Gichy Dan's silken, fluid technique. Though temperamentally as well as vocally, Gichy Dan has a warmth that August can't hit.

Gichy Dan is so sensitive. When his fantastic 'Beechwood Number 9' album came out, with the overspill of August's material that couldn't be worked into the Savannah Band or the budding Kid Creole, after the initial burst of enthusiasm around the great 'Laissez-Faire' tune died down, the record's sales ground to a halt. Gichy Dan threw in the towel, and started to take secretarial jobs. Eventually, he became another religion casualty, joined Jehovah's Witnesses.

And Harry Desire. What can I say about Haitian Harry? As wicked as Don Armando, but infinitely more devious about it. Like a viper that compels you with his yes, till you're so entranced you don't even register the fatal sting. Pretty poison. With a crescent smile flashing those eyes and teeth, who can bother to listen to the words? At first.

The Savannah Band had a huge hit with 'Cherchez La Femme'. It took nine months to make the album. Two months to get it out. Then, before we turned round, we were stars.

It was a bit crazy, because both Browders

This is an exclusive extract from the August Darnell biography, Kid Creole And The Coconuts: Indiscreet. Written by Vivien Goldman it is published by Zomba Books, price £3.95.

OF CREOLE OF AUGUST DARNELL

BY VIVIEN GOLDMAN

believed implicitly in the fantasy of stardom they'd been fed on the tube, in the Bronx. You could almost call them victims of a thorough Hollywood brainwashing. Perfect puppets of the capitalist consumer society, American as apple pie.

The days a daze of limos, hotel suites, night clubs and lots of dope. Only August, ever fastidious, raising a quizzical eyebrow at our antics. Trying to ground Stony in his wilder fantasies.

Stony's musicianship was always beyond question. He was a man of great vision, driven – as such men sometimes are – to acts few regular mortals can comprehend. You might say, obsessed by his vision to the exclusion of all else. Specially his emotional relationships.

When the record went gold, we still had no money. The situation was absurd. Somehow we found money for Stony's hotel suite, and singer Cory Daye's rent. Bill for the limos amounting to thousands of dollars kept on arriving for the next 18 months, totally unpayable, and 50% down to a Mr August Darnell.

Now I'm not sure whether it was love or stupidity, but my beloved August cut me out of more deals I'd set up than he ever bought me gifts. He'd just have to say. "Be reasonable, baby" and make me laugh, and that was it. I'd simply sign my share away. It happened in the case of Chappell Music Publishing, in their later deal with Chris Miller as manager, and when the scales eventually fell from my eyes, the clang was so loud I thought I'd go deaf.

Being burned by your lover leaves a special scar on the heart. After I'd gone to all the trouble of finding August an apartment, and helping him get settled, next thing I knew he'd installed some dame in the joint.

And what a dame!

After all those years we'd spent polishing ourselves, refining ourselves with and by our art, trying to reflect the struggle for freedom in life in music, and vice versa, here he was living with a Haitian who slung her wardrobe across the living room on a clothes line. I couldn't stand Mimi. Not just because she'd taken August away from me. But because I simply didn't like her. I though she had looks, definitely. But no talent and less brain.

That's why I was relieved in a way when he got together with Adriana. I liked her right away. She comes from a different kind of upbringing and has a great deal of class.

August, as ever, was busy sowing his seed. It seems like the guy has really only two enthusiasms – studio and sex. No, that's unfair. He likes the movies very much, specially musicals.

Stony was happy when August got together with Adriana. Though people used to say that she was his girlfriend, that wasn't the case. But Stony was never happy about August's relationship with Mimi.

"What's he doing hanging out with a nig-nat?" Stony would say rudely, 'nig-nat' being a favourite Savannah Band epithet for a Black. "Doesn't he know the Savannah Band Code?"

Stony had a lot of very misunderstood ideas. He saw mulattoes, half-breeds like August and himself, as pointers to a better and more peaceful future where people of all creeds and colours could harmoniously co-exist.

He used to make up questionaires for potential band members, asking all sorts of personal questions. He really wanted to know whether people voted Democrat, Republican, or not at all. And what people thought of the role of the Mulatto in American Society. One militant black drummer wrote that the concept of half-breed was a dangerous retrograde theory designed to divide and destroy the black race. Stony just looked at it and said, "Well, this guy's out for a start."

ALTHOUGH I wasn't officially working with the Savannah Band, I was invited along to Los Angeles for liason and generally to help keep the peace, as they recorded the long-awaited follow up to their earlier album, eventually titled 'The Savannah Band Goes To Washington'.

We certainly succeeded in travelling first class. Stony's vision is so lavish, a budget means even less to him than a bill. The Browder Boys ideas of Utopia – bachelor apartments, rented automobiles, plenty of sluts, plenty of rest. Seemed like they were all modelling themselves on Raft, Cagney, Bogart, forgetting that after all, it's only the movies.

Ever since Stony had pulled a pair of baggy trousers with a crotch hanging down to the knee from his closet and proffered them to August, he'd abandoned his Pierre Cardin suits for the flamboyant zoot suit look. Baggy and overemphasised to caricature proportions, they're the kind of threads whose eroticism derives from mysterious concealment and suggestion, not the crude display of genital-hugging jeans.

We wound up spending most of '77 and '78 out West. August and I continued our advanced open relationship. He fell in love with a Creole, then a Mexican, each in turn moving in to his bachelor pad. I spent my time doing some post-graduate research on the truth about California beach boys.

This didn't mean we stopped playing our own little power games. Although I was deeply committed to Stony's idea of the Savannah Band, I could see how August was frustrated when he had a great idea for a tune and Stony wouldn't even given him a listen. The General allocated roles with the omnipotence of a sultan, and developed sudden deafness when a new approach was broached.

August stormed into our apartment late one night with a chip on his shoulder the size of the Empire State. "Who do you love, Susandra?" he raged. "Me or my big brother?" I'd scarcely ever seen him so distraught. He was wiping his face constantly with his handkerchief, his eyes bugged, his hair frizzed wildly out of its straightening conk from the heat and excitement. He even had a button of his Hawaiian shirt undone.

I knew it was crisis time, and that I must choose my words carefully.

"Darnell," I said slowly – I always called him Darnell, or Darrio – "please try to be cool and adult for one minute. OK? Do you really want to see the Savannah Band collapse because of ego problems? You're a big boy now, and you should be able to tell the difference between sibling rivalry and what's supposed to be a professional music-making concern. You know the buck always has to stop somewhere, and in the case of the Savannah Band, it stops right on Stony's piano."

"It'd be better off stopping at the bottom of our swimming pool," August cried. "You listen to Stony, you never listen to me! I only want Savannah to be a better band. It would be if Stony could grasp the basic concepts of democracy. The way he treats me and Andy, it's like he's a tinpot Mussolini. The Great Dictator . . ."

"But you know Stony. That's just his way. It doesn't mean he doesn't respect you. He's always saying you're his right hand man."

"If I am, why does he treat me like the goodam busboy? Who's the fool?" August continued. "I joined the Savannah Band as an escape from the mundane world. Now it's worse than the 9 to 5."

Trouble was, all the placating words I could come up with dissolved, once we got in the studio. Stony was no diplomat.

JUNE 18, 1977. That was a heavy day. I walked in the studio and found August and Andy having a heated discussion in the corrugated cork corridor.

"Why don't you compromise, August?" Andy was pleading, spreading out his hands like a horse trader in a Mexican market. August had his hands thrust in his knee-length pockets, furiously shaking his head.

"I didn't join this band to compromise, Sugar Coated. I joined this band to be able to express myself, make some money, and escape from those ridiculous power games with the school Principal. Now the Principal's my own brother, and he ain't got none."

I discreetly slipped past, and walked into the curved control room. They'd spent an awful lot of money trying to make this technology look like a craggy cave.

Stony and Mickey Sevilla were arguing.

"You full of shit, brother," Stony was saying heatedly. "My T-Bird can swallow your Lincoln up on a curve, and blast it into space on the straight." Stony, incidentally, had already written off five cars in the months we'd been in LA. "Who says so? Your Mama?" Mickey jeered.

Stony had that manic glint in his eyes again. I couldn't believe that there stood a grown and good-looking man, elegant as his idol John Garfield, aruging about his car as if he was a kid in the school yard bragging he could piss further than the next brat.

To make matters worse, little Sugar Coated Andy walked in. Obviously he'd given up on trying to convert adamant August like some minature Kissinger, and joined the fight. He had a Cadillac, would you believe? He was prepared to bet on his mother's grave that it was the goods, and she wasn't even dead yet.

I was roped in as mutant cheerleader, and we all had to troupe out into the sticky sunshine and watch the boys go through their sick charade. The studi was located on a wooded rise overlooking the flat ribbon of freeway.

August's mouth twisted down in a grimace, his forehead tangled into a mass of furrows. "May God be with us all on the craziest of all crazy days," he said solemnly. For once, he wasn't even being flippant.

The three cars roared, and kicked off. Mickey was away first, screaming wheels. Pretty soon he'd hit 90 on the freeway. Suddenly, the car started to spin, almost went backwards. Stony and Andy both had to swerve dramatically to avoid him, then zoomed on ahead leaving Mickey to cool down on the verge, smoking like a dragon.

Andy's Cadillac forged on, burning up tarmac.

"If that motherfucker thinks speed can compensate for size, he's wrong," August sighed, shading his eyes with his hand. I was whimpering, clutching at the sleeve of his floral shirt.

But Stony's T-Bird was roaring ahead of him, inexorable as the locomotive about to crush the damsel strapped to the tracks. Just before Stony reached the gas station, their stated line, he slowed for just a crucial split secnd. Andy's Caddy was right behind on his tail, then nosed in front, jet-powering past the General's wheels to win by a hair.

I could hardly stand, so relieved those stupid bastards were still alive. We all staggered back into the studio, battered both mentally and physically. Sugat Coated was prancing about in exultation like a gnome an acid. "I won! I won!"

Stony was already in position, standing by the mixing board like a captain at the helm. Without looking round, he said icily: "You're full of shit. You know damn well that I won, and if you don't admit to failure, I must punish you. I will erase the accordion part you laid down yesterday." Andy was stunned into stillness for approximately three seconds. Then he went off a *a la Etna*.

I sighed. Who was going to have to be the nursemaid, official wiper of asses and noses, peacemaker and psychoanalyst yet again?

CONTINUES PAGE 49

Three of a kind: Stony and August flanking their father. Photo John Rynski.

FLASHES

TOM ROBINSON

Nostell Priory Festival

The pleasing thing about Tom Robinson's re-activation is that he's now reaching a generally less committed and idealistic audience than his earlier work ever found. No longer over-reaching or preaching to the converted, his simplistic morality and humanism makes friends easily, fuelled by a magnificent group that was sympathetic and awake, powerful and proud. Classics like 'Power In The Darkness', 'Too Good To Be True' and 'Glad To Be Gay' are probably more relevant now than ever before, and 'War Baby' along with 'Shipbuilding' and 'Pills And Soap' stands head and shoulders above everything else released this year, by virtue of having something to say worth saying. Light, shade, warmth and emotion, and there was even a stirring cover of the Far Four's 'A Day In The Life'. Tom Robinson took this wash-out festival and shook it joyfully by the throat.

Bart Bartle

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND DOUBLE TROUBLE

London The Venue

SIX MONTHS ago Stevie Ray Vaughan couldn't have sold out a telephone box east of the Azores. Now, a comfortably full Venue has gathered to ask themselves the big question: Did we miss anything at Serious Moonlight? The answer is no. Second question: Can he play guitar? The answer is yes, but the third question is: So what?

The Thin White Ham cleaned up Stevie Ray for 'Let's Dance'. But left to his own devices SRV and his band Double Trouble (Tommy Shannon on bass, Chris Layton on drums) play the sort of solid, good-natured but uninspired blues-rock which featured unavoidably in bars and clubs throughout the Western world in the years after Cream broke up. And in that tradition, Chicago blues-pickers bulk large in Stevie Ray's playing. At times it seems the most Texan thing about him is his Ronnie Van Zandt style Confederate hat.

As for the Hendrix connection, muttered in hushed tones by those who ought to know better, playing a Strat behind your head and performing drab, lightweight versions of 'Little Wing' and 'Third Stone From The Sun' wouldn't even win a prize in a *Robin Trower* impression contest, for crying out loud.

Muddy sound buried much of what Vaughan *is* good at, namely an intriguing contrast of stinging playfulness and cool lumenescence as displayed best on the 'Texas Flood' LP's one great track 'Lenny'. For the rest, Stevie can't sing and his chops are strictly down-home. Back to the bars, I think.

Mat Snow

ANNE PIGALLE

London Titanic

GALLIC CHARM is Anne Pigalle's *raison d'etre*. The idea of a French 'torch' *chanteuse* could be spot on and ripe for sale. Her sultry good looks and heavily accented English gives her *that* aura which feeds us visions of a dark mysterious Seine and a brooding obsession with love. However, the same cannot be said of her backing band Via Vagabond. This drums, organ and bass trio are as French as Lymeswold and as subtly evocative as Concorde.

A melancholic organ motif kicked off the procedings with a moody little ditty entitled 'Waiting For Me'. Her voice is deep and strident and capable of comparisons as complimentary as Nico or Piaf. Unfortunately it's the corny swirling organ riffs and 4/4 semi-rock rhythms with the odd tango chucked in that makes this event seem to clumsy and contrived.

As time went by the monotony increased to such a pitch that one began to wonder if this wasn't some joke. To transcend this *merde*, Anne Pigalle needs music that's subtler and that matches her sense of mood. At the moment, it's about as Left Bank as a Butlins ' 'French Night'.

Ior Jones

TV PERSONALITIES

London Adam's Arms

ONCE AGAIN TV Personalities sneak in to show us all up. A long time since they handed us that first bunch of sharply observed, cruelly mocking songs, made their point, left the room.

But they're back, they pass the test, confound suspicion, they have a place in the present. To be sure, that place is on the pub circuit, but a new and crafty local music would be a blessing in this lazy city.

They still refuse to play properly, but they could give lessons in song construction, these bastard children of the Shangri-Las and the Fall(!)

Pleasure's what you make it, and I loved it. Coming soon, to your local, a titchy audience, a tetchy charm, a punky simplicity, a messy sound, funny, rich and sad, and it's cheaper this way all round.

Mark Sinker

POGUE MAHONE

Kentish Town Bull And Gate

AT THE delightful Bull And Gate public house in Kentish Town, Pogue Mahone played their usual blisteringly wonderful set. Containing some of the most evil-looking people in the history of popular music, the Pogues gather vaguely on stage with a motley collection of instruments and proceed to hammer through an instrumental called 'Repeal The Licensing Laws'. A rousing piece, you can hear the magistrates nod in agreement as the penny whistle seduces their addled brains.

Pogue Mahone play a selection of traditional Irish and self-penned instrumentals and songs: it's a sound which the dim might label 'folk', but it has nothing to do with bearded chaps in chunky white sweaters. Pogue Mahone do not put their fingers in their ears . . .

. . . they put them around their glasses. The Pogues are fond of refreshment (never has a band asked for so many drinks as at their Hope And Anchor showing), and perhaps it is this that makes them so rollicking, so enjoyably raw.

Their version of 'Me And Bobby McGee' acquires the proportions of an early Sex Pistols song in its vigour, while 'And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda' benefits from the unpolished arrangement, not to mention the throat-based drive of Shane McGowan's vocal.

The essence of much great music is a certain manic power and energy; it is entirely appropriate that the Pogues have been known to finish a show with a rendition of The Nips' wonderful 'King Of The Bop'.

David Quantick

LIVE

THIN WHITE DORKS SNOOKERED BY THE ROLLERBURGERS IN FUTURAMA DRAMA CUE: SUSAN WILLIAMS & DON WATSON

THEN! Bay City Rollerburgers as they were back in the early-burly '70s — casually dressed, trimly coiffured and well-fed . . . plump, even . . . (Well actually just revoltingly fat. . .)

Fut 5 photos: Kevin Cummins

POCKET BILLIARDS

FUTURAMA 5

Leeds Queen's Hall

WHIZZ . . . .CRASH!

A pool ball speeds past my ear close enough to shake but not stir the pint of lager in my otherwise empty stomach . . .

This is Leeds and time once more to follow the trail of the Futurama, a trail that takes in dicing with stupor and playing at dancing with death, as the last gang hits town once more. Local lads with stomachs spilling out from under T-shirts stand in the shadow of the railway bridge and stare with smug disapproval at the procession of leather jackets and lint hair, they glare and wait.

In the past The Futurama, however much a feat of endurance, has always been an *event,* something to stir some action in a city that's dying on its feet. This time round Leeds is on its knees and the affair has little attraction outside of the ritual. The bill is the weakest ever, but the essential function is still fulfilled, of providing a meeting place for a convention of the faithful.

"Bunch o' crap this year," says a hardened survivor of three Futuramas, "apart from Death Cult. It's worth comin' though for't laff and for t'beer." Him and his mates pile off straight down the road and into the pub; I tag along.

So we're sitting in on a session when all of a sudden something snaps between the locals and the invaders. The pool cues are being wrapped round spiky heads and the balls are being flung across the room.

The Futurama trail again, I reflect from under the table.

The trail goes on into the dark caverns of the car park venue where the news is that **The Smiths** and **Clock DVA,** the two bands who might have shed some dark light on the Saturday night have pulled out. I leave Susan to suffer and flee.

After Saturday night with **The Bay City Rollers,** and Les McKeon being dragged off by the police for slinging cans at the audience, the trail begins again as bleary eyed heads peer out from sleeping bags and muscles stiff from a night on concrete are stretched. Gothic day begins with the procession of the living dead in search of a bacon butty and a dose of caffeine.

Through the morning malady jump the inhumanly cheerful trad rockabilly rhythms of **Pink Peg Slax,** which blurs eventually into the slurred guitars of **Bone Orchard**, who in turn grind steadily into **Lavata Lakota.**

"Brilliant", enthuses a voice behind me as they trudged their way through a set of polite punk, unexceptional in any way. I make a concerted effort to share his optimism, and failed

As people milled around me munching moist hamburgers **Pleasure And The Beast** bumped and ground their way through a sludgy synthetic sleaze routine . . .

Then, all at once there was life, as **Action Pact** bubbled through a pop punk set, displaying enough enthusiasm to arouse the curiosity of a few more of the sedentary masses. The girl singer fashioned an affecting scream while executing a fair approximation of the early Calare Grogan punk poppet bit. Unfortunately this was all too much for one six-foot mohican in the audience who scaled the stage, seemingly with a strong desire to corrupt her apparent innocence. His amorous desires were smothered, though, as he found himself grappling with an unpleasantly large and greasy blob of a bouncer.

NOW! Rollers in '83 — Les painfully thin, Eric horribly disfigured after an accident involving his head and a bog brush, both now members of a disturbing cult, the Born Again Scottish Nationalists.

Archive pic: Kevin Cummins

Then the poppet popped off and vanished from memory. **Holy Toy**, whose 'Warzawa' LP was one of the surprises of the year, promised to interrupt this flow of the pleasant unexceptional, but newly arrived from Norway, they seemed vaguely bemused by the proceedings and contributed a set of splintered glass funk that, at best, reared the spirit of diversity briefly without touching on the power of the record.

With **The Three Johns** something stirred at last as they took a lurching trip through rock and roll, ridiculous enough to match the tone of the event. As their banal pantomime drew to a close with 'Pink Headed Bug' a smile fleeted across a few faces, then it was back to the blank looks and the monotony parade.

Next up in this non-stop succession was **New Model Army** who sounded like a wiry version of 'Combat Rock' period Clash. Usually I'd rather have pool balls thrown at me than listen to 'Combat Rock' wiry or not, but compared to the soggy Reed retreads perpetrated by **Flesh For Lulu** or the hollow hammering of **Ligotage** it was . . . well let's not get carried away here, it was *average.*

Everything was just mind-numbingly *average.*

It seems as if the '70s fascination didn't stop at unpickling The Bay City Rollers for public consumption, they also managed to find a horde of *late* '70s revivalists to got with them, a bunch of bands with horizons that were defined six years ago. Of course they were greeted not with anger or excitement but apathy, which is what they deserved.

Apart from The Three Johns, the only band who appeared to have a spark of independent thought were **Death Cult**—who had problems in their sound but have clearly been improved by the line-up change, although by now attention to details was proving impossible. As for **Killing Joke,** them and this event belong together.

Don Watson

FASHION CORNER! Having reconciled her love of leather with corporate capitalism's gross appropriation of animal-kind as an expendable economic resource, Beki Bondage struts elegantly in bakelite truss, vegetable oil lipstick and a skirt made of recycled EMI press releases. (Note for* Face *readers: the glass eye is the model's own.)

***WAZZOCKS! BCR fans, having mistaken teen poppers Death Cult's arrival on stage for that of the Rollerburgers, still failing to notice the difference after 15 minutes, three drum solos and a rendition of the wigwam wardance shown on last week's* Blue Peter.**

MORE FUTURAMA 5

Leeds Queen's Hall

BULKY MUTHAS guard the doors, lank ponytails asway, surly eyes surveying a multitude of peroxide quiffs, vaseline stiffened spikes and de Niro mohawks. Welcome to the hairdressers' hell.

Bizzaros Masque sport woolly Watson bubble cuts. Someone whispers in my ear, "It's a trick—the poodles are miming."

Real Foo Foos sing—*"Dreaming my life away / Dreaming of yesterday / What can I say"*—Wahoo. After 30 agonising years of evolution, the rock lyric reaches a new peak.

A Popular History Of Signs' singer sang flat, the syn-drums went Split-Splat, the synth went Rinky-Dink—all the tension and rigid excitement of a varicose vein operation.

Night after night of practise, weeks of sweat, skimping and saving—enthusiasm and dedication hacked to bloody ribbons in a couple of throwaway lines. Breaks your bleeding heart.

Cute but decidedly rat-arsed, Andy has saved the cash for this visit from his £25 a week YTS course in Glasgow. This is his holiday. His mate has just disappeared with the lager and the bus fare back home. As he dribbles in my ear, an agoraphobic elephantine bonehead goes dog breath crazy on rubber solvent, providing more spectacle and displaying considerably more awareness of stage technique than any of the lead singers we've yet seen.

Sex Beast (what a *silly* name) play Showaddywaddy's 'Hey Rock 'n' Roll' eight times with different words. They could boast of the silliest haircuts yet. Johnny Thunders' weak and distant feeble echo; I feel a dull throb in the temples.

Red Lorry Yellow Lorry . . . Red Guitars . . . Groups with names this boring should be shot. They all sound *exactly* the same. **Edward's Voice . . .** I give up! Surely to play pop music you should write the occasional half-tune, say something mildly interesting or look a trifle daft. **The Armoury Show, Comsat Angels . . .** You could put these groups back to front and skateboard on them. Does Richard Jobson get a kick back from Hoffman La Roche? Will the sun ever shine? A part-time chemist wanders past yelling from the corner of his mouth, "Phensic-Disprin-Paracetamol . . ."

Salvation! Solo electronic guitarist **Billy Bragg** tears asunder the guffy, grey clouds of doom and despondency with low slung, highly strung, screaming riff backed tales of lost love, manic wimp whinery and political mistrust.

"At 21 you're on top of the scrap heap / At 16 you were top of the class . . ."

A marbles-intact, urban surf boy, a blistering volcano of passion, wit and style, he packed more light, shade and aggression into his 20 minutes than all of tonight's posing Jack Dullards combined. He retreats to be replaced by the insane **Zero Slingsby**'s convoluted sax improvisations. The herds who gave the tedious **Chameleons** a kneeling ovation shuffle and titter like 12 year olds shown the gonads of a dissected rabbit.

Cooper Clarke whacks out the verbal jack-hammerings of the closet Kerouac infatuated late '70s Beat fanatic. Elastic lips writhe beneath hair formerly possessed by an electro-fried Angora rabbit. Nowt new and 'Night People', with Clarke's bad guitar, spoilt a short and snappy set of deviationist perversity with aspirations best left buried—dig?

"For the first time in the UK—**Janine Andrews**!" was a cute, blonde Debbie-taunt who sang songs about being blonde and cute with her skirt halfway up her bum. The cans cascade, the spittle descends in graceful arcs. There comes a point, one assumes, when even a Futurama audience feels its intelligence insulted.

Valerie and Sal, bedecked in tartan, have travelled from Wakefield.

"You here for the **Bay City Rollers** then?"

"Aye, we've been fans since 1973 and we haven't seen them since 1976. Can we have your back stage pass?"

These are the real fans. At an age where Manilow beckons, they have remained true to the pre-pubescent gigolos of the last cultural downturn.

The Rollers perform those youth sapping knee-slappers, so venomously hated in adolescence as to inspire sneak attacks on my sister's bedroom wall to deface and desecrate—'Money', 'Shang A Lang', 'Bye Bye Baby' . . .

With backing singers, session men and roaring horns, the porky BCR rose above the snake-hipped, skull-crusing monotony of the thin white dorks' artful whine with a hint of a soul and the occasional smile. That a cabaret act shat so easily over so many fine young minds testifies to contemporary pop's steepening decline. Grown women weep and scream when Leslie starts his bop routine.

Woody is 95. His favourite colour is green.

Susan Williams

THEY DON'T KNOW

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LIVE

ART-ROCK AEROBICS

PETER GABRIEL

Hammersmith Odeon

WHAT ON or out of this earth goes through Peter Gabriel's mind in performance? Probably very little. The Play he presents to an undiscriminating audience is planed to precise, unambiguous surfaces. Gabriel never stops running and skipping and jumping – he eschews cartwheels, it's true – but his Play is stood stock still.

For a man snagged for so long on the hooks of rock theatre, Gabriel's show is resolutely untheatrical. Aside from the routine choreography of expensive lights, the only concessions to prop and shabazz are the greasepaint on Peter's face and the simple 'dance' steps he has rehearsed with his group for such as 'Shock The Monkey' (an awful version of a subtle recording). The staged madness of yore has given way to a kind of aerobic afterlife. A white jumpsuit has replaced the rags of possession.

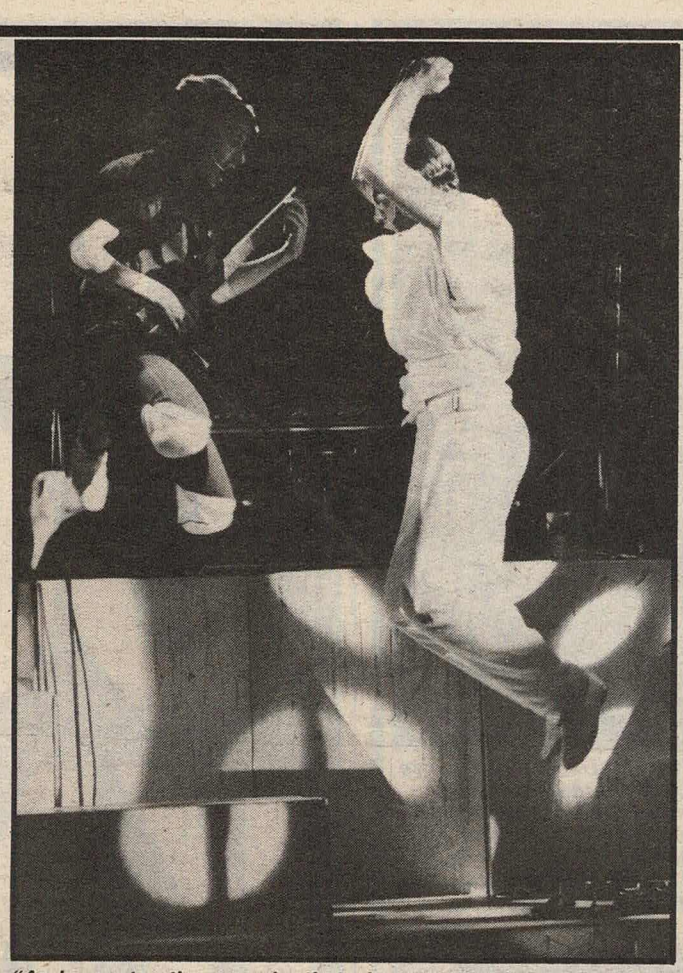
We expect, then, musical dazzle to outshine the bare fluorescence of the stage. Leave it to today's rock professionals to kill such aspirations; Gabriel's group are kids raised on bash street, and every song was delivered at the same tuneless pitch, an identical catapulting of mood and colouring into a melting pot of BOOM! BANG!

Gabriel's four records are sometimes worlds distant from each other, each flawed but each explosively ambitious in its way. To reduce disparate songs like 'DIY', 'The Family And The Fishing Net' and 'Snapshot' to interchangeable twists from the rockshow jigsaw-cutter is to betray his studio intelligence. Gabriel is good at losing himself in the ghostly environs of the 24-track. On a stage he blows it to hell. He should just make records.

His 'madness' predates that of Tears For Fears (a wry choice for the warm-up music) or The Cure, and he's shrugged off its tackier threads. But Gabriel is instead gripped by the palsy of 'communication', a myth the old school of art-rock cannot forget. He expects a lot from an audience, with songs that ramble to a straggling lyric and ideas that come alight only with participation, yet he insists on using the idiot language of the rock *blitzkrieg*. He isn't good with jokes. His chaos is groomed and easily sucked under.

And I dare say he enjoys it. A shy and beautiful man, he looks tiny and precious when he walks out to the audience on 'Lay Your Hands On Me', and he is welcomed not as a saviour but as a missing child returned home. There is Peter's dilemma: he has grown up too fast.

Richard Cook



"And a wun two three . . . play that minor chord . . . ya lookin' good" ***Pic: Jeremy Bannister***

GOING FOR A SNOG

A TALE OF CHEAP SEX ROCKERS

HELEN KELLER'S IRON LUNG
THE SEX OBJECTS
SHY TED

Bradford Mechanic's Arms

THE GROUP with the sickest name in the history of beat music are hard at work on the image. Local non-hero and lead singer Justin Alison (who you just *know* is a Grammar School boy) scratches a testicle, picks an inflamed nasal orifice, grunts and throws another shape. He mumbles darkly, an unlit Consulate dangling from decidedly virginal lips.

Their *piece de resistance* is a savagely mutilated version of The Cure's 'Killing An Arab' retitled 'Peeling A Camel', complete with animal scream and bog-eyed maniacal stare; I am torn between watching the entire set and going for a wee. Justin introduces the next song (their rendering of The Monkees' 'I'm A Believer' retitled 'Then I Chewed Her Leg') and I head for the Ladies.

I disengage rapidly, straight into The Sex Objects' accapella aural masturbatory fantasies. Sample song title – 'My Knob's Bigger Than Your Knob'. Instruments include plastic rulers and wastepaper bins. Imagine a suburban Test Department with a sense of their own absurdity and an obsession with male genitalia and you're half-way to realising why these boys'll never make the cover of your fave pop paper.

Shy Ted (geddit!!??!) is the latest 'poet' to infest this excuse for a city's cultural centre. Each piece of appallingly predictable Spartist verbiage is prefaced by a brief exchange of saliva with the literary dissidents stage front. The rising tide of pop sensuality?

I have seen the future of Rock and Roll and its palms are hairy.

Susan Williams

JAMES KING AND THE LONE WOLVES

Glasgow Henry Afrikas

JADED, I try not to think about how long I've been coming to see this band. Each time they are fresh, not because of any new approach but because of the constant re-arranging of the line-up. Tonight, a slimmed-down Lone Wolves — James King is flanked by Colin (bass) and Jake (guitar), with Michael Price of The Cartoons on drums.

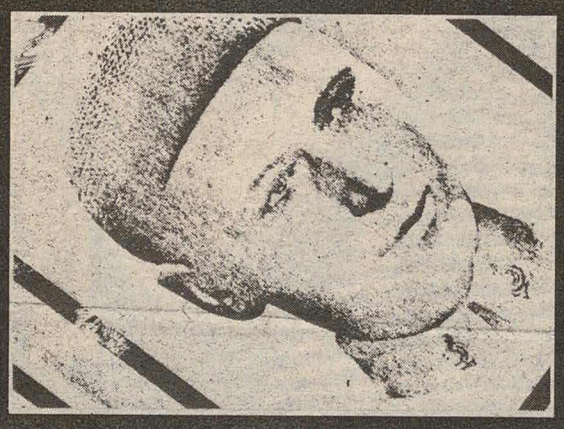
We would watch if we could. On the blackened stage, Jimmy throbs out 'Holding On', singing out a soul that goes right down to the bedrock, stripped and desperate. Through old songs like 'Time To Go' and 'Sacred Heart', King drags out his insecurities, airs his aggression, oppression and anger – smelting them into a vindictive rock and roll which sparkles with hatred and hurt.

The new numbers reflect an even more direct approach. His songwriting is zeroing in on his intent with stunning rapidity in 'Christian Day' and the barely suppressed excitement of 'Until The Dawn'. This intensified attitude seems to reflect, ironically enough, James King in a more relaxed, even confident state of mind. He is happy to include the howling, humorous 'Just Like A Lone Wolf'. It's almost as though his morose hopelessness has been disposed by the power in the new songs.

All meaning one thing. James King And The Lone Wolves are still volatile and violent. A force to be reckoned with.

Andrea Miller

Modern English



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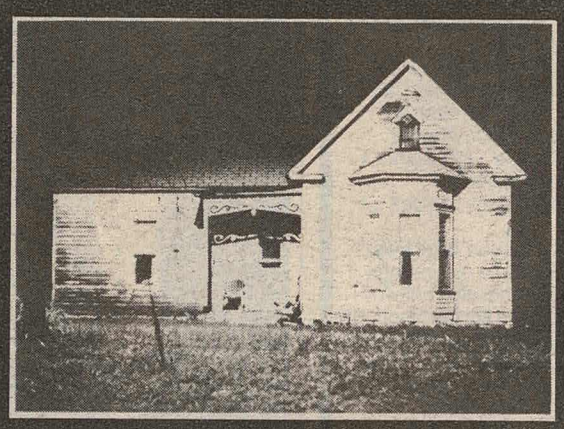

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BIG MAN
SLIM IMPACT

VAN MORRISON
Birmingham Odeon

I LOST Van's wavelength on the album of the same name, and my feelings about the last four are decidedly mixed. This misanthropic mystic can on the one hand touch devastating peaks of beauty and on the other slouch into lazy, stuffy frameworks which allow him to get away with almost anything.

As the godfather of celtic soul, Van can fake his way through the most formless laments, lacking the humility to tailor or modulate his voice. Out of the recent work I tend to favour extremes: either pure instrumentals like 'Scandinavia' or 'September Night', suggesting a pastoral 'In A Silent Way', or tighter, happier blasts of soul like 'Satisfied' or 'You Make Me Feel So Free'. Occasionally the questing dreamer sights his grail and conjures veiled landscapes like those of 'Haunts Of Ancient Peace' or 'Across The Bridge Where Angels Dwell', but when he starts stumbling about in D.H. Lawrenceland with lines like "*Hand me my big boots/ I think I'll go walking in the woods*," I find it's a case of cringe first, ask questions later.

For a man who made the song ('Ballerina') which I think moves me more than any other single piece of post-Elvis music, Van Morrison comes over increasingly vague and pompous. The Birmingham show was worth the trip for 45 seconds of pure gospel possession, when sax man Pee Wee Ellis echoes every phrase Van was sending out, whipping up the call-and-repeat – "*I been runnin' so long/ I been pusin' too hard*" – into a frenzy – "*I said please sir/ And I came through! I came through!*" – that had your heart starting from your chest and a disbelieving audience magnetised out of its seats.

But for the rest, it was a detached meandering through the sombre mysticism, with Van in adequate but diffident voice. The band's been with Morrison since 'Into The Music', so is able to flow around his moods and restless phrasing with tact and precision. Especially valuable were the Garth Hudson-like fills and layering of keyboardist John Allair. But numbers like 'Give Me Religion' and 'Angelou' just hung in the air, drifted and dispersed.

Instrumentals like 'Celtic Swing' made slim impact, and even the sprightly 'Cleaning Windows' had a routine nonchalance about it, so it was a mild relief when the repertoire backtracked to a swift medley of 'You Gotta Help Me' and 'I've Been Working'.

'The Street Only Knew Your Name' gave Pee Wee a chance to take off Van's original horn man Jack Schroer, but the show's strength only came through with 'Higher Than The World'. Morrison is still best when most directly soulful. I could have done with a 'Warm Love' to make that point clearer, but 'Higher' is a beautifully simple song and seemed to free Morrison from his otherwise rather formal and impersonal labour.

Splendid moments aside, Van Morrison in concert provides only an inarticulate stasis of his art.

Barney Hoskyns

THE SINATRAS
London Marquee

THERE'S A considerable number of people keenly interested in how you choose to entertain yourselves. Having a passing interest in music makes you a juicy target for eager marketing managers who have nothing better to do than serve up meat to your taste. Trouble is, they think you want it hanging from a yacht by a toenail, crooning down a telephone.

The Sinatras are a marketing manager's nightmare. Their vocalist/bassist Tommy looks like the Pilsbury Dough Boy but sings strong and powerful, and from the moment the motley bunch arrive on stage he strikes up a familiar banter with his audience.

They're a six piece from Leicester who pack in a brace of jerky upbeat numbers (such as 'God Knows When', with its choppy honking brass) as well as reminders of early Roxy Music and Simple Minds – 'Black Sheep', with its walking bass and plain percussion, and 'Passion Is The Key'.

With their uncouth appearance and devoid of a record contract, The Sinatras still have the audacity to keep us hopping in excitement on this wintry Sunday evening through second and third encores.

Regine Moylett

PUNKS

ANTS

SPIVS

DIVS

PEOPLE INTO 999

ERAZERHEAD

GENOCIDE

BABYSITTERS

RAG DOLLS

INSTANT AGONY

NIKKI SUDDEN

MARIONETTE

London 100 Club

HOT AND sweaty, the 100 Club reminded me of days long past, as Flicknife Records presented their marathon evening. Unfortunately, when news of The Barracudas' non-apperance leaked out, so did most of the audience.

Marionette were finishing when I arrived, an early Ants-look band, they crashed to a climax with the comment: 'I see someone's wearing a Cure T-shirt, don't you have any pride?' Within the flick of a leather-gloved wrist, they were replaced by Nikki Sudden and his band. Nikki does Bob Dylan impersonations out of tune, while the bass, drums and second guitar ramble off into a world of their own. . .

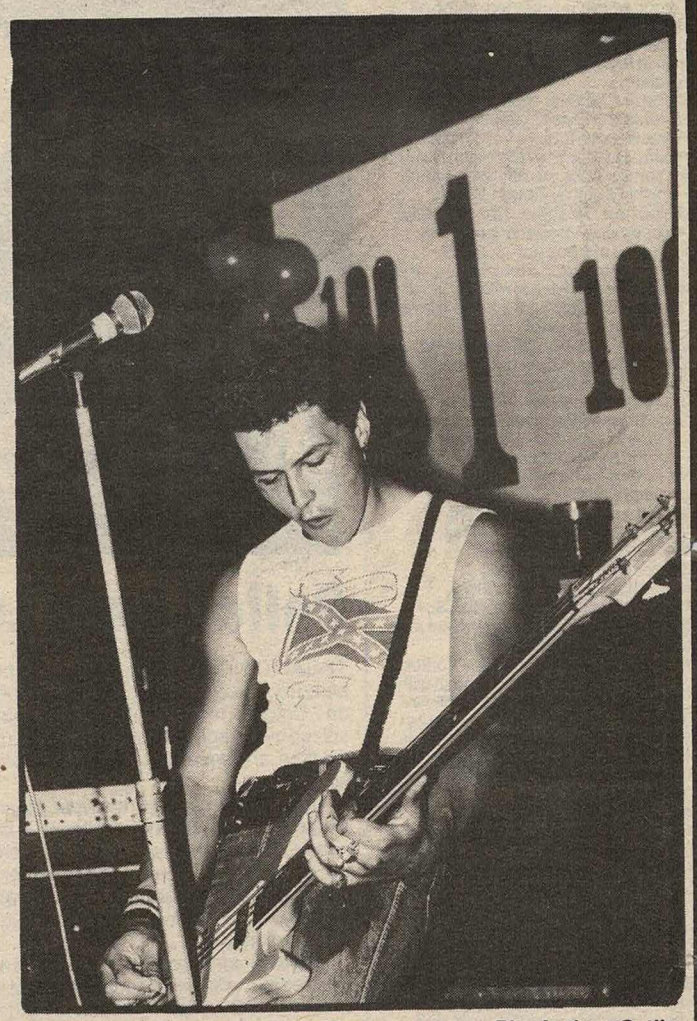
A name like Instant Agony could be a challenge to many a group, yet this one stood up to it admirably. Hard punk, yet hardly punk, a wuntoofreefour wall of noise. Nothing you haven't seen a 100 times before – but *worse*.

And so on to the Rag Dolls, with a guitarist who could win first prize in any Keith Richards lookalike competition. The band sounded like early Velvet Underground/ Iggy Pop, at times quite danceable, but the vocalist thinks he's Mick Jagger as he wriggles around in a suit made from a pair of old restaurant curtains. A soulful performance.

The Babysitters, a glam-rock one-off, lurch into a total mess of a number and charge off. The Genocides appear all dressed in black, with toning hair and studded belts – you get the picture? Their punchy rock has some high points, but there's still a long way to go.

The trio Erazerhead suit top billing; you can see, hear and *feel* the difference. They're serious about their music, sort of early 999, and are obviously trying to overcome the lack of a bassist (the vocalist was doubling for him), and a drummer with a recently-healed broken wrist. They could prove interesting.

Lindsay Shapero



Serious muso and 999 fan Reg Erazerhead finally locates G sharp. ***Pic: Andrew Catlin***

PETER GODWIN
THE ART OF LOVE

7" & 12" IN PICTURE BAGS ● 12" FEATURES JOHN LUONGO MIX ● POSP/X 632

RECORD NEWS

● **Nils Lofgren's** sixth solo album 'Wonderland' is released on the MCA/Backstreet label this week. It's understood to be the prelude to a British tour, for which details are awaited.

● **Rank And File**, shortly to accompany Elvis Costello & The Attractions on tour, have had their album 'Sundown' available on import for some weeks. It's officially issued here this week by Rough Trade.

● The new ITV series *The All Electric Amusement Arcade* concerns the formation of a pop group, and it features new band **Electric Arc**, who make their vinyl debut with the single 'Honky Tonk Rap'. It's available now on the Red Bus label.

● Staffordshie band **Balaam And The Angel** have their debut single released by Rondelet on 30 September, 'Isabella's Eye's'/'Touch', and they'll be playing a series of dates to support it — which is inspiring news, because lead singer Mark reckons he's the reincarnation of Jesus Christ!

● This weekend, Epic present Volume 2 of 'Dance Mix — Dance Hits', an eight-track segued concoction featuring **The Manhattans, New York Skyy, Haywoode, The O'Jays, S.O.S. Band, Herbie Hancock, Unique** and **Gladys Knight & The Pips.**

● **Madonna** is a blonde New Yorker who had a US dancefloor smash with 'Everybody'. Now comes the follow-up 'Lucky Star'/'I Know It', issued by Sire tomorrow (Friday) in both 7-inch and 12-inch formats, both tracks taken from the newly released album 'Madonna'.

● **Deon Estus** is the American bassist and vocalist who's recorded this year with the likes of Wham!, Blue Rondo and Blancmange. This week sees the release on the Legacy label of his first solo single, which he's recorded under the name of **Dream Merchant**. It's a 12-incher titled 'As The World Turns'.

● The soundtrack album from the new movie *The Twilight Zone* is released by Warners this weekend. Most of the music was composed by **Jerry Goldsmith.**

● 'Vamos A La Playa' by an Italian duo called **Righeira** has been No. 1 in their native country for a couple of months. Its literal meaning is 'Let's Go To The Beach', though it actually relates to the prospects of nuclear war. It's issued here this week by A&M.

● New Brighton five-piece **Bone Orchard** make their vinyl debut next month on a Cherry Red compilation called 'Blood On The Cats' with **The Cramps** and **The Meteors**, among others.

ANIMAL animation

Police okay League LP

THE ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE's album 'Live In Yugoslavia' is finally being reissued by ID Records (distributed Rough Trade and The Cartel) on 7 October, three months after the bulk of the original pressing was seized by the police. Only 1500 copies had reached the distributors at the time, and several thousand others were carted off to a police warehouse.

This all stemmed from last year's legal action against the band's single 'So What' which was alleged to be obscene, and eventually — nearly 18 months later — all copies were ordered to be destroyed. The live LP contains the same offending song, though the group's manager John Curd insists that vocalist Animal slurred over the objectionable words so they couldn't be distinguished — but that didn't prevent the album's seizure.

However, after lengthy discussions with the police, it's now being re-released with the five supposedly obscene words bleeped out — which, says Curd, gives it a Monty Python quality! With the LP long since released in Europe (without bleeps), the band are touring there next month, returning home to play some British dates in November.

BRUCE FOXTON, whose recent hit 'The Freak' established him as a chart personality in his own right, now releases his second solo single. It's the self-penned 'This Is The Way', produced by Steve Lillywhite and released by Arista on 30 September, with 'Sign Of The Times' as the B-side.

THE KINKS have a new single released by Arista on 30 September titled 'Don't Forget To Dance', an aptly-named follow-up to their 'Come Dancing' hit. The coupling is 'Bernadette' and it comes in both 7" and 12" formats. And we understand that some Kinks dates will be forthcoming shortly.

DAVID BOWIE's live double album 'Ziggy Live', recorded at Hammersmith Odeon in 1973 during his 'Ziggy Stardust' tour, is finally being released officially by RCA on October 10 — after being widely available as a bootleg for several years. And already on sale in the UK is a live double-LP bootleg of this year's 'Serious Moonlight' tour, recorded in Sweden on 11 June.

WAYSTED, the new band formed by Pete Way, have their debut album 'Vices' released by Chrysalis on 30 September – and we're told it can be compared favourably with prime-time UFO, with whom Way played for over a decade. All but one of the tracks were written by the band and, as reported last week, plans for a tour are currently in hand.

J.J. CALE releases his new single 'Teardrops In My Tequila' this weekend, taken from his recently issued LP '8' – the flip is his classic track 'After Midnight', and the bonus track on the 12-inch version is 'Cocaine'. Phonogram are currently reissuing all Cale's catalogue, and the albums 'Okie', 'Naturally', 'Really' and 'Troubadour' are now available at the budget price of £2.99 – with 'Shades', '5' and 'Grasshopper' to follow shortly.

CHIEF EBENEZER OBEY – who, along with King Sunny Ade, is one of the leading innovators of African ju-ju music – now has his new Virgin single 'Ojeje' released this week (7" and 12"), three weeks later than originally planned, and his album 'Jekajo' follows at the end of this month. And plans are under way for a series of UK dates towards the end of the year, featuring the chief and his 24-piece entourage.

NATASHA, who hit the high spots last year with her chart success 'Iko Iko', is back on vinyl after a lengthy absence abroad. Her latest single, issued by Towerbell this weekend, is a re-working of the Billie Davis classic 'Want You To Be My Baby' coupled with 'I Don't Want To Know'. She's currently rehearsing her new band, in preparation for live dates before the end of the year.

WAYLON JENNINGS – the renowned country artist, who next month plays his first London shows since 1970 – has his new album 'Waylon And Company' released by RCA on 10 October. The ten tracks feature vocal contributions from such Nashville stalwarts as Jerry Reed, Ernest Tubb, Hank Williams Jr., Emmylou Harris, Willie Nelson, Tony Joe White, Mel Tillis and Jennings' wife Jessie Colter.

● **Liaison,** an outfit with a sizeable following on the London club circuit, this week release their indie cassette 'Looking After Number One'. It's available by mail order at £1.75 (including p&p) from Liaison Records & Tapes, 6 Kentford Way, Northolt, Middlesex.

● Manchester band **Dislocation Dance** release their first single for Rough Trade Records on 30 September, title 'Show Me'. They'll also have an album out shortly, and are playing selected dates to coincide.

● **Tik & Tok**, currently supporting Gary Newman on his UK tour, release their new single 'Cool Running' this week on Survival Records. It's available as a three-track seven-incher, or as a 12-inch with an eight-minute mix of the A-side.

● A special commemorative version of **Barry Manilow's** current single 'You're Lookin' Hot Tonight' is being rushed out by Arista. It's a live version, recorded at his recent Blenheim Palace concert.

● **The Word's** new single on the Menace Music label is 'Colour It!', being distributed nationally from 7 October by Red Rhino and The Cartel, and they've just started a string of live dates to promote it.

● The 20-year-old standard 'A Lover's Concerto' has been revived by London-based girl group **Golden Syrup,** and it's out this weekend in both 7" and 12" forms on Code Records, with distribution by PRT.

PERKINS

FROM PAGE 25

in the '50s. That's where my willingness to try anything comes from. You don't have these now but in those days every Brillo pad sponsored its own show. *Playhouse 90, Kraft Theatre* — they stopped for nothing. Only commercials, but that was BANG! Away from the paprika and back onto YOU. I mean, Charlton Heston might drop DEAD and they couldn't stop. This rally gave you the courage to face anything."

Anthony Perkins' most interesting 'confession', however, is not the fct that Victoria Principal was the woman with whom, at 39, he had his first flaming affair (*People* again). It's something which occurred a little more recently: "When I was in Rome, bringing *psycho II* consciousness to the Italians a week ago."

"I was there on a very muggy day," he relates. "It was working up to some terrific thunderstorm but that hadn't yet burst and the atmosphere was particularly dark and eerie. Very still. I was soaked in sweat, so I decided to clean up. I went back to my hotel and I was just about to step in the shower when all of a sudden — after all these years — I thought for the first time, "What IF some freak actually knows I'm here and decides to put me to the ultimate test?' — would my heart stop or *what?*"

"It's common knowledge of course," he continues, "That I never saw the shower scene being made; I was in New York. So I was just as shocked and terrified as the rest of the world when it came out. But, as far as I know, I've never even given anyone a start in a motel. Then after 232 years, I actually found myself dashing across my own hotel room to lock the door." Perkins lifts a glass of sparkling Perrier to his lips. "And I took a bath".

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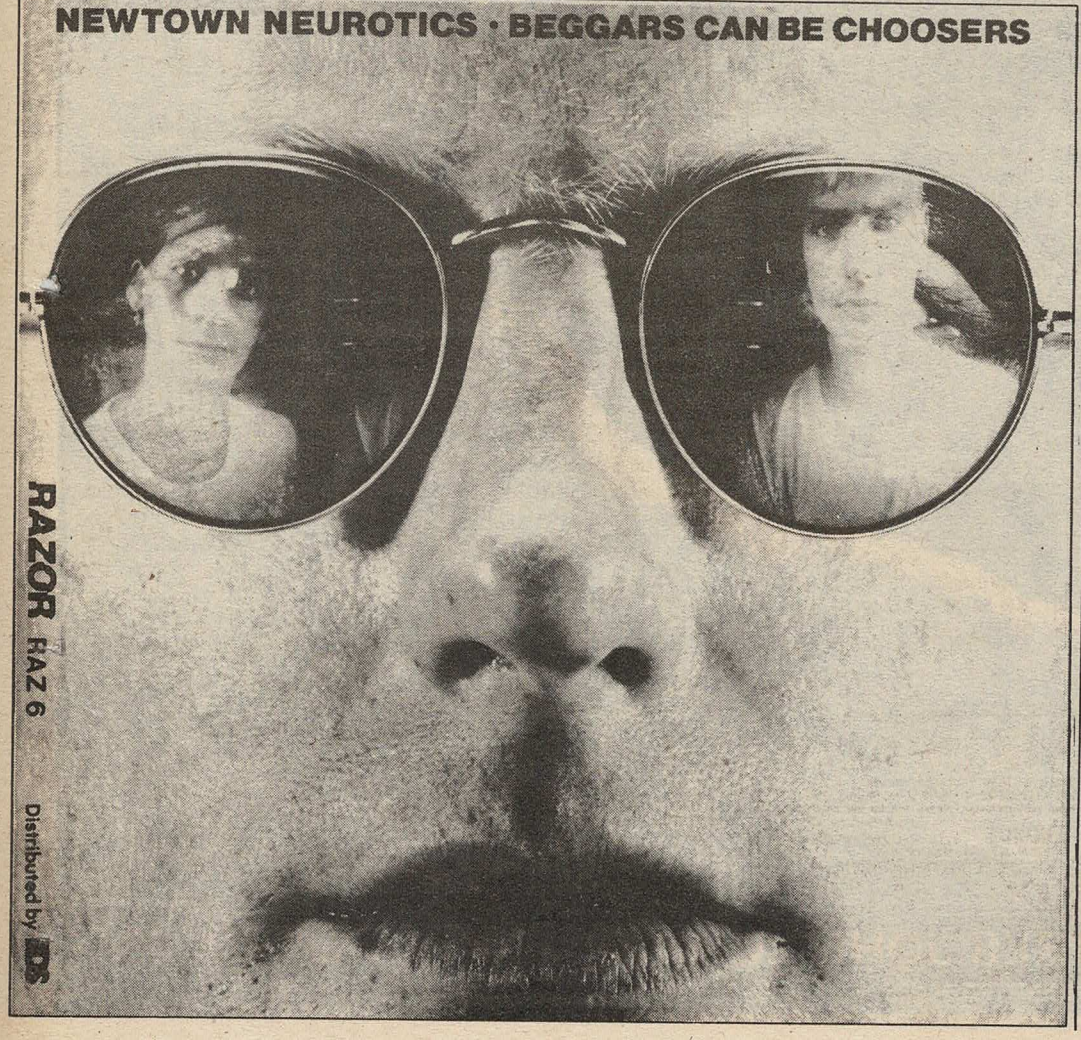

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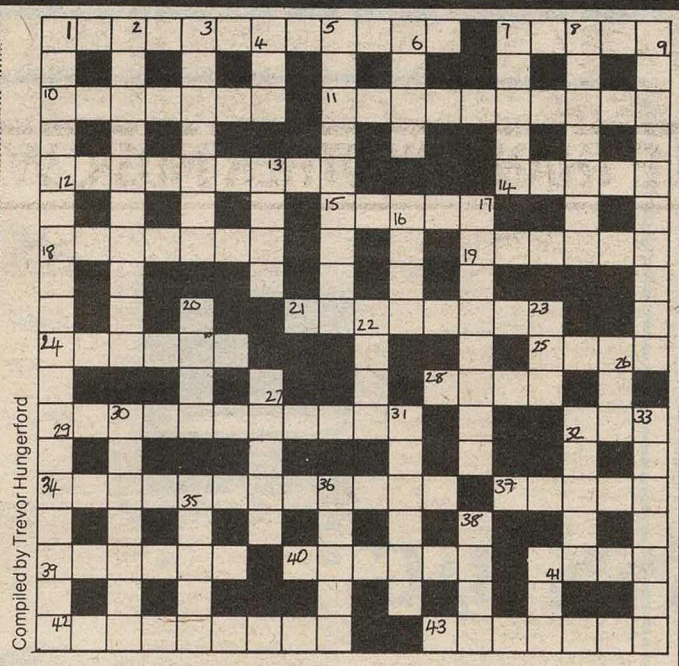
HEADING:				

STATION UNDERGROUND NEWS

I KEPT **my answers small and kept them near . . .** live at the Ace in Brixton on Friday from 8pm: Double Take, Abacush, Spartacus, Bushmaster, Come Natural and Red Cloud. Adm £2 . . . **big questions bruised my mind but still I let small answers be a bulwark to my fear** . . . late session at the Peoples Club, Praed Street, Paddington, W2 on Friday night with sounds of Saxon International and Java Hi-Power . . . **the huge abstractions I kept from the light** . . . and ravers corner every Friday and Saturday night at All Nations Club, 4 Martello Street, E8 featuring A1 soul, revival and lovers rock with Kammanda sound system . . . **small things I handled and caressed and loved** . . . on Saturday afternoon from midday to 6pm takes place an Ethiopian benefit concert in Clissold Park, Stoke Newington, N16 with live onstage King Sounds And The Israelites, Steel 'N' Skin and Amazulu . . . **I let the stars assume the whole of night** . . . at Venetia's Restaurant, 681 Holloway Road, Archway, N19 from 8pm until late on Saturday is held a shorts party with music by Grooves Entertainment and Graffics International. Bookings 01-249 4145 . . . **but the big answers clamoured to be moved into my life . . .** on the same evening at West Centre Hotel, Lillie Road, SW6 is staged Miss Afro-West Indian 1983 beauty pageant with show and dance featuring Zagada, Dynamic Torso & Gail Grier with sounds by Sir Higgins disco. Tickets and information from Jay's Movement 01-272 5193 . . . **their great audicity shouted to be acknowledged and believed** . . . also on Saturday the Harmony Club invites you to a reggae, funk, soul and soca night – from 7pm till 2am – at Pitt Street Settlement, Camden Grove, SE15. Music by Pioneer International. Licensed bar. Tickets £2 from Hector 01-828 8463 . . . **even when all small answers build up to protection of my spirit** . . . and sailing the Thames on Saturday night aboard the Hurlingham is the sounds of Fatman Hi-Fi. Coaches leave from Finsbury Park bingo hall at midnight. Boarding from Westminster Pier at 1am. Return 6am. Tickets from Body Music 01-802 0146 . . . **still I hear big answers striving for their overthrow** . . . on Sunday at 7.30pm is featured *Music From Zimbabwe* with shona mbira sounds of Mhuri YekwaRwizi ensemble at the Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon Street, London WC1. Tickets £4 from the box-office 01-387 9629 . . . **and all the great conclusions coming near** . . . and next Wednesday (28) at the new Tropical Palace, Chamberlayne Road, Kensal Rise, NW6 – from 7pm until midnight – is celebrated *The Voice* first anniversary party starring King Sounds And The Israelites with special guest appearances by Winston Reedy, Carroll Thompson, Blackstones, Hard Rock and Donna Peaches. Sound by Radio Horizon's Killer Joe. Tickets £3 on 01-533 1321 . . .

NME CROSSWORD



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

CLUES ACROSS

1. *"Poor old Johnny Ray, sounded sad upon the radio; moved a million hearts in mono, our mothers sway"* 1982 lyric (4;2,6)
7+**13D** Street hop, perhaps, right out of the Wailers (5,4)
10. All in a row for Shriekback (5,2)
11. Kim Wilde knows how most men feel about her sort (4,6)
12. Weird, incredible, excellent yet totally unrealistic album to top the charts (9)
14+**32A** Tight fight, maybe, on fantasy island? (5,3)
15+**24A** Just enquiring what was Eden Kane's 1961 Number One, that's all (4,1,3,3)
18. The tartan lads who got into everyone's hair, especially Hilda Ogden's (7)
19. Echo And The Bunnymen's censor? (6)
21. Not wishing us to know who he was, Fred anon, strangely enough produced one of Abba's biggest hits (8)
24. See 15A
25. —— Ticket; late '70s band who were quite big on the pub/club circuit (4)
28. Peter Frampton's band before Humble Pie; they had a hit with 'From The Underworld (4)
29. Dramatic disclosures from Killing Joke (11)
32. See 14A
34. By the request of The Lurkers back in 1978, I'm now giving you one right here (4,3,1,4)
37. Some single Cream stuck on your lapel? (5)
39. Where Debbie Harry lost her souls from Blondie? (6)
40. The kind of couple who'd kill a colonel (6)
41. British rockabilly band who sang 'Yes Tonight Josephine' (4)
42. Spandau inmate (4,4)
43. See 31D

CLUES DOWN

1. *"Stopped into a church I passed along the way; well I get down on my knees and pretend to pray."* 1965 lyric (10,7)
2. Dark description of The Stranglers (3,2,5)
3. I had one all confused over a recent Fleetwood Mac single (2,5)
4. A cockney in need of aid from the Brain Salad Surgery lot? (3)
5. Will a nice anagram help you get this 1978 oldie? (3)
6. Crass jealousy of the male anatomy (4)
7. '70s teeny-bop group who had a Number One hit with 'January' (5)
8. Modettes single, song title also used over the years by Move, Rubettes, Zaine Griff (7)
9. Cacophony as taped by Simple Minds (4,2,4)
13. See 7A
16. Animal-hearted Kate Bush (4)
17. Neil gets together with a chap to look for that Billy Swan oldie (1,3,4)
20. Beggars Banquet band, scored a hit with 'Desire Me' (4)
22. Eruption couldn't stand it, but The Faces just wished it would happen (4)
23. From Dindisc, and can be found inside (3)
26. Forename of SLF's McMordie (3)
27. '—— Of Independence', by Donna Summer (5)
30+**32D** US rock band who reworked hits such as 'You Keep Me Hanging On' and 'Eleanor Rigby' in 1967 (7,5)
31+**44A** At a smart sound, perhaps, comes the man from the Big Country (6,7)
32. See 30D
33. It's just a story from Teardrop Explodes (7)
35. '—— Come Lately', by Bryan Hyland (5)
36. An inexpensive Trick to play (5)
38. John —— And The Playboy Band (4)
41. Mainly known as a three-piece band, but originally four-piece with Steve Brookes, all hailing from Woking (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 +1D. Strawberry Switchblade, 8. Yeah, 9. Indian Summer, 10. Dave, 12. Clever, 14. West, 16. Right, 18. VHF, 19. Bowl, 20. Ra, 21. Sex Beast, 23. War, 24. Annie, 25. Alan, 27. Taxi, 28. Stay, 29. Long, 31.GP (Gram Parsons), 34. Electric, 37. Cruel, 39. Men, 40. New, 41. See 7D.

DOWN: 1. See 1A, 2. Red Red Wine, 3. Weaver, 4. Easy, 5. Rome, 6. Byrds, 7 +41A. Sheep Farming In The Falklands, 11. ATV, 13. Rice, 15. Earth, 17. The Walk, 21. Sextet, 22. X-Ray, 23. WEA, 26. No, 27. TG, 30. Norma, 31. Glen, 32. Pent, 33. Lend, 34. EMI, 35. Ref, 36. Cul, 38. Les.

AUGUST DARNELL

FROM PAGE 41

AUGUST AND I were collapsed on the bench by the enormous trailing monstera plant. He leaned to me and whispered: "I am beginning to seriously fear for Stony's sanity. His mania has developed megalo proportions that are deeply disturbing. His sickness about status is now an illness, with alarming prospects for the future of the entire Savannah Band."

The cost of ruffling and unruffling feathers: $600, at least, of precious studio time squandered. The atmosphere was by now almost unrelentingly poisonous. August was normally a stickler for punctuality, but the general mayhem had even affected him. I pinned a note on his door reading:

"Problem. For the past three days you've been sleeping portions of the evening away when you should be working. It seems to me there's a rub in the plans. Could you explain this to me through letter as agreed."

Not the most romantic epistle, but by that time, lovebirds we weren't. Apart from an apparently infinite trail of 'sluts', as August insisted on calling his paramours, he also had some light to medium-weight involvements. Not that we'd stopped being lovers, but he simply didn't have all that much time for me any more.

We spent one fabulous evening out at a disco called the 'Tiki', with a plastic decor that was beyond kitsch. Palm trees, enormous papier-mache plaster Hawaiian gods, fake waterfalls with sound effects.

August seemed to have truly found his paradise island, shirt out and trousers flapping as he scissored his knees in and out, dancing in a happy trance with the crowd of Chicanos and Indians. All the way back in the car he was babbling about wanting to capture that Hawaiian ambience for a stage show – which I guess he finally succeeded in doing with Kid Creole.

Elated, he stopped in for a late-night fruit juice at our apartment. He couldn't sit still in his bamboo chintz armchair. Paced up and down, waving his arms like a windmill. Truly a man inspired. The modest living-room with its white fake adobe walls, coconut matting, and garden-style furniture was transformed into Radio City Music Hall, with a chorus line of grass-skirted Rockettes draping August with multi-coloured lei garlands to the strains of a massed steel pan and Hawaiian guitar orchestra.

I was excited by the image too, but felt twitchy at the same time. I knew my August. Every idea that crystallised stayed there for years, cemented in to his subconscious, nagging away. I hated the thought of him leaving the Savannah Band, and I couldn't see Stony swopping his '40s military look for a safari suit.

I heard myself say, "Yeah, that's very nice Darnell, but don't you think you should get the Savannah Band act clean, first?

"Hey, mama, can't a guy even dream any more? It ain't illegal yet, is it?"

"You do nothing but dream, Darnell," I snapped back. My words seemed distant to me, coming out on automatic. "You're taking this whole California experience as if it was a dream. Sluts and sun, sun and sluts. You don't pay any consideration to Stony's feelings, or mine. Ego, ego, ego!"

I was roaring, trying to cover up my uncertainties with volume. Of course, it wasn't really Stony I was talking about. I may have had my own harem of bronzed bodies, but nobody stimulated me on every level, like August. Uneasy, knowing deep down my words were a camouflage for the real dialectic, I rebuked August for all his genuine faults plus a few more, using my finely tuned sense of Jewish Guilt like a rapier probing for the weak spot.

To my astonishment – maybe his 'Tiki' ecstasy had momentarily unhinged him – August crumbled into self-recrimination and breast-beating. He begged me to forgive him, as his true love, oldest and dearest friend. He painted a glowing picture of his reformed behaviour, claiming that he was in the process of re-evaluting his life. No more would he treat me either as a hotel, nor as a secretary.

Soon, his tears on my neck became licks and bites, and we were threatening to seriously damage the fragile bamboo furniture and with a humid passion more intense than any lovemaking we'd shared for around 18 months. We must have been puffing off more clouds of steam than Mickey Sevilla's Lincoln as we did the locomotion from the couch to the floor to the top of the refrigerator in the kitchen.

It was now early July, and we'd been escapees from New York for too long. The time for heading home was rapidly approaching, if we wanted to preserve any of our seriously frayed sanity.

I KNOW now that August left LA with several major life changes in mind. For a start, he'd decided that with my involvement in the Savannah family, things would never work out between us as lovers. Also, that the time had come for him to channel his musical energy into more than the Savannah Band. He planned to use every contact the Savannah Band had accumulated to further his solo interests.

Furthermore, as he explained to me some years later, his intention was to set up housekeeping alone, so that his instability and quest for adventure, which he now recognised as a constant, would no longer wound his nearest and dearest. Such as myself.

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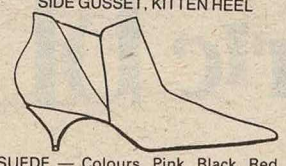

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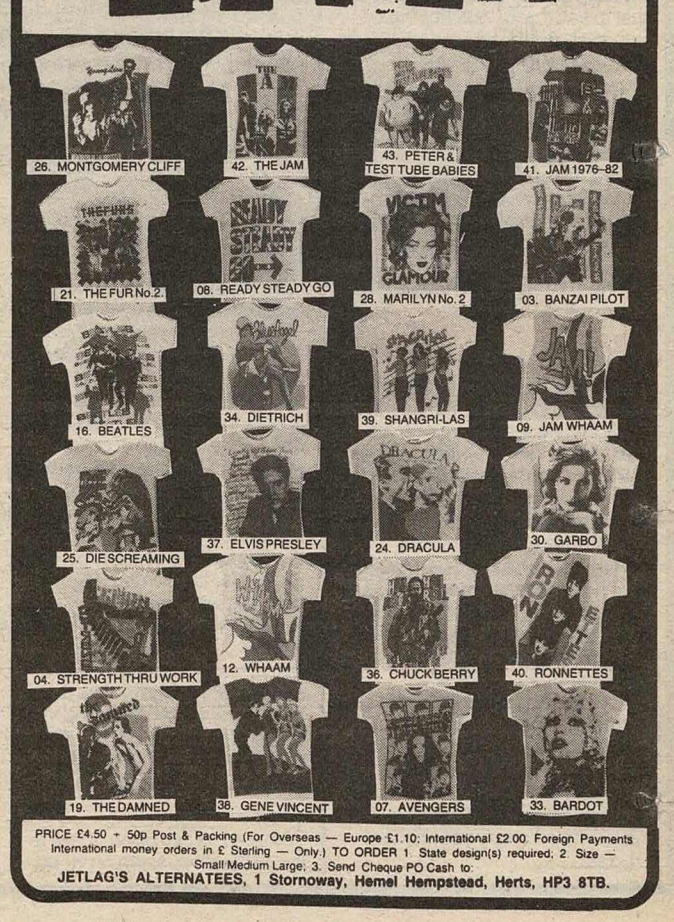

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DOMESTIC bliss BAG

Paolo Hewitt settles down for a fireside chat

RE: your singles reviews last week. Personally I think your review of the new Status Quo single was poor to say the least, utter crap would be closer.

Reviewers of magaines and newspapers such as your own have done nothing but slag off the Quo for 21 years now. Tell me how many of the groups of today have split up after a year or two? And also, how many groups nowadays con their dedicated (!) fans with 12" remixes, of last year's cover version, originally made four years ago? (*Tricky one this – Ed*) Probably accidentally when the lead singer tripped over the synthesiser.

So come on, don't slag off the older and better groups, who care for their fans, just to keep up sales to the teeny bopper groupies.
From a dedicated fan of Status Quo, a dedicated group.
Phil of Colindale, N. London.
Nothing quite like your typical *NME* letter to start the day with, is there? – PH.

May I offer my congratulations for having the boldness to print the article on Barry Manilow. This act was I realise very 'un-hip' and probably caused vomiting among some of your cool readers.

Well I was at Blenheim Palace as well as my best friend who is an avid Barry fan. I have been to over 50 concerts in the last three years including Kid Creole, Nick Heyward, Culture Club, Spandau, Orange Juice and just about everybody, but this was the best!

Never in one night have I seen so much emotion over 'one voice'. I will not go into great accounts just to say if you were not there you missed something special.
Dan's Friend, Middlesex.
Don't worry! Coming soon in an *NME* near you: Chris Bohn on the use of metal in The Rastrick Brass Band, X. Moore on the Lost Sitting Room Tapes of Peter Skellern and extracts from Tony Stewart's new book, 'Why I Admire Renee And Renato (Part One)' (Riot Stories, £25.95.) *NME*. We aim to squeeze. – PH.

Who exhumed Tony "y'know" Parsons (*Loose Talk* Channel 4 6/9/83)? Tony the studio guest, coyly stating that he was "at his most naive" when writing for the *NME*, the annoying factor being the manner in which he uttered the statement – Gary Kemp style! Parsons received what little reputation he has through *NME*, then he drones on about always remembering "his roots", being working class through and through, after issuing blase statements which are so dismissive, the bullshit becomes apparent. Doesn't he still contribute? Even the "specially selected" *Loosetalk* audience went pale shade of embarrassment and nausea. Wasn't he an angry young man! Oh dear.

As for Parsons being "a hyper-active member of the Labour Party" I'll bet his future defection to the SDP doesn't even make *City Limits*.

Seeing the Parsons monicker in print is bad enough but his attempt to break into TV could be the pint that made him fall over!

Screw his lid down this time.
Jeff, The Spirit of Channel Four Angst, Hayes.

Sharp, sarcastic, witty and a delight to watch, Parsons was about the only guest present with a brain to match the voice. Methinks that the stick he has received so far stems more from his accent than his words: which says a lot about his critics. As for his defection to the SDP, where *do* you get your information? – PH.
(PS The above defence has nothing whatsoever to do with this week's *Print* page ...)

It is with a sense of relief that *NME* fans in this diseased corner of the globe observe your coverage of South African affairs. It seems that the paragon of musical journalism and cynicism has finally acknowledged that life does exist south of the Equator ...

However, Paul Bradshaw's attempt to offer commentary on the "current role of popular music in South Africa", in the context of his article on Juluka, is simplistic, and often inaccurate; and it is evident that his suspicions about Juluka emerge from the same slightly hysterical attitude towards South Africa which the Musicians' Union have exhibited.

The band's very existence is hardly a valid criterion on which to base a judgement of their position in the South African situation. The fact they they advocate cultural integration, rather than blood insurrection, does not make them any less revolutionary.

Attitudes propagating racial division, whether in the form of apartheid or of Black Consciousness, must be seen as negative and ultimately reactionary.

Emerging in South Africa at present there is a vast and subversive movement of people who are advocating non-racialism and democracy. It is to people such as these that Juluka music and all that it represents appeals: the Juluka attitude of cultural symbiosis is supremely pertinent to the struggle of the majority of South Africa's people to gain their freedom. The voice they give to the aspirations of many of us has gained for them immense credibility and respect.
Freedom Fan, Cape Town, South Africa.
PS. If this seems a belated contribution to the Juluka debate, bear in mind that copies of *NME* arrive here six weeks after British publication, if at all. Ray of sunshine and all that ...

Tempted as I've been of late to join in the discussion on video 'nasties', I've steered well clear as I know very little about it and I haven't wanted to follow the trend of most of the correspondents you've featured who seem to be using their arses as their orifice of discourse. However, today I came across an article in a back issue of your IPC housemate *New Scientist* (issue 1292, p.374) which cites research conducted at the University of Manitoba by two *male* psychologists, in which students who thought that they were taking part in a study of film quality were split into two random groups and shown 'sexually violent' films or films 'from very different genres'.

A few days after the screenings, the students were presented with questionnaires, purportedly from a public opinion centre and nothing to do with the University. The questions dealt with sexual attitudes, and many involved violence against women. The results showed that male students in the 'experimental' group found violence against women to be more acceptable than those in the 'control' group.

The sexually violent films must have been pretty strong stuff to have such an effect, right? Wrong. Both had previously been shown on the box. Two relatively low key films had had a deleterious effect on the men – intelligent men at that – who had watched them for at least a week.

Besides all that, aren't the pro-nasties camp missing out on the basic question? People who watch films portraying sexual violence against women have a pretty sick idea of what's fun. Should they be pampered?
Peter Marchetto, Sheffield.
To jump to such a conclusion on the scanty evidence you provide is simply bad science on your behalf. Just because *one* group of males reacted in such a manner does it follow that *all* males, with all kinds of differing cultural values, will? I think not. Also your phrase, 'arses in their orifice', Andy Gill wants to know who directed it. – PH.

Upon reading Baz' letter on ART (*NME 27/8/83*), I have made an internal vow that cultural snobbery must finish/die. Just as John Berger predicted that "From Today, ART is Dead" (circa 1st December, 1972, *Times Educational Supplement*, available from your nearest reputable library), the same can be applied here.

"The subject (ART, or even GREAT ART, Baz) carries with it a false notion of the cultural heritage. Such a heritage renders us all modest, not modest in action, but modest in passivity. ART as presently understood, means reception. What is needed is questioning. The space that ART now usurps must be filled with experience instead of with handed-down and spurious cultural values."

Rejoice! The age of timelessness has gone in the arts. If Baz is not on the level of GREAT FART no one today is.
Martin Fixon, North Shields, Tyne & Wear.

With, I suspect, the shooting down of the S. Korean airliner by Russia about to threaten the distribution of *War Games* and produce the West's biggest propaganda coup in years, I'd ask your readers to think hard about what this tells us about the reality of defence systems technology.

We are about to allow into this country a weapons system so primitive and dangerous, the siege-tower starts to look slick by comparison (find your own analogy).

Cruise missiles are slow, accurate and, above all, cheap. But military strategists seem not to have noticed that its dispersal-time, 48 hours before a possible nuclear war (and *who* is going to decide when *that* is?), and flying time, over 2 hours to its target (and we cannot call them back) merely gives Russia a 50 hour head start in any nuclear conflict. As soon as a Soviet spy satellite detects the cruise transporters starting to move, why should they wait?

We have already got them jumpy enough to blast civilian airliners out of the sky. Are we so reluctant to admit some responsibility for their paranoia (70 years of constant harrassment) that we are prepared to ignore the massive danger in Cruise?

These are the reasons that I, as a non unilaterialist, will be on Victoria Embankment on October 22.

Music! Oh yes, I like Moving Hearts, Ry Cooder, Albert King, but sometimes there doesn't seem a lot of time left to enjoy it.
Paul Wilks, Sydenham, S. London.
The killing of 259 *innocent* people may well be the culmination of the West's belligerence but bear in mind that Russian internal politics, the military vs. Andropov, is also suspect in this matter. But, yes, it's about time we cleaned up our own backyard. – PH.

To CSM: *Private Eye* is uneven, malicious, biased and frequently incorrect – as is *NME*. Unlike yourselves, however, it deals with matters of real import, and is taken seriously enough by the Establishment to warrant an incredibly damaging series of libel writs and expensive court cases.

If/when *PE* is finally ruined, will *you* take up part of the load? Does *your* worldview encompass a multiple bludgeoning of both Left and Right as being truly satirical? (Altho', God knows, *PE* spared the ineptitudes of Wilson through to Wimmin a thousand times more than it has castigated Thatcher's world).

Face it, Charles, if *PE* is 'fairly despicable' and you continue reading it, while despising it because it doesn't pander to your prejudices, you are either a confused critic or a flabby hypocrite.
Pat Thomas, Bedford.

Is Charles Shaar Murray so utterly devoid of humour that he can only bring himself to approve *Private Eye*'s parodies of Tina Leadrene and not those of Worzel Gummidge or Ken Leninsport?

Or is he just afraid to admit to smiling at ideas which may be ideologically unsound? I think we should be told.
Andy Briski.
I find it highly amusing to be attacked as narrow-minded for continuing to read a publication I disagree with. *Private Eye* serves a useful and necessary function – their persistent refusal to abandon the Helen Smith inquiry is wholly admirable – and when they're funny they're exceptionally funny, but most of their lawsuits seem to be caused by their inaccuracy and vindictiveness rather than their crusading or their humour. Which "Establishment" are you talking about? *Private Eye* is the Establishment – the Establishment out of office hours. – CSM.

Perhaps the success of 'Red Red Wine' will prompt UB40 to change their name to P60?
Clive Whichelow, Wimbledon.

Hello!

John Peel was making so many dirty jokes on *TOTP*, he must be on the skids.

I don't like headlines like 'the maddest group in captivity', they're silly.

I saw a policeman stubbing a roach at the NH carnival. Wasn't the BBC news coverage racist? Sort of: simple, fun-loving darkies whom Daddy Policeforce may allow to play on the street another year, if they're good. The empire relocates itself at home. If coppers walked in twos in such profusion down any High Street of a Saturday, there'd be tension.

I enjoyed the carnival. Such lightness of touch. The English so awkward and lumpish by contrast.

Sight of the week: Randy Newman shuffling through a Belgian airport to absolutely no acclaim whatever. Delightful. Now there's a candidate for maddest group in captivity.

Cheers.
Hugh, Marlborough, Wilts.

I must say, I'd be intrigued to know how "Pavlov's Dog" was able to write a letter to your paper with his head stuck up his arse.
Another Block Voting Weller Fan, York.

Isn't it about time you cut the crap and got down to some serious bullshit?
Reach. S.
PS. The Truth will be really big.
Is your letter an example of what you had in mind? – PH.

X. Moore, what the hell's going on? I really used to think you were on the level but after reading your most recent 'suck up to fragile popstars' piece, I wonder.

Maybe this is the only way you can get articles published in the new light age *NME*, but to compare Deplenish Mode to The Clash, well are you alright or what?

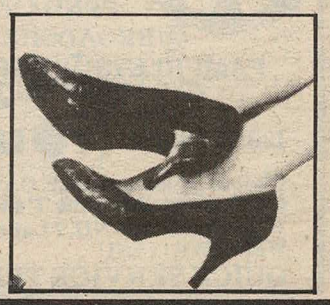
Be honest, 'Everything Counts' was just a nihilistic twee nursery rhyme on par with Donovan's wonder works. To say it's the successor to 'Remote Control' by the once conscientious last gang is unbelievable. Leave it out next time, eh? Or I just might not buy another Redskins record.
Ian Farrow, Hull.
I approached X. for a considered reply to your complaint. He said you weren't "vitriolic" enough. And that he was too busy counting his royalties. . . —P H.

I never was a head banger but did you see Quo knock spots off all the young pseuds on *TOTP* last week? My gawd, they made it look so easy, such fun. Laugh? I nearly went out and bought a Quo album for the first time.

All the new boys and girls need a blood transfusion if a band of old riffers like Quo can make 'em look so anaemic – Abba would have looked a wow by comparison.

Oh well life is such.
Alison Hustwith, The End Of The Universe Somewhere In East Kent.

Nothing like a typical Quo letter to finish the day off with, is there? – PH.



T-ZERS

TWO COPIES of the *NME* were ripped up and at least 12 others were 'jumped' on when rival journalists fought with pillows and rolled up newspapers at a Hell's Writers editorial meeting.

The editorial was supposed to mark a truce between the rebel freelancer's branch of the Writers and other typewriter gangs.

Instead, the office where the meeting was held turned into a gore-filled, blood-splattered, head-banging, body-slamming, limb-breaking, cool-tasting, motivating, er, battlefield.

More than, ooh, a dozen Writers fought with pens, Coke tins and crumpled pieces of paper.

The casualties, were thrown into two waste-paper baskets.

One Hell's Writer, **'Castrol' GTX Moore**, who left before **The Clash** *(Who They? – Ed)* said: "Er, um, right, yeah The Clash. Oh, The Clash, ya mean the gore-filled, blood-splattered, head-banging, body-slamming . . . *(Do us a favour X – Ed)*. Ok!

"Well it could have been any editorial meeting until some git from 'The Staff Chapter' reckoned we should all be nice to **Duran Duran**. Wharra pansy. I mean, man, we're supposed to be really tough, y'know? Duran Duran? Cor! I'd rather bite the head off a tulip. Naw, don't print that. And I jus' wanna say now, I didn't 'ave nuffink to do with the ripped up copies. Right? It weren't me."

The Police are currently interviewing other Writers about the meeting and the alleged defacement of a picture of **Sting**.

The news of the 'violence' spread like margarine and by Monday stories of copy-cat feuds were coming in from all over the country.

The worst by far concerned the infamous muso-gang **Dead Or Alive** and their avowed arch-enemy **Nick** 'Long Greasy Haircut' **Heyward**. It transpires that Dead Or Dead were more than upset by a review Nick wrote in *MMmmmmm Mattersons Maker*, the well known cheese spread paper, of one of their singles. On the discovery of the man at Utopia Studio they decided to avenge themselves. Carefully they lay in wait until they saw Nicky enter a men's toilet cubicle with a copy of *No.1* — and then sprang their trap. Four of the 'gang' pounced on the 'bog' and unleashed the full power of four, yes four, fire-extinguishers. Wharra laff! Not that Nick would agree, as wailing and crying he was forced to run (or hop — as he had his trousers round his ankles) into the studio's corridor, where the spray-down continued for another five minutes. Laugh? We could have cried. Nick certainly did. . .

A similar fate was in store for 'ace' reporter **Paul Strange**, who by a weird coincidence also writers for *Mmmmmm, Maattesons Maker*. Paul, a fine figure of a dumpling with glasses, had the misfortune of attempting an 'interview' with new Stiff signings, **King Kurt**. The band, who run an Animal Sanctuary for dead rats in their spare time, decided that Paul's rather natty flared jeans weren't quite in keeping with his paper's hip status (*Who are you kidding? Ed*). . . What do you mean you want more? Do you really want us to bring down this once great journalist? Do we have to tell you that he was forced to do the interview in his underpants? Do we? You heartless beasts. . .

While we're on the subject of toilets and other personal habits maybe we should mention **George Harrison**'s prize possession. Maybe we shouldn't. Oh what the heck — George who was a member of swing quartet, **The Beatles** (whose tragic split we announced exclusively in *T-Zers* last week), has got a musical loo. And what's more, it plays 'Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds' when you're on it. Now, and I'm telling you boy, that's what we here at *T-Zers* call poetic justice. . .

AND NOW Dept: And now the much maligned Annual **Futurama** *T-Zer*, in which an unfortunate girl plays the punch line and, **The Bay City Rollers** the joke. A crowd of desperate fans who had been subjected to ooh, at least ten minutes of jock-rock, flipped their mohicans and started to pelt the stage with cans. Eager to emulate what they saw as a current trend the band replied with a few bombs of their own. All of which was jolly good fun except for the fact that **McKeown** hit said girl on the head. The girl was escorted to the hospital and McKeown to the local nick. Despite being offered enormous amounts of money by various philanthropists, the police released him almost immediately. . .

It seems that prior to the shooting down of the Korean Airways Flight 007 the *airline's* Advertising Department had just finished the slogan for their new campaign. The sadly ironic blurb claimed "Our flights not only seem shorter – they are shorter". . .

Whilst sauntering down London's super chic South Moulton Street the other week, **Ray** 'King **Kink-y' Davies** stumbled onto a trio of bopping buskers (we told him to get a guide dog) and promptly offered them a recording deal. Da Boyz turned out to be three of **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**, who are now without Rocking **Gaz Vincent** himself. The natty DJ come would-be blues singer plans to decamp to the USA in the new year . . .

Not Now Darling Dept: That infamous **Girl Georgiana** clone, **Marilyn**, has just signed a six figure deal (reputedly 38-24-36) with Phoneygram. When asked by an intrepid dot if he was going to celebrate it, he, she (Yawn!) replied: "No. I'm going home to jack up!" What could she mean?. . .

Rusty Egan, that renowned octogenarian, just celebrated his 19th birthday. Sadly, senile dementia seems to have taken over, as all he could talk about was how incredible the new **Genesis** single is. Amazing how they age innit? One day they're the prima donnas of power pop and the next they're the Gerontions of the grey Generation. . .

Hi, remember those fabulous '80s? New Romantics, pirate hats, cocktails, and washday red hands? From the dusty archives of, oh, some two years ago comes this snap of gorgeous George O'Dowd and his slinky sidekick Marilyn getting carried away with an actual female type person.
Pic by David Johnson.

RILLY STRANGE Dept: **Orange Juice** (now minus **Zeke** 'The Freak' **Manyika**) are about to release a mini-LP. And now the rilly strange bit — on a forth-coming TV show they intend to feature the voluptuous **Jane** (**Stevo**'s secretary at Some Bizzare) as drummer. Is it rilly that bad Eddie? You do call him Eddie don't you? . . .

Bored? Tired? Ready to read any old guff about any old duffers? Then here you are: **The Sisters Of Mercy** may not have split. The good news of course is that they're in New York. If you would like to donate cash to the keep The Sisters in New York Fund please send your money to The **Wasted Youth** Fan Club, P.O. Box 1969. . .

Following last week's revelations about TV personalities and their personal problems (diseases such as Loose Talkophobic Syndrome and Tubular Frameitis are common) we can reveal the truth about *The Switch*. It seems that **Marc Issue** is destined to get the order of the boot as a posthumous award for his services to the Insomniacs Society Of Great Britain. Obviously not content with this dazzling celebration of his witty repartee he has decided to write a 'sit-com' (WAKE UP! This is funny. Honest.) based around the lives of three music journalists holed up in a London flat (You've gotta laugh here – OK?). Incredible innit? . . .

Yvonne French Meanwhile (who is currently recovering from a heavy bout of Loose Talkaphobic Syndrome) seems destined to present *Black On Black*. Wow. . .

And if this one don't sendya to sleep then nothing will Dept: In what has been described as 'totally unreal man', 'jus' unbelievable like' and 'FAB' by the tabloids, **Grant McLennan** of **The Go-Betweens** supported **The Three Johns** at their Adams Arms gig over the weekend. It all started way back when Top Dutch Terrorists **The Ex** and **Alert a**, who were billed for support slots, broke down on the M1. In a state of absolute dismay the gig's promoter ran through the audience shouting 'Two pints, two pints! Two pints for a support band!' Finally, after being hassled by various members of **The Redskins**, he spotted our Grant, a humble sheep dipper from down under. Rapidly he thrust a 12 string geetar into the man's hands and kicked him on to the pub's tiny stage. So confused was the poor man he knocked out a seven song set including a 'rousing' version of 'She Belongs To Me' by **Bob Dylan**, before collapsing into a heap. A spokesman for The Bring Back Pub Rock Campaign later blamed this fiasco for the collapse of the organisation. Fortunately, rumours that **Adrian Thrills** was to lose his job seem unfounded. . .

Beware this man! **Helen McCookerybooks**, ex-**Chefs** and now fronting **Helen And The Horns**, sent off tapes of The Horns to agencies and clubs throughout the country in search of a gig. So when she received a 'phone-call from a cultured-sounding **"David Marshall"** claiming to represent the Brixton Fridge wishing to talk about offering the band a date, Helen was naturally interested. Marshall spoke knowledgeably and credibly about the music biz, and so Helen agreed to a meeting with him, at which point Marshall began to make overt sexual propositions, his voice audibly changing pitch. Helen rang off alarmed.

As it happens, Helen was later checking out **Igor's Night Out** at London's Embassy club and afterwards mentioned her experience to Igor's singer **Suzanne Gardener**. The very same thing had happened to her, except "David Marshall" had claimed to represent London's 100 Club and spoke with an American accent. Exhaustive enquiries at The Fridge, 100 Club and various agencies reveal no information at all about this mystery man. . . .

note oilskin base — lowry

FOLLOWING HIS SHOCK DECISION TO QUIT THE MUSIC BUSINESS FOR GOOD, MONTY IS PLAYING SELECTED VENUES WITH HIS NEW SYNTHESISER ENSEMBLE, THE MUESLI BEATS...
SUCCESS FOLLOWS ALMOST IMMEDIATELY WITH AN INVITE TO APPEAR ON THE LATE NIGHT, MINORITY INTEREST SHOW,- 'LOUSY TALK'...
PIP..PIP..PIP..AT THE THIRD STROKE IT WILL BE ELEVEN-FORTY-FIVE, PRECISELY PIP..PIP..PIP...
BRILLIANT!
TELL ME, MONTY, DID YOU HAVE ANYTHING REALLY INTERESTING & CREATIVE FOR BREAKFAST TODAY?..
STEVE TOILER
I'M MARTIN KAMP OF SPENDAU BALLET, NURD!!
GREAT! MY NEXT GUEST IS THE INTER-NATIONAL SUPERSTAR BOB DYLAN. ER, I MEAN MONTY MONTGOMERY..
TIME FOR YOUR INJECTIONS, STEVE...
UM ER ERM
WILD APPLAUSE..
TELL ME MONTY, HAVE YOU ANYTHING WITTY, PROVOCATIVE, SCINTILLATING, STIMULATING OR THOUGHT PROVOKING TO SAY TONIGHT?
YES, BALDY!
MEANWHILE, ON THE FESTIVAL CIRCUIT..
WE'RE BEING BOMBED!!
I'VE BEEN BOMBED ALL WEEK!!
HO HO! NEXT WEEK I INTERVIEW AN OBSCURE MEDIA HACK, THEN HE INTERVIEWS ME, THEN..
WILD APPLAUSE = SOUNDS OF T.V. SETS BEING THROWN THROUGH WINDOWS
T-ZERS DONCHA JUST LOVE EM?..
NEXT- FASHION SPOT- EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES...

the lone groover — benyon

HOW DID YOU AFFORD AN 84 ROOM FLAT IN MAYFAIR ?
I HAD A MINOR DISCO HIT IN SOME LATIN AMERICAN COUNTRY.
WHAT ?!?!!— Y'BOUGHT ALL THIS FROM THOSE ROYALTIES ??!!??
NOT REALLY— THEY WOULDN'T PAY CASH — I HAD T'ACCEPT A SUITCASE FULL OF COCAINE.
I SOLD IT OVER HERE FOR A VAST AMOUNT— THEN BOUGHT A VIDEO NASTIES COMPANY THAT ALSO PIRATES MAJOR MOVIES....
AT TH'MOMENT I'M SETTIN' UP AN ARMS DEAL WITH LIBYA THROUGH SOME C.I.A. COKE CONTACTS.....
WHAT ?!?!!? AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?!?!
CERTAINLY NOT! IT WASN'T A BAD RECORD.
I MEAN DON'T Y' FEEL ANY GUILT..... ?
OH! I SEE — ABOUT TH'ARMS DEAL — NO WAY, I'M ASKIN' A FAIR PRICE...

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